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SAMUEL BUTLER.

L. B. Butler del. J. B. Bell sculp.
Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Mar. 21. 1777.

John Bell

BELL'S EDITION.
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN,
COMPLETE, FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



BUTLER VOLUME I.
Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight
From peaceful home, set forth to fight.

Matthews Cooke a New Add.

Engraved by

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London: MDCCLXXI

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NU

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SAMUEL BUTLER.
IN THREE VOLUMES.

FROM THE
TEXTS OF DR. GREY AND MR. TYLER.
WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, AND NOTES.

Now you must know Sir Hudibras
With such perfections gifted was,
And so peculiar in his manner,
That all that saw him did but honour.

HUD. AT COURT.

But since his Worship's dead and gone,
And mould'ring lies beneath this stone,
The Reader is desir'd to look
For his achievements in his Book;
Which will preserve of Knight the Tale,
Till Time and Death itself shall fail.

HUD.'s EPITAPH.

VOL. I.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR, AND UNDER THE DIRECTION OF,
G. CAWTHORN, BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND.

1797.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SAMUEL BUTLER.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

Written in the Time of the late Wars.

FROM THE TEXT OF ZACH. GREY, LL. D.
WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, AND NOTES.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR, AND UNDER THE DIRECTION OF,
G. CAWTHORN, BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND.

1797.



Gift
Hadas Family

4-29-32 TO THE READER.

POETA nascitur, non fit, is a sentence of as great antiquity; it being most certain that all required learning imaginable is insufficient to create a poet, without a natural genius and propensity to noble and sublime art. And we may, with justice, observe that many very learned men, who have been ambitious to be thought poets, have only rendered themselves obnoxious to that satirical insult our Author wittily invokes;

Which made them, tho' it were in spite
Of Nature and their stars, to write.

On the other side, some who have had very little human learning, but were endued with a large stock of natural wit and parts, have become the most celebrated poets of the age they lived in. But as there are *rare aves in terris*, so when the Muses have bestowed the assistances of other arts and sciences, are then blessed with those lasting monuments of learning which may justly claim a kind of immortality upon earth: and our Author, had his modesty permitted him, might with Horace, have said,

Exegi monumentum aere perennius;

or, with Ovid,

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira nec ignis,

Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

The Author of this celebrated Poem was of uncommon composition; for although he had not the ha-

an academical education, as some affirm, it may be perceived, throughout his whole Poem, that he had read much, and was very well accomplished in the most useful parts of human learning.

Rapin, in his Reflections, speaking of the necessary qualities belonging to a poet, tells us, he must have a genius extraordinary; great natural gifts; a wit just, fruitful, piercing, solid, and universal; an understanding clear and distinct; an imagination neat and pleasant; an elevation of soul that depends not only on art or study, but is purely a gift of Heaven, which must be sustained by a lively sense and vivacity; judgment to consider wisely of things, and vivacity for the beautiful expression of them, &c.

Now, how justly this character is due to our Author I leave to the impartial reader, and those of nicer judgments, who had the happiness to be more intimately acquainted with him.

The reputation of this incomparable Poem is so thoroughly established in the world, that it would be superfluous, if not impertinent, to endeavour any panegyrick upon it. However, since most men have a curiosity to have some account of such [anonymous] authors, whose compositions have been eminent for wit or learning, I have been desired to oblige them with such information as I could receive from those who had the happiness to be acquainted with him, and also to rectify the mistakes of the Oxford Antiquary, in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, concerning him.

THE LIFE OF
SAMUEL BUTLER.

SAMUEL BUTLER, the Author of this excellent Poem, was born in the parish of Strensham, in the county of Worcester, and baptized there the 13th of February 1612. His father, who was of the same name, was an honest country farmer, who had some small estate of his own, but rented a much greater of the lord of the manor where he lived. However, perceiving in this son an early inclination to learning, he made a shift to have him educated in the free school at Worcester, under Mr. Henry Bright; where, having passed the usual time, and being become an excellent school-scholar, he went afterwards, for some little time, to Cambridge, but was never matriculated into that university, his father's abilities not being sufficient to be at the charge of an academical education; so that our Author returned soon into his native coun-

were chiefly history and poetry, to which, for his diversion, he joined music and painting: and I have seen some pictures said to be of his drawing, which remained in that family; which I mention not for the excellency of them, but to satisfy the reader of his early inclinations to that noble art; for which also he was afterwards entirely beloved by Mr. Samuel Cooper one of the most eminent painters of his time.

He was after this recommended to that great encourager of learning, Elizabeth Countess of Kent where he had not only the opportunity to consult all manner of learned books, but to converse also with that living library of learning, the great Mr. Selden.

Our Author lived some time also with Sir. Samuel Luke, who was of an ancient family in Bedfordshire but, to his dishonour, an eminent commander under the Usurper Oliver Cromwell; and then it was, as I am informed, he composed this loyal Poem. For though fate, more than choice, seems to have placed him in the service of a Knight so notorious, both in his person and politics, yet, by the rule of Contraries one may observe, throughout his whole Poem, that he was most orthodox both in his religion and loyalty. And I am the more induced to believe he wrote it about that time, because he had then the opportunity to converse with those living characters of Rebellion, Nonsense, and Hypocrisy, which he so lively and pathetically exposes throughout the whole Work.

After the restoration of King Charles II. those who were at the helm minding money more than merit, our Author found those verses of Juvenal to be exactly verified in himself:

Haud facile emergunt, quorum viriutibus obstat

Res angusta domi.—

And being endued with that innate modesty which rarely finds promotion in princes' courts, he became Secretary to Richard Earl of Carbury, Lord President of the Principality of Wales, who made him Steward of Ludlow-castle, when the Court there was revived. About this time he married one Mrs. Herbert, a gentlewoman of a very good family, but now widow, as our Oxford Antiquary has reported. She had a competent fortune, but it was most of it unfortunately lost, by being put out on ill securities, so that it was of little advantage to him. He is reported, by our Antiquary, to have been Secretary to his Grace George Duke of Buckingham, when he was Chancellor to the university of Cambridge; but whether that be true or no, it is certain the Duke had a great kindness for him, and was often a benefactor to him. But no man was a more generous friend to him than that Mæcenas of all learned and witty men, Charles Lord Buckhurst, the late Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, who, being himself an excellent poet, knew how to set a just value upon the ingenious performances of others, and has often taken care privately to reward

and supply the necessities of
 would endeavour to conceal the
 thor was a signal instance, as seen
 who are now living. In fine, the
 the acuteness of his wit, and easi-
 tion, had rendered him most accu-
 yet he prudently avoided multiplica-
 and wisely chose such only whom
 ment could distinguish, as Mr. Co-

“ From the great vulgar, or

And having thus lived to a good
 by a⁹, though personally known to
 this life in the year 1686, and was bur-
 of his good friend, Mr. Longueville
 in the yard belonging to the church
 vent-garden, at the west end of the
 north side, under the wall of the said

* “ Mr. W. Longueville would
 “ Butler in Westminster-Abbey, .
 “ view to some of those wealthy pe-
 “ mired him so much in his life-time
 “ his part; but none of them would
 “ which Mr. Longueville buried hi
 “ est privacy (but at the same time
 “ Covent-garden church-yard, at l
 “ himself and seven or eight persons
 “ the corpse to the grave.” (Hus-
Hist. Dict. vol. VI. p. 299. marg. no
 beg leave to add, that the
 him had

der that wall which parts the yard from the common highway. And, since he has no monument yet set up for him, * give me leave to borrow his epitaph from that of Michael Drayton the poet, as the author of Mr. Cowley's has partly done before me :

And though no monument can claim

To be the treas'rer of thy name ;

THIS WORK, which ne'er will die, shall be

An everlasting monument to thee.

The Characters of this Poem are for the most part obvious, even to the meanest pretenders to learning or history ; nor can scarce any one be so ignorant as not to know that the chief design thereof is a satire against those incendiaries of church and state who, in the late Rebellion, under pretence of religion, murdered the best of Kings to introduce the worst of governments ; destroyed the best of Churches, that hypocrisy, novelty, and nonsense, might be predominant amongst us ; and overthrew our wholesome Laws and Constitutions, to make way for their blessed anarchy and confusion, which at last ended in tyranny. But since, according to the proverb, *None are so blind as they that will not see*, so those who are not resolved to be in-

* This is a mistake. A monument was erected to the memory of Butler in 1721, by Mr. John Barber, citizen of London ; and the inscription thereon in Latin, with a translation, will be found at the close of this Life of Butler.

that incomparable history lately published, Edward Earl of Clarendon, which are sufficient to satisfy any unbiassed person that his general character is not fictitious; and I could heartily wish that they were so reformed that they were not applicable even now living. However, there being particular persons reflected on, which are commonly known, we have thought fit to do right to their memories; and, for the better information of our learned readers, to explain their characters in the following additional Annotations.

How often the imitation of this Poem has tempted, and with how little success, I leave to our readers to judge. In the year 1663, there came out a curious book, called *The second Part of Hudibras*, which is reflected upon by our Author under the name of Whachum, towards the latter end of his second Part. Afterwards came out *The Dutch and Scoldibras*,* *Butler's Ghost*. *The Occasional Hypocrite*, and some others of the same nature, which, together with this, *Virgil's Travesty* excepted, deserve

* May'st thou print H---, or some duller Jorden, or him that wrote Dutch Hudibras, or Oldham, upon a printer that had exposed himself by printing a piece. *Works*, p. 261.

be condemned *ad fœcum et piperem*; or, if you please, to more base and servile offices.

Some vain attempts have been likewise made to translate some parts of it into Latin; but how far they fall short of that spirit of the English wit, I leave to the meanest capacity, that understands them, to judge. The following similes, I have heard, were done by the learned Dr. Harmer, once Greek Professor at Oxford.

So learned Taliacotius, from, &c.

Sic adscititios nasos de clune torosi
Vectoris, doctâ secuit Taliacotius arte,
Qui potuere parem durando æquare parentem.
At postquam fato Clunis computruit, ipsum
Una sympathicum cœpit tabescere rostrum.

So wind in the hypocondres pent, &c.

Sic hypocondriacis inclusa meatibus aura
Desinet in crepitum, si fertur prona per alvum:
Sed si summa petat, montisq; invaserit arcem,
Divinus furor est, et conscia flamma futuri.

So lawyers, lest the Bear defendant, &c.

Sic legum mystæ, ne forsân pax foret, Ursam
Inter furantem sese, actoremque Molossum;
Faucibus injiciunt clavos dentisque refigunt,
Luctantesque canes coxis femorisque revellunt.
Errores justasque moras obtendere certi,
Judiciumque prius revocare ut prorsus iniquum.
Tandem post aliquod breve respiramen utrinque.

Volume I.

B

Ut pugnas iterent, crebris hortatibus urgent.

Ejā! agite, O cives! iterumque in prælia tradunt.

There are some verses which, for reasons of state, easy to be guessed at, were thought fit to be omitted in the first impression; as these which follow:

*Did not the learned Glyn * and Maynard, †*

To make good subjects traitors, strain bard?

* Serjeant Glyn declared that the protestation of the Bishops (in favour of their rights) was high treason. Echard's *Hist. of England*, vol. II. p. 276. He acted as judge during C. Cromwell's usurpation. See Thurloe's *State Papers*, vol. III. p. 332.

† Serjeant Maynard was a manager at the Earl of Strafford's trial; Echard, vol. II. p. 216; and though, upon the declaration of No more Addresses to the King, 1647-8, he drew up a famous argument against that declaration, shewing that, by that resolution, they did, as far as in them lay, dissolve the Parliament, and he knew not after that with what security, in point of law, they could meet together, and join with them, Echard, vol. II. p. 59; yet he condescended, during the usurpation, to act as Cromwell's Serjeant. When he waited on the Prince of Orange, with the men of the law, he was then near ninety, and said (as Bp. Burnet observes, *History of his own Time*, vol. II. p. 803.) the liveliest thing that was heard of on that occasion. The Prince took notice of his great age, and said "that he had outlived all the men of the law of his time." He answered, "He had like to have outlived the Law, if his Highness had not come over." If that had happened he had certainly outlived it twice. He was very eminent in his profession, and made more of it than any age of his time. Mr. Whitelocke observes

*Was not the King, by proclamation,
Declar'd a traitor thro' the nation? **

And now I heartily wish I could gratify your further curiosity with some of those *Golden Remains* † which are in the custody of Mr. Longueville; but not having the happiness to be very well acquainted with him, nor interest to procure them, I desire you will be content with the following copy, which the ingenious Mr. Aubrey assures me he had from the Author himself.

(in his *Memorial*) that he made 700*l.* in one summer's circuit; and to his great gains in his profession Mr. Oldham alludes. (See a Satire, *Oldham's Poems*, 1703, p. 424.)

Then be advis'd, the slighted Muse forsake,
And Cook and Dalton for thy study take;
For fees each term sweat in the crowded Hall,
And there for charters and crack'd titles bawl;
Where M---d thieves, and pockets more each year,
Than forty Laureates on a theatre.

* Alluding to the vote of the Parliament upon the King's escape from Hampton-Court, Nov. 11, 1647, (though he had left his reasons for so doing in a letter to the Parliament, and another to the General.)
"That it should be confiscation of estate, and loss of
"life without mercy, to any one who detained the
"King's person, without revealing it to the two
"Houses." Echard's *History of England*, vol. II. p. 388.

† These *Golden Remains* are to be found in volume third, verbatim from Mr. Thyer's edition of 1759, printed from the manuscripts in the possession of Mr. Longueville.

No Jesuit e'er took in hand
 To plant a church in barren land;
 Nor ever thought it worth the while
 A Swede or Russ to reconcile;
 For where there is no store of wealth,
 Souls are not worth the charge of health.
 Spain, in America, had two designs,
 To sell their gospel for their mines:
 For had the Mexicans been poor,
 No Spaniard twice had landed on their shore.
 'Twas gold the Catholic religion planted,
 Which, had they wanted gold, they still had wanted

The Oxford Antiquary ascribes to our Author two pamphlets, supposed falsely, as he says, to be William Pryn's; the one entitled *Mola Asinaria*; or, *The Unreasonable and Insupportable Burden pressed upon the Shoulders of this Groaning Nation*, &c. London, 1659, in one sheet quarto. The other *Two Letters*; one from John Audland, a Quaker, to Will. Pryn; the other Pryn's Answer; in three sheets in folio, 1672.

I have also seen a small Poem, of one sheet in quarto, on *Du Vall*,* a notorious highwayman, said to be written by our Author, but how truly I know not.

* See this poem in the third volume.---It is observed by Mr. Thyer, that this is the only genuine poem of Butler's, among the many spurious ones fathered upon him in what is called his *Remains*. It was published under the Author's own name in 1671.

M. S.

SAMUELIS BUTLERI,

Qui Strenshamiæ in agro Vigorn. nat. 1612.

obiit Lond. 1680.

Vir doctus imprimis, acer, integer;

Operibus ingenii, non item præmiis, fælix:

Satyrici apud nos carminis artifex egregius;

Quo simulatæ religionis larvam detraxit,

Et perduellium scelera liberrime exagitavit:

Scriptorum in suo genere, primus et postremus.

Ne, cui vivo deerant fere omnia,

Deesset etiam mortuo tumulus.

Hoc tandem posito marmore, curavit

Johannes Barber, civis Londinensis, 1721.

*Which is thus translated by the author of Westmonasterium,
in tom. I. p. 79.*

Sacred to the memory of

SAMUEL BUTLER,

Who was born at Strensham in Worcestershire, 1612;

And died at London 1680.

A man of extraordinary learning, wit, and integrity:

Peculiarly happy in his writings,

Not so in the encouragement of them:

The curious inventor of a kind of Satire amongst us,

By which he pluck'd the mask from pious Hypocrisy,

LIFE OF BUTLER.

And plentifully exposed the villany of Rebels:

The first and last of writers in his way.

Lest he, who (when alive) was destitute of all things,

Should (when dead) want likewise a monument,

John Barber, citizen of London, hath taken care,

By placing this stone over him, 1721.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Sir HUDIBRAS his passing worth,
The manner how he sally'd forth,
His arms and equipage are shown,
His horse's virtues and his own :
Th' adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why ;

v. 1.] To take in *dudgeon*, is inwardly to resent some injury or affront, and what is previous to actual fury. It was altered by Mr. Butler, in an edition 1764, to *civil fury*; (whether for the better or the worse the reader must be left to judge.) Thus it stood in edit. of 1684, 1689, 1694, and 1700. *Civil dudgeon* was restored in the edition of 1704, and has continued so ever since.

v. 2.] It may be justly said *They know not why*; since, as Lord Clarendon observes, "The like peace and plenty, and universal tranquillity, was never enjoyed by any nation for ten years together, before those unhappy troubles began."

When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for punk;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Tho' not a man of them knew wherefore;
When Gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded;
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.

v. 3.] By *hard words*, he probably means the words used by the Presbyterians and sectaries of those times; such as Gospel-walking, Gospel-preaching, Soul-saving, Elect, Saints, the Godly, the Fervent, and the like; which they applied to the preachers and themselves.

v. 11. 12.] Alluding to their vehement action in the pulpit, and their beating it with their fists, as if they were beating a drum.

v. 13.] Our author, to make his Knight appear ridiculous, has dressed him in all kind of fantastical armour, and put many characters together to form a perfect coxcomb.

v. 14.] The Knight (if Sir Samuel Luke Butler's hero) was not only a Colonel in the militia, but also Scoutmaster general in the militia of Bedford, Surrey, &c. This gives us some idea into his character and conduct; for he is now upon his proper office, full of pretendedly pious sanctified resolutions for the good of his count

A wight he was, whose very sight would 15
 Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
 That never bow'd his stubborn knee
 To any thing but chivalry,
 Nor put up blow, but that which laid
 Knight Worshipful on shoulder blade; 20
 Chief of domestic knights and errant,
 Either for chartel or for warrant;
 Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
 That could as well bind o'er as swaddle;
 Mighty he was at both of these, 25
 And styl'd of War, as well as Peace:
 (So some rats, of amphibious nature,
 Are either for the land or water)
 But here our Authors make a doubt
 Whether he were more wise or stout: 30
 Some hold the one, and some the other,
 But, howsoe'er they make a pother,

peregrinations are so consistent with his office and humour, that they are no longer to be called fabulous or improbable. The succeeding Cantos are introduced with large prefaces; but here the Poet seems impatient till he get into the description and character of his hero.

v. 17. 18.] *i. e.* He kneeled to the King, when he knighted him, but seldom upon any other occasion.

v. 23.] In this character of Hudibras all the abuses of human learning are finely satirized: philosophy, logic, rhetoric, mathematics, metaphysics, and school-divinity.

The diff'rence was so small, his brain
 Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;
 Which made some take him for a tool
 That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.
 For 't has been held by many, that
 As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
 Complains she thought him but an ass,
 Much more she would Sir Hudibras;
 (For that's the name our valiant Knight
 To all his challenges did write)
 But they're mistaken very much;
 'Tis plain enough he was not such.
 We grant, altho' he had much wit,
 It was very shy of using it,
 As being loath to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about;
 Unless on holydays or so,
 As men their best apparel do.
 Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
 As naturally as pigs squeak;
 That Latin was no more difficile,
 Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle:
 Being rich in both, he never scanted
 His bounty unto such as wanted;

v. 55. [56.] This is the property of a pedantic cox-
 comb, who prates most learnedly amongst illiterate
 persons, and makes a mighty pother about books and

But much of either would afford
 To many that had not a word.
 For Hebrew roots, altho' they're found
 To flourish most in barren ground,
 He had such plenty as suffic'd
 To make some thiek him circumcis'd;
 And truly so he was, perhaps,
 Not as a proselyte, but for claps.

60

He was in logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skill'd in analytic;
 He could distinguish, and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
 On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands, and still confute:
 He'd undertake to prove, by force
 Of argument, a man's no horse:
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a lord may be an owl;

65

languages there, where he is sure to be admired, though not understood.

v. 62.] Here again is an alteration without any amendment; for the following lines,

And truly so he was, perhaps,

Not as a proselyte, but for claps,

are thus changed in the editions of 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700,

And truly so perhaps he was,

'Tis many a pious Christian's case.

Restored in the edition of 1704.

A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
 And rooks Committee-men and Trustees.
 He'd run in debt by disputation,
 And pay with ratiocination:
 All this by syllogism, true
 In mood and figure he would do.
 For rhetoric, he could not ope
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
 And when he happen'd to break off
 I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
 H' had hard words ready to show why;
 And tell what rules he did it by;

v. 75.] Such was Alderman Pennington, a person to Newgate for singing (what he call *ligniant psalm*.

Ib.---] Lord Clarendon observes, "That declaration of No more Addresses to the King who were not above the condition of ordinary stables six or seven years before, were now tices of the peace." Dr. Bruno Ryves infers That the "town of Chelmsford in Essex was reduced, at the beginning of the Rebellion, by two cobblers, two tailors, and two pedlars."

v. 76.] In the several counties, especially the corrupted ones, (Middlesex, Kent, Surrey, Suffolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire) which sit in the parliament, committees were erected of such as were for the Good Cause, as they called it, to take away the authority, from the members of the two Houses of Westminster, to fine and imprison whom they

hen with greatest art he spoke,
 think he talk'd like other folk ;
 a rhetorician's rules
 nothing but to name his tools. 90
 hen he pleas'd to show't, his speech,
 ness of sound, was rich ;
 ylonish dialect,
 learned pedants much affect ;
 a party-colour'd dress 95
 h'd and py-ball'd languages ;
 English cut on Greek and Latin,
 stian heretofore on sattin ;
 an old promiscuous tone,
 'had talk'd three parts in one ; 100
 made some think, when he did gabble,
 d heard three labourers of Babel,
 berus himself pronounce
 1 of languages at once.
 e as volubly would vent, 105
 is stock would ne'er be spent :
 uly, to support that charge,
 supplies as vast and large ;
 could coin or counterfeit
 ords, with little or no wit ; 110

2.] The Presbyterians coined a great num-
 ch as Outgoings, Carryings-on, Nothingness,
 ngs out, Gospel-waking-times, &c. which we

Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on ;
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
 The ignorant for current took 'em,
 That had the orator, who once
 Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
 When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,
 He would have us'd no other ways.
 In mathematics he was greater
 Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater ;
 For he, by geometric scale,
 Could take the size of pots of ale ;
 Resolve by sines and tangents straight
 If bread or butter wanted weight ;
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
 The clock does strike, by Algebra.
 Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,
 And had read ev'ry text and gloss over ;

and meet with hereafter in the speeches of the R
 and Squint, and others, in this Poem ; for which
 are bantered by Sir John Birkenhead.

[v. 115.] This and the three following lines i
 the two first editions of 1664, but added in the
 1674. Demosthenes is here meant, who had a
 in his speech.

[v. 120.] An eminent Danish mathematician.

[v. 121.] William Lilly, the famous astrolog
 those times,

Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath;
He understood b' implicit faith : 130
Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For ev'ry why he had a wherefore ;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go ;
All which he understood by rote, 135
And, as occasion serv'd, would quote ;
No matter whether right or wrong ;
They might be either said or sung.
His notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell, 140
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as great clérks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abstracts ;
Where Entity and Quiddity, 145
The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly ;
Where truth in person does appear,
Like words congeal'd in northern air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly : 150

v. 129.] This and the following line not in the two first editions of 1664, and first inserted in that of 1674.

v. 131. *Enquire.*] *Inquire*, in all editions to 1689, inclusive.

HUDIBRAS.

ool-divinity as able
that light Irrefragable ;
and Thomas, or, at once
me them all, another Dunce :

[52. *Irrefragable.*] Alexander Hales, so called as an Englishman, born in Gloucestershire died about the year 1236, at the time when School-divinity was much in vogue science he was so deeply read, that he was called *Irrefragabilis*; that is, the *Invincible Doctor*, whose arguments could not be resisted.

[53. 154. *Dunce.*] Thus they stood in the two editions of 1664, left out in those of 1674, 1684, and not restored till 1704. Thomas Aquinas, Dominican Friar, was born in 1224, studied at Oxford and at Paris. He new-modelled the school-divinity, and was therefore called the *Angelic Doctor*, or *Doctor of divines*. The most illustrious persons of his age were ambitious of his friendship, and valued him on his merits, so that they offered him honours, which he refused with as much ardour as he sought after them. He died in the fiftieth year of his age, and was canonized by Pope John XXII. He left his works in eighteen volumes, several of which are still in use.

John Dunscotus was a very learned man, who lived about the end of the thirteenth, and beginning of the fourteenth century. The English and the Scots both claim him, which of them shall have the honour of him is a matter of dispute. The English say he was born in Northumberland, the Scots allege he was born at Dunse in the neighbouring county to Northumberland. His name was called *Dunscotus*: Moreti, Buchanan

Profound in all the Nominal 155
 And Real ways beyond them all :
 For he a rope of sand could twist
 As tough as learned Sorbonist,
 And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull
 That's empty when the moon is full ; 160

and other Scotch historians, are of this opinion, and, for proof, cite his epitaph;

*Scotia me genuit, Anglia suscepit,
 Gallia edocuit, Germania tenei.*

He died at Cologne, Nov. 8, 1308. In the *Supplement* to Dr. Cave's *Historia Literaria*, he is said to be extraordinary learned in physics, metaphysics, mathematics, and astronomy : that his fame was so great when at Oxford, that 30,000 scholars came thither to hear his lectures : that when at Paris, his arguments and authority carried it for the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin, so that they appointed a festival on that account, and would admit no scholars to degrees but such as were of his mind. He was a great opposer of Thomas Aquinas's doctrine ; and, for being a very acute logician, was called *Doctor Subtilis*, which was the reason also that an old punster always called him the *Lathy Doctor*.

v. 155, 156.] Gulielmus Occham was father of the Nominals, and Johannes Duns Scotus of the Real. These two lines not in the two first editions of 1664, but added in 1674.

v. 157, 158.] Altered thus in edition 1674, and continued till 1704.

And with as delicate a hand
 Could twist as tough a rope of sand.

C iij

Such as take lodgings in a head
 That's to be let unfurnished.
 He could raise scruples dark and nice,
 And after solve 'em in a trice;
 As if Divinity had catch'd 165
 The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd;
 Or, like a mountebank, did wound
 And stab herself with doubts profound,
 Only to show with how small pain
 The sores of Faith are cur'd again; 170
 Altho' by woeful proof we find
 They always leave a scar behind.
 He knew the seat of Paradise,
 Could tell in what degree it lies,
 And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it 175
 Below the moon, or else above it;
 What Adam dreamt of, when his bride
 Came from her closet in his side;
 Whether the devil tempted her
 By a high Dutch interpreter; 180
 If either of them had a navel;
 Who first made music malleable;
 Whether the serpent, at the fall,
 Had cloven feet, or none at all:

v. 181.] Several of the ancients have supposed that Adam and Eve had no navels; and, among the Moderns, the late learned Bishop Cumberland was of this opinion.

All this, without a gloss or comment, 183
He could unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms, such as men smatter
When they throw out and miss the matter.

For his religion, it was fit'
To match his learning and his wit ; 190
'Twas Presbyterian true blue ;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant ;
Such as do build their faith upon 195
The holy text of pike and gun ;

v. 189.] Mr. Butler is very exact in delineating his hero's religion ; it was necessary that he should be so, that the reader might judge whether he was a proper person to set up for a Reformer, and whether the religion he professed was more eligible than that he endeavoured to demolish. Whether the Poet has been just in the portrait must be left to every reader's observation.

v. 193, 194.] Where Presbytery has been established, it has been usually effected by force of arms, like the religion of Mahomet: thus it was established at Geneva in Switzerland, Holland, Scotland, &c. In France, for some time, by that means, it obtained a toleration ; much blood was shed to get it established in England ; and once, during that Grand Rebellion, it seemed very near gaining an establishment here.

v. 195, 196.] Upon these Cornet Joyce built his faith, when he carried away the King, by force, from

Decide all controversies by
 Infallible artillery ;
 And prove their doctrine orthodox,
 By Apostolic blows and knocks ;
 Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
 A godly, thorough Reformation,
 Which always must be carry'd on,
 And still be doing, never done ;
 As if Religion were intended
 For nothing else but to be mended ;
 A sect whose chief devotion lies
 In odd perverse antipathies ;
 In falling out with that or this,
 And finding somewhat still amiss ;
 More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
 Than dog distract, or monkey sick ;

Holdenby : for when his Majesty asked him of his instructions, Joyce said, he should presently ; and so drawing up his troop in the court, " These, Sir, (said the Cornet) are my " tions."

v. 199, 200.] Many instances of that kind by Dr. Walker, in his *Sufferings of the Episcopal* v. 207, 208.] The religion of the Presbyter those times consisted principally in an opposition to the Church of England, and in quarrelling with most innocent customs then in use, as the Christmas-pies and plum-porridge at Christmas which they reputed sinful.

That with more care keep holy day
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclin'd to, 215
By damning those they have no mind to:
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spite:
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for: 220
Freewill they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow:
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin:
Rather than fail, they will defy 225
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with minc'd-pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard thro' the nose. 230
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's were ass and widgeon,
To whom our Knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so linkt,

v. 213, 214.] They were so remarkably obstinate in this respect, that they kept a fast upon Christmas-day.

v. 215, 216.] Added in 1674.

Ourselves, and
 Intell'gent, and
 And now, I find
 By Act, that I am
 Call'd to, and
 A goodly, and
 Which, by the
 And still, by the
 A little, and
 In the, and
 A man, who
 In the, and
 In the, and
 And finding, and
 More peevish, and
 Than dog distract,

235

240

245

Holdenby: for when
 of his instructions,
 recently; and so dia
 Court, "these, Sir, (

"These, Sir, (

Dr. W. in his

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gives a remarkable
 captain who was
 chose with him;
 olen: but being
 a stolen goose,
 olen mare; for,
 his hypocriti-
 e world that
 consciences
 gnat, and

Audibras's

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I.	MUDIBRAS.	35
airy meteor did denounce		
all of sceptres and of crowns ;		
grisly type did represent		
ing age of government,	250	
ell, with hieroglyphic spade,		
n grave and the State's were made :		
iamson's heart-breakers, it grew		
e to make a nation rue ;		
t contributed its own fall,	255	
it upon the public downfall :		
monastic, and did grow		
y orders by strict vow ;		
e as sullen and severe,		
t of rigid Cordeliere :	260	
bound to suffer persecution,		
martyrdom, with resolution ;		
ose itself against the hate		
engeance of th' incensed state,		
ose defiance it was worn,	265	
eady to be pull'd and torn,		
red-hot irons to be tortur'd,		
d, and spit upon, and martyr'd ;		
e all which 'twas to stand fast		
g as Monarchy should last ;	270	

7. It was *monastic*.] Altered to *cannonic*, 1674.
ed 1704.

But when the state should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of state,
Whose thread of life the Fatal Sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that Time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever,
But with his rusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow.

So learned Taliacotius, from
The brawny part of porter's bum,
Cut supplemental noses, which
Wou'd last as long as parent breech,
But when the date of Nock was out,
Off dropt the sympathetic snout.
His back, or rather burthen, show'd
As if it stoop'd with its own load :
For as Æneas bore his sire
Upon his shoulders thro' the fire,

v. 281.] Gasper Taliacotius was born at B
A. D. 1553, and was Professor of physic and
there. He died 1559. His statue stands in th
tomy theatre, holding a nose in its hand.---H
a treatise in Latin called *Cbirurgia Nova*, in w
teaches the art of ingrafting no-es, ears, lips, &
the proper instruments and bandages. This b
passed through two editions.

ight did bear no less a pack
 wn buttocks on his back ;
 ow had almost got the upper-
 his head for want of crupper :
 : this equally, he bore 295
 h of the same bulk before,
 still he had a special care
 well-cramm'd with thrifty fare ;
 e-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
 a country-house affords ; 300
 her victual, which anon
 her shall dilate upon,
 f his hose we come to treat,
 board where he kept his meat.
 ublet was of sturdy buff, 305
 ' not sword, yet cudgel-proof,
 y 'twas fitter for his use,
 r'd no blows but such as bruise.
 eeches were of rugged woollen,
 been at the siege of Bullen ; 310
 King King Harry so well known,
 rters held they were his own :
 ey were lin'd with many a piece
 union bread and cheese,
 black-puddings, proper food 315
 riors that delight in blood :
 ve said, he always chose
 ' vittle in his hose,

That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise;
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t'other magazine,
They stoutly on defence on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood,
And till they were storm'd and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt:
And tho' knights errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough deserts vast,
And regions desolate, they past,
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they graz'd there's not one word
Of their provision on record;
Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs but to fight.
'Tis false; for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal,
On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good knights din'd;
Tho' 'twas no table some suppose,
But a hodge pair of round trunk hose,

v. 319.] This and the seven following lines are
in the two first editions of 1664, and added in the
1707.

he carry'd as much meat,
 all the knights could eat,
 ving by their swords and truncheons, 345
 : their breakfasts, or their munchions.
 at pass at present, lest
 d forget where we digrest,
 d authors use, to whom
 it, and to the purpose come. 350
 ssant sword unto his side,
 undaunted heart, was ty'd,
 ket-hilt that would hold broth,
 : for fight and dinner both ;
 elted lead for bullets 355
 at foes, and sometimes pullets,
 he bore so fell a grutch,
 gave quarter to any such.
 hant blade, Toledo trusty,
 of fighting was grown rusty, 360
 nto itself, for lack
 ody to hew and hack :
 ful scabbard, where it dwelt,
 ur of its edge had felt ;
 lower end two handful 365
 our'd, 'twas so manful,
 ach scorn'd to lurk in case,
 rst not show his face.
 esperate attempts
 ts, exigents, contempts, 370

It had appear'd, with courage bolder
Than Serjeant Hum invading shoulder:
Off had it ta'en possession,
And pris'ners too, or made them run.

This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age,
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights errant do:
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging:
When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toast cheese or bacon; tho' it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care:
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure,
But left the trade as many more
Have lately done on the same score.

In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow,
Two aged pistols he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get:
These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
To forage when the cocks were bent,
And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,
As cleverly as th' ablest trap:

Canto I.

HUDIBRAS.

41

They were upon hard duty still,
And ev'ry night stood sentinel,
To guard the magazine i'th' hose
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.

400

Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home, set forth to fight.

But first with nimble active force
He got on th' outside of his horse:

405

For having but one stirrup ty'd

T' his saddle on the further side,

It was so short h' had much ado

To reach it with his desp'rate toe;

410

But after many strains and heaves,

He got up to the saddle-eaves.

From whence he vaulted into th' seat

With so much vigour, strength, and heat,

That he had almost tumbled over

415

With his own weight, but did recover,

By laying hold on tail and main,

Which oft he us'd instead of rein.

But now we talk of mounting steed,

Before we further do proceed,

420

It doth behove us to say something

Of that which bore our valiant Bumkin.

The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,

With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;

I wou'd say eye, for h' had but one,

425

As most agree, though some say none.

He was well stay'd, and in his gait
Preserv'd a grave, majestic state;
At spur or switch no more he skipt,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt;
And yet so fiery, he wou'd bound
As if he griev'd to touch the ground;
That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was no, by half, so tender hooft,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft;
And as that beast would kneel and stoop
(Some write) to take his rider up;
So Hudibras his ('tis well known)
Would often do to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of leather was upon his back;
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad:
His strutting ribs on both sides show'd
Like furrows he himself had plough'd;
For underneath the shirt of pannel,
'Twixt ev'ry two there was a channel:
His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he wou'd flurt,
Still as his tender side he prickt,
With arm'd-heel, or with unarm'd, kickt;
For Hudibras wore but one spur,
As wisely knowing, cou'd he stir

Canto I.	ROBINSONS.	43
To active trot one side of's horse,		455
The other wou'd not hang an aze.		
A Squire he had whose name was Ralph,		
That in th' adventure went his half,		
Tho' writers, for more stately tone,		
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one;	460	
And when we can with metre safe,		
We'll call him so; if not, plain Ralph;		
(For rhyme the rudder is of verses,		
With which, like ships, they steer their courses)		
An equal stock of wit and valour	465	
He had laid in, by birth a tailor.		
The mighty Tyrian queen, that gain'd		
With subtle shreds a tract of land,		
Did leave it with a castle fair		
To his great ancestor, her heir;	470	
From him descended cross-legg'd knights,		
Fam'd for their faith and warlike fights		
Against the bloody Cannibal,		
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.		

v. 457.] Sir Roger L'Estrange (*Key to Hudibras*) says, this famous Squire was one Isaac Robinson, a zealous butcher in Moorfields, who was always contriving some new quervo cut in church government: but, in a *Key* at the end of a burlesque poem of Mr. Butler's, 1706, in folio, p. 12. 'tis observed, "That Hudibras's Squire was one Pemble a tailor, and "one of the Committee of Sequestrators."

This sturdy Squire he had as well
As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold-lace :
His knowledge was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't ;
Some call it Gifts, and some New-light ;
A lib'ral art, that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wit was sent him for a token,
But in the carriage crack'd and broken ;
Like commendation nine-pence crookt
With---To and from my love---it lookt:
He ne'er consider'd it, as loath
To look a gift-horse in the mouth,
And very wisely wou'd lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth;

v. 485. *His wits were sent him.*] In all editions inclusive.

v. 487, 488.] Until the year 1696, when all money not milled, was called in, a ninepenny piece of silver was as common as sixpences or shillings, and nine pences were usually bent as sixpences common now, which bending was called, *To my love, From my love*; and such nine-pences the ordinary fellows gave or sent to their sweethearts as tokens.

Canto I.	NUBISBAS.	45
But as he got it freely, so		
He spent it frank and freely too:		
For saints themselves will sometimes be,	495	
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.		
By means of this, with hem and cough,		
Prolongers to enlighten'd stuff,		
He could deep mysteries unriddle,		
As easily as thread a needle:	500	
For as of vagabonds we say,		
That they are ne'er beside their way,		
Whate'er men speak by this new light,		
Still they are sure to be i'th' right.		
'Tis a dark-lantern of the Spirit,	505	
Which none see by but those that bear it;		
A light that falls down from on high,		
For spiritual trades to cozen by;		
An <i>ignus fatuus</i> , that bewitches,		
And leads men into pools and ditches,	510	
To make them dip themselves, and sound		
For Christendom in dirty pond;		
To dive, like wild-fowl, for salvation,		
And fish to catch regeneration.		
This light inspires and plays upon	515	
The nose of saint, like bagpipe drone,		

v. 511.] Alluding to Ralpho's religion, who was probably an Anabaptist or Dipper.

And speaks, thro' hollow empty soul,
As thro' a trunk, or whisp'ring hole,
Such language as no mortal ear
But spirit'al eaves-droppers can hear :
So Phœbus, or some friendly Muse,
Into small poets song infuse,
Which they at second-hand rehearse,
Thro' reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.

Thus Ralph became infallible
As three or four-legg'd oracle,
The ancient cup, or modern chair ;
Spoke truth point blank, tho' unaware.
For mystic learning, wond'rous able
In magic, talisman, and cabal,
Whose primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's first green breeches ;
Deep-sighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences ;
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
Th' intelligible world, cou'd say ;
A deep occult philosopher,
As learn'd as the Wild Irish are,
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And solid lying much renown'd :
He Anthroposophus, and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen, understood ;
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm ;

In Rosycrucian lore ~~de~~ learned,
 As he that *Vere adeptus* earned : 545
 He understood the speech of birds
 As well as they themselves do words !
 Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
 That speak and think contrary clean ; 550
 What member 'tis of whom they talk
 When they cry Rope, and Walk, Knave, Walk.
 He'd extract numbers out of matter,
 And keep them in a glass, like water,
 Of sov'reign pow'r to make men wise ; 555
 For, dropt in blear thick-sighted eyes,
 They'd make them see in darkest night,
 Like owls, tho' purblind in the light.
 By help of these (as he profest)
 He had First Matter seen undrest ; 560
 He took her naked, all alone,
 Before one rag of form was on,
 The Chaos too, he had descry'd,
 And seen quite through, or else he ly'd ;
 Not that of Pasteboard, which men shew 565
 For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew ;
 But its great grandsire, first o'th' name,
 Whence that and Reformation came,
 Both cousin-germans, and right able
 T'inveigle and draw in the rabble : 570
 But Reformation was, some say,
 O'th' younger house to Puppet-play.

He could foretel whats'ever was
 By consequence to come to pass :
 As death of great men, alterations,
 Diseases, battles, inundations :
 All this without th' eclipse of th' sun
 Or dreadful comet he hath done
 By inward light, a way as good,
 And easy to be understood :

v. 573. The rebellious clergy would pretend to foretel things, to encourage rebellion. I meet with the following prayers of Mr. George Swathe, minister in Suffolk: "O my good Lord God, I discovering last week, in the day-time, that there were two great armies, one of the malignant party about the other party Parliament and professors: that side should have help from Heaven; worst; about, or at which instant of time the soldiers at York had raised up a scone Hull, intending to plant fifteen pieces against which fort Sir John Hotham, Hull, by a garrison, discharged four great and broke down their scone, and killed cavaliers in it.----Lord, I praise thee for this victory, at the instant of time that it was to my wife, which did then presently comfort her against the dangerous times appearing; but when she had prayed to be established in thee, then presently thou didst, by thy sion, strongly possess her soul that thine enemies should be overcome."

But with more lucky hit than those
 That use to make the stars depose,
 Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsely charge
 Upon themselves what others forge;
 As if they were consenting to 585
 All mischiefs in the world men do :
 Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
 To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
 They'll search a planet's house, to know
 Who broke and robb'd a house below ; 590
 Examine Venus, and the Moon,
 Who stole a thimble or a spoon ;
 And tho' they nothing will confess,
 Yet by their very looks can guess,
 And tell what guilty aspect bodes, 595
 Who stole, and who receiv'd the goods :
 They'll question Mars, and, by his look,
 Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloke ;
 Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
 Those thieves which he himself did teach. 600
 They'll find, 'n th' physiognomies
 Th' planets, all men's destinies :
 Like him that took the doctor's bill,
 And swallow'd it instead o' th' pill,
 At the nativity o' th' question, 605
 And from positions to be guest on,
 Sure, as if they knew the moment
 Native's birth, tell what will come ca't.



as learned poets use,
 assistance of some Muse,
 tics count it sillier
 rs talking to familiar; 640
 is no great matter which,
 alike, yet we shall pitch
 fits our purpose most,
 fore thus do we accost:
 with ale, or viler liquors, 645
 e Withers, Pryn, and Vickars,
 em, tho' it was inspite
 and their stars, to write;
 find in sullen writs,
 rain'd works of modern wits) 650
 , opinion, want,
 of the ignorant,
 of the author, penn'd
 or wit-insuring friend;
 picture in the front, 655
 and wicked rhyme upon't,
 eft o' th' Forked hill
 en scribble without skill;
 a poet, spite of Fate,
 ll people to translate, 660
 anguaes in which
 stand no part of speech;
 ut this once, I 'mplure,
 trouble thee no more.

They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
 To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs,
 And tell what crisis does divine
 The rot in sheep, or mange in swine;
 In men, what gives or cures the itch,
 What makes them cockolds, poor or rich;
 What gains or loses, hangs or saves;
 What makes men great, what fools or knaves,
 But not what wise, for only' of those
 The stars (they say) cannot dispose,
 No more than can the astrologians:
 There they say right, and like true Trojans,
 This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
 The other course, of which we spoke.
 Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endu'd
 With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrowd:
 Never did trusty squire with knight,
 Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.
 Their arms and equipage did fit,
 As well as virtues, parts, and wit:
 Their valours, too, were of a rate;
 And out they sally'd at the gate.
 Few miles on horseback had they jogged
 Fut Fortune unto them turn'd dogged;
 For they a sad adventure met,
 Of which anon we mean to treat:
 But ere we venture to unfold
 Achievements so resolv'd and bold,

We should, as learned poets use,
Invoke th' assistance of some Muse,
However critics count it sillier
Than jugglers talking to familiar; 640
We think 'tis no great matter which,
They're all alike, yet we shall pitch
On one that fits our purpose most,
Whom therefore thus do we accost:

Thou that with ale, or viler liquors, 645
Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickers,
And force them, tho' it was inspite
Of Nature, and their stars, to write;
Who (as we find in sullen writs,
And cross-grain'd works of modern wits) 650
With vanity, opinion, want,
The wonder of the ignorant,
The praises of the author, penn'd
B' himself, or wit-insuring friend;
The itch of picture in the front, 655
With bays and wicked rhyme upon't,
All that is left o' th' Forked hill
To make men scribble without skill;
Canst make a poet, spite of Fate,
And teach all people to translate, 660
Tho' out of languages in which
They understand no part of speech;
Assist me but this once, I implore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.

In western clime there is a town,
 To those that dwell therein well known,
 Therefore there needs no more be said here,
 We unto them refer our reader ;
 For brevity is very good,
 When w' are, or are not understood.
 To this town people did repair
 On days of market or of fair,
 And to crack'd fiddle and hoarse tabor,
 In merriment did drudge and labour ;
 But now? a sport more formidable
 Had rak'd together village rabble ;
 'Twas an old way of recreating,
 Which learned butchers call Bear-baiting ;
 A bold advent'rous exercise,
 With ancient heroes in high prize ;

v. 665.] Brentford, which is eight miles west London, is here probably meant, as may be gathered from Part II. Cant. iii. v. 995, &c. where he tells the Knight what befel him there :

And tho' you overcame the Bear,
 The dogs beat you at Brentford fair,
 Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle.

v. 678.] This game is ushered into the Poem more solemnly than those celebrated ones in *H* and *Virgil*. As the Poem is only adorned with game, and the Riding at *Kimington*, so it was incumbent on the Poet to be very particular and full in description : and may we not venture to affirm, are exactly suitable to the nature of these adventures, and, consequently, to a Briton, preferable to the *Homer* or *Virgil*.

For authors do affirm it came
From Isthmian or Nemean game;
Others derive it from the Bear
That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,
And round about the pole does make 685
A circle, like a bear at stake;
That at the chain's end wheels about,
And overturns the rabble-rout:
For after solemn proclamation
In the bear's name, (as is the fashion 690
According to the law of arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms)
That none presume to come so near
As forty foot of stake of bear,
If any yet be so fool-hardy, 695
T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,
If they come wounded off, and lame,
No honour's got by such a maim,
Altho' the bear gain much, b'ing bound
In honour to make good his ground 700
When he's engag'd, and takes no notice,
If any press upon him, who 'tis,

[v. 689, 690.] Alluding to the bull-running at Tutbury in Staffordshire; where solemn proclamation was made by the Steward, before the bull was turned loose; "That all manner of persons gave way to the bull, none being to come near him by forty foot, any way to hinder the minstrels, but to attend his or their own safety, every one at his peril." Dr. Plot's *Staffordshire*.

HUDIBRAS.

et's them know, at their own cost,
 he intends to keep his post,
 to prevent, and other harms,
 which always wait on feats of arms,
 or in the hurry of a fray
 is hard to keep out of harm's way)
 hither the Knight his course did steer,
 to keep the peace 'twixt Dog and Bear,
 as he believ'd he was bound to do
 In conscience and commission too;
 And therefore thus bespoke the Squire:
 We that are wisely mounted higher
 Than constables in curule wit,
 When on tribunal bench we sit,

v. 714.] This speech is set down, as it was delivered by the Knight, in his own words; but since it is below the gravity of Heroical poetry to admit of humor, but all men are obliged to speak wisely alike, and much of so extravagant a folly would become tedious and impertinent, the rest of his harangues have his sense expressed in other words, unless in some places, where his own words could not be avoided.

v. 715.] Had that remarkable motion in the House of Commons taken place, the Constables might have been joined with Sir Hudibras for an equality at least; "it was necessary for the House of Commons to have a High Constable of their own that will not scruple of laying his Majesty by the heels:" Harry Martyn (out of tenderness of conscience in particular) immediately quashed the motion. The power was too great for any man.

should foresee,
 authority,
 is farther than
 thing-men; 720
 g inform'd by bruit
 r are to dispute,
 fighting name,
 prove the same;
 st does hap to be, 725
 iders).
 ave thought good
 ce of Christian blood,
 meditation
 mmodation, 730
 el, and compose
 without blows.
 ies, our lives,
 , and our wives,
 lie-at stake 735
 the Cause's sake ?

is the Solemn League and Covenant
 med and taken by the Scottish Par-
 nem sent to the Parliament of Eng-
 unite the two nations more closely
 received and taken by both Houses,
 London; and ordered to be read in
 hroughout the kingdom; and every
 to give his consent, by holding up
 ding of it.

Nor evil Counsellors to bring
To justice, that seduce the King;
Nor for the worship of us men,
Tho' we have done as much for them.
Th' Egyptians worshipp'd dogs, and for
Their faith made internecine war.
Others ador'd a rat, and some
For that church suffer'd martyrdom.
The Indians fought for the truth
Of the elephant and monkey's tooth;
And many, to defend that faith,
Fought it out *mordicus* to death;
But no beast ever was so slight,
For man, as for his God, to fight.
They had ~~more~~ wit, alas! and know
Themselves and us better than so;
But we who only do infuse
The rage in them like *boute-feus*.
'Tis our example that instils
In them th' infection of our ills.
For, as some late philosophers
Have well observ'd, beasts that converse
With man take after him, as hogs
Get pigs all th' year, and bitches dogs.
Just so, by our example, cattle
Learn to give one another battle.
We read in Nero's time, the Heathen,
When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,

IT IS AN ANTICHRISTIAN GAME,
Unlawful both in thing and name.
First, for the name; the word Bear-baiting. 803
Is carnal, and of man's creating;
For certainly there's no such word
In all the Scripture on record;
Therefore unlawful, and a sin;
And so is (secondly) The thing: 810
A vile assembly 'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by Scripture, than
Provincial, Classic, National,
Mere human creature-cobweb: all.
Thirdly, It is idolatrous; 815
For when men run a-whoring thus
With their inventions, whatsoe'er
The thing be, whether Dog or Bear,

(For that Bear-baiting should appear
Jure divine lawfuller
 Than Synods are, thou dost deny
Totidem verbis, so do I)
 Yet there's a fallacy in this;
 For if by sly *bomæsis*,
Tussis pro crepitu, an art
 Under a cough to slur a f---t,
 Thou wouldst sophistically imply
 Both are unlawful, I deny.

And I, quoth Ralpho, do not doubt
 But Bear-baiting may be made out,
 In gospel-times, as lawful as is
 Provincial, or Parochial Classis;
 And that both are so near of kin,
 And like in all, as well as sin,
 That put 'em in a bag and shake 'em,
 Yourself o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,
 And not know which is which, unless
 You measure by their wickedness;
 For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
 O' th' two is worst, tho' I name neither.

Quoth Hudibras, Thou offer'st much,
 But art not able to keep touch.

v. 831, 832.] These two lines left out in the ed
 1674, 1684, 1689, 1700, and restored 1704.

I.	RUDIBUS.	61
<i>le lente</i> , as 'tis i' the adage,		
to make a leek a cabbage!	850	
wilt at best but suck a bull,		
ear swine, all cry, and no wool;		
hat can Synods have at all,		
Bear that's analogical?		
at relation has debating	855	
urch-affairs with Bear-baiting?		
t comparison still is		
ings <i>ejusdem generis</i> :		
hen what <i>genus</i> rightly doth		
de and comprehend them both?	860	
mal, both of us may		
stly pass for Bears as they ;		
ve are animals no less,		
' of diff'rent specieses.		

351.] This and the following line thus altered

Thou canst at best but overstrain
A paradox and thy own brain.

they continued in the editions 1684, 1689, 1700.
red in 1704, in the following blundering manner,

Thou'lt be at best but such a bull, &c.

re blunder continued, I believe, in all the editions
s time.

160. *Include*, &c.] In the two first editions of 1663,

Comprehend them inclusive both.

162. *As likely*.] In the two first editions.

Volume I.

F

But, Ralpho, this is no fit place,
Nor time to argue out the case:
For now the field is not far off,
Where we must give the world a proof
Of deeds, not words, and such as suit
Another manner of dispute:
A controversy that affords
Actions for arguments, not words;
Which we must manage at a rate
Of prowess and conduct adequate
To what our place and fame doth promise,
And all the Godly expect from us.
Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless
We're slurr'd and outed by success;
Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can always hit:
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, w^h are steer'd by Fate,
Which in success oft' disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.
Great actions are not always true sons
Of great and mighty resolutions;
Nor do the boldest attempts bring forth
Events still equal to their worth;
But sometimes fail, and in their stead
Fortune and cowardice succeed.
Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
Our actions still have borne us out;

Which, tho' they 're known to be so ample,

We need not copy from example;

We're not the only person durst

895

Attempt this province, nor the first.

In northern clime a val'rous knight

Did whilom kill his Bear in fight;

And wound a Fiddler: we have both

Of these the objects of our worth,

900

And equal fame and glory from

Th' attempt, or victory to come.

'Tis sung there is a valiant Mamaluke,

In foreign land yclep'd—

To whom we have been oft compar'd

905

For person, parts, address, and beard;

Both equally reputed stout,

And in the same cause both have fought;

He oft' in such attempts as these

Came off with glory and success:

910

Nor will we fail in th' execution,

For want of equal resolution.

Honour is like a widow, won

With brisk attempt and putting on;

v. 904.] The writers of the *General Historical Dictionary*, vol. VI. p. 291. imagine, "That the chasm here
" is to be filled with the words *Sir Samuel Luke*, because
" the line before it is of ten syllables, and the measure
" of the verse generally used in this Poem is of eight."

With ent'ring manfully, and urging,
Not slow approaches, like a virgin.

This said, as yerst the Phrygian knight,
So ours, with rusty steel did smite
His Trojan horse, and just as much
He mended pace upon the touch;
But from his empty stomach groan'd
Just as that hollow beast did sound,
And angry answer'd from behind,
With brandish'd tail and blast of wind.
So have I seen with armed heel,
A wight bestride a Commonweal,
While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,
The less the sullen jade has stirr'd.

HUDBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The catalogue and character
Of th' enemies' best men of war,
Whom, in a bold skirmish, the Knight
Defies, and challenges to fight:
H' encounters Tabor, routes the Bear,
And takes the Fiddler prisoner,
Conveys him to enchanted castle,
There shuts him fast in wooden Bastle.

HE was an ancient sage philosopher
had read Alexander Ross over,
swore the world, as he cou'd prove,
made of fighting and of love.
so Romances are, for what else
them all but love and battles?
' first of these w' have no great matter
eat of, but a world o' th' latter,
rich to do the injur'd right,
mean in what concerns just fight, 10
our authors are to blame,
o make some well-sounding name
tern fit for modern knights
py out in frays and fights,
: those that a whole street do raze 15
ild a palace in the place)

They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of mothers,
Or wives, or children, so they can
Make up some fierce, dead-doing man,
Compos'd of many ingredient valours,
Just like the manhood of nine tailors :
So a wild Tartar, when he spies
A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his spirit ;
As if just so much he enjoy'd,
As in another is destroy'd :
For when a giant's slain in fight,
And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy case, no doubt,
A man should have his brains beat out,
Because he's tall, and has large bones,
As men kill beavers for their stones.
But as for our part, we shall tell
The naked truth of what befel,
And as an equal friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
With neither faction shall take part,
But give to each his due desert,
And never coin a formal lie on't,
To make the knight o'ercome the giant.
This b'ing profest, we've hopes enough,
And now go on where we left off.

They rode, but authors having not
Determin'd whether pace or trot,
(That is to say, whether tollutation,
As they do term 't, or succussation)
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppose they did, no matter how ;
Yet some, from subtle hints, have got
Mysterious light it was a trot :
But let that pass ; they now begun
To spur their living engines on :
For as whipp'd tops and bandy'd balls,
The learned hold, are animals ;
So horses they affirm to be
Mere engines made by Geometry,
And were invented first from engines,
As Indian Britains were from Penguins.
So let them be, and, as I was saying,
They their live engines ply'd, not staying
Until they reach'd the fatal champain
Which th' enemy did then encamp on ;
The dire Pharsalian plain, where battle
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant cattle,
And fierce auxiliary men,
That came to aid their brethren ;
Who now began to take the field,
As Knight from ridge of steed beheld.
For as our modern wits behold,
Mounted a pick-back on the old,

45

50

55

60

65

70

Much farther off, much farther he,
 Rais'd on his aged beast, could see;
 Yet not sufficient to descry
 All postures of the enemy:
 Wherefore he bids the 'Squire ride further,
 'T' observe their numbers and their order;
 That when their motions he had known,
 He might know how to fit his own.
 Meanwhile he stopp'd his willing steed,
 To fit himself for martial deed:
 Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,
 Either to give blows or to ward;
 Courage and steel, both of great force,
 Prepar'd for better or for worse.
 His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,
 Drawn out from life-preserving vittle;
 These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
 To free 's sword from retentive scabbard;
 And after many a painful pluck,
 From rusty durance he bail'd tuck:

v. 74. *Rais'd on, &c.*] *From off*, in the two editions of 1664.

v. 85, 86.] Thus altered, 1674,

Courage within, and steel without,
 To give and to receive a rout.

v. 92.] Thus altered, 1674,

He clear'd at length the rugged tuck.

an shook himself, to see that grew
 scabbard of his arms out loose;
 id, rais'd upon his desp'rate foot, 95
 stirrup-side he gaz'd about,
 rtending blood, like blazing star,
 e beacon of approaching war.
 lpho rode on with no less speed
 an Hugo in the forest did; 100
 t far more in returning made;
 r now the foe he had survey'd,
 ng'd as to him they did appear,
 ith van, main-battle, wings and rear.
 th' head of all this warlike rabble; 105
 owdero march'd expert and able.

v. 99, 100.] Thus altered in the edition of 1674,

The Squire advanc'd with greater speed
 Than could b' expected from his steed:

stored in 1704.

v. 101, 102.] *But with a great deal more return'd---
 r now the foe he had discern'd.*] In the two first edi-
 tions of 1664.

v. 106.] So called from *croud*, a fiddle. This was
 e Jackson, a milliner, who lived in the New Ex-
 ange in the Strand. He had formerly been in the
 vice of the Roundheads, and had lost a leg in it;
 a brought him to decay, so that he was obliged to
 ape upon a fiddle, from one alehouse to another,
 his bread. Mr. Butler very judiciously places him at
 e head of his catalogue: for country diversions are
 nerally attended with a fiddler or bagpiper. I would

With solemn march, and stately pace,
 But far more grave and solemn face;
 Grave as the Emperor of Pegu,
 Or Spanish potentate, Don Diego.
 This leader was of knowledge great,
 Either for charge or for retreat:
 He knew when to fall on pellmell,
 To fall back and retreat as well.
 So lawyers, lest the Bear defendant,
 And plaintiff Dog, should make an end on't,
 Do stave and tail with Writs of Error,
 Reverse of Judgment and Demurrer,
 To let them breathe a while, and then
 Cry Whoop, and set them on agen.
 As Romulus a wolf did rear,
 So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,
 That fed him with the purchas'd prey
 Of many a fierce and bloody fray;
 Bred up, where discipline most rare is,
 In military garden Paris:
 For soldiers, heretofore, did grow
 In gardens just as weeds do now.

v. 159, 160.] Thus altered in the edition of
 Knew when t' engage his bear pellmel
 And when to bring him off as well.
Pellmell, i. e. confusedly, without order.

Until some splayfoot politicians
 T' Apollo offer'd up petitions
 For licensing a new invention
 They'ad found out of an antique engin,
 To root out all the weeds, that grow
 In public gardens, at a blow,
 And leave th' herbs standing. Quoth Sir Sun,
 My friends, that is not to be done.
 Not done! quoth Stat : Yes, an't please ye,
 When 'tis once known I say 'tis easy.
 Why then let's know i both Apollo :
 We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.
 A drum! (quoth Phœbus) Troth that's true,
 A pretty invention, quaint and new:
 But tho' of voice and instrument
 We are th' undoubted president,
 We such loud music do not profess,
 The Devil 's master of that office,
 Where it must pass; if 't be a drum,
 He'll sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*
 To him apply yourselves, and he
 Will soon dispatch you for his fee.

v. 194] The House of Commons, even before the Rump had murdered the King, and expelled the House of Lords, usurped many branches of the Royal prerogative, and particularly this for granting licences for new inventions.

They did so, but it prov'd so ill,
They'ad better let them grow there still.
But to resume what we discoursing
Were on before, that is stout Orsin:
That which so oft' by sundry writers
Has been apply'd t' almost all fighters,
More justly may b' ascrib'd to this
Than any other warrior, (*viz.*)
None ever acted both parts bolder,
Both of a chieftain and a soldier.
He was of great descent, and high
For splendor and antiquity,
And from celestial origine
Deriv'd himself in a right line;
Not as the ancient heroes did,
Who, that their base births might be hid,
(Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a windore)
Made Jupiter himself, and others
O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,
To get on them a race of champions,
(Of which old Homer first made lampoons)
Arctophylax, in northern sphere,
Was his undoubted ancestor;

v. 211.] This is one instance of the author's great things little, though his talent lay chiefly other way.

From him his great forefathers came,
 And in all ages bore his name :
 Learn'd he was in med'cinal lore,
 For by his side a pouch he wore,
 Replete with strange hermetic powder, 235
 That wounds nine miles point-blank wou'd solder ;
 By skilful chymist, with great cost,
 Extracted from a rotten mast :
 But of a heav'nlier infusion
 Than that which moulds in stinks dispense ; 230
 Tho' by Promethean fire made,
 As they do quack that love that trade,
 For as when slovens dismiss
 At others' doors, by stool or piss,
 The learned write, a red-hot spit 235
 B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
 Will convey mischief from the dung
 Unto the part that did the wrong ;
 So this did healing, and as sure
 As that did mischief this would cure. 240
 Thus virtuous Orsin was endu'd
 With learning, conduct, fortitude
 Incomparable ; and as the prince
 Of poets, Homer, sung long since,
 A skilful leech is better far 245
 Than half a hundred men of war ;

v. 238. *Unto the part, &c.* Unto the breech, in the two first editions 1664.

So he appear'd, and by his skill,
No less than dint of sword, cou'd kill.

The gallant Bruin march'd next him,
With visage formidably grim, 250
And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin,
Clad in a mantle *delle guerre*
Of rough impenetrable fur;
And in his nose, like Indian king, 255
He wore, for ornament, a ring;
About his neck a threefold gorget;
As rough as trebled leathern target;
Armed, as heralds, cant and langued,
Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged; 260
For as the teeth in beasts of prey
Are swords, with which they fight in fray,
So swords, in men of war, are teeth
Which they do eat their vittles with.
He was by birth, some authors write, 265
A Russian, some a Muscovite,
And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,
Of whom we in Diurnals read,
That serve to fill up pages here,
As with their bodies ditches there. 270
Scrimansky was his cousin-german,
With whom he serv'd, and fed on vermine;
And when these fail'd he'd suck his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws:

And tho' his countrymen, the Huns,
 Did stew their meat between their but
 And th' horses' backs o'er which they straddle,
 And every man ate up his saddle;
 He was not half so nice as they,
 But ate it raw when 't came in 's way. 275
 He'ad trac'd the countries far and near,
 More than Le Blanc the traveller,
 Who writes, he spo
 Of noble house, a la
 And got on her a ra
 As stout as any up
 Full many a fight fo
 Talgol and Orsin of
 Each striving to deserve the crown
 Of a sav'd citizen; the one
 To guard his Bear, the other fought
 To aid his Dog; both made more stout
 By sev'ral spurs of neighbourhood,
 Church-fellow-membership, and blood;
 But Talgol, mortal foe to cows,
 Never got ought of him but blows;
 Blows hard and heavy, such as he
 Had lent, repaid with usury. 285

Yet Talgol was of courage stout,
 And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought; 290

v. 299.] A butcher in Newgate-market, who after-

Inur'd to labour, sweat and toil,
And, like a champion, shone with oil !
Right many a widow his keen blade,
And many fatherless, had made ;
He many a boar and huge dun-cow 305
Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow ;
But Guy with him in fight compar'd,
Had like the boar or dun-cow far'd :
With greater troops of sheep h' had fought
Than Ajax, or bold Don Quixote ; 310
And many a serpent of fell kind,
With wings before and stings behind,
Subdu'd ; as poets say, long ago,
Bold Sir George, Saint George, did the Dragon.
Nor engine, nor device polemic, 315
Disease, nor Doctor epidemic,
Tho' stor'd with deletery med'cines,
(Which whosoever took is dead since)
E'er sent so vast a colony
To both the under worlds as he ; 320
For he was of that noble trade
That demi-gods and heroes made,
Slaughter, and knocking on the head,
The trade to which they all were bred ;

wards obtained a Captain's commission for his rebellious bravery at Naseby, as Sir R. L'Estrange observes.

HUDIBRAS.

ke others, glorious when
 t and large, but base, if mean:
 er rides in triumph for it,
 r in a two-wheel'd chariot,
 g to profane a thing
 l with vile bungling. 330
 hese the brave Magnano came,
 o, great in martial fame;
 n with Orsin he wag'd fight,
 g he got but little by't:
 ras fierce as forest boar, 335
 poils upon his back he wore,
 as Ajax' sevenfold shield,
 'er his brazen arms he held;
 s was feeble to resist
 r of his armed fist; 340
 d the hardest iron hold out
 his blows, but they would through 't.
 gic he was deeply read;
 at made the brazen head;
 dly skill'd in the black art, 345
 ish Merlin for his heart;
 more skilful in the spheres,
 e was at the sieve and shears.

] Simeon Wait, a tinker, as famous an Inde-
 preacher as Burroughs, who, with equal blas-
 phemy, his Lord of Hosts, would style Oliver Crom-
 well an Archangel giving battle to the Devil.

He cou'd transform himself to colour,
As like the devil as a collier;
As like the hypocrites, in show,
Are to true saints, or crow to crow.

Of warlike engines he was author,
Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter:
The cannon, blunderbuss, and saker,
He was th' inventor of, and maker:
The trumpet and the kettledrum
Did both from his invention come.
He was the first that e'er did teach
To make, and how to stop a breach.
A lance he bore with iron pike,
Th' one half wou'd thrust, the other strike;
And when their forces he had join'd,
He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.

He Trulla lov'd, Trulla more bright
Than burnish'd armour of her knight;
A bold virago, stout and tall,
As Joan of France, or English Mall:

v. 365.] The daughter of James Spencer, debauch
by Magnano the tinker. So called because the tinke
wife or mistress was commonly called his *trull*.

ib.] Alluding probably to Mary Carlton, call
Kentish Moll, but more commonly *The German Pri-uce*
a person notorious at the time this First Part of H
dibras was published. She was transported to Jama
1671, but returning from transportation too soon, s
was hanged at Tyburn Jan. 22, 1672-3.

Thro' perils both of wind and limb,
 Thro' thick and thin she follow'd him 370
 In ev'ry adventure h' undertook,
 And never him or it forsook:
 At breach of wall, or hedge surprise,
 She shar'd i' th' hazard and the prize;
 At beating quarters up, or forage, 375
 Behav'd herself with matchless courage,
 And laid about in fight more busily
 Than th' Amazonian Dame Penthesile,
 And tho' some critics here cry shame,
 And say our authors are to blame, 380
 That (spight of all philosophers,
 Who hold no females stout but bears,
 And heretofore did so abhor
 That women should pretend to war,
 They would not suffer the stout'st dame 385
 To swear by Hercules's name)
 Make feeble ladies, in their works,
 To fight like termagants and Turks;
 To lay their native arms aside,
 Their modesty, and ride astride; 390
 To run atilt at men, and wield
 Their naked tools in open field;

v. 382.] This and the three following lines not in the two first editions of 1664.

As stout Armida, bold Thales'ris,
 And she that would have been the mistress
 Of Gundibert, but he had grace,
 And rather took a country lass;
 They say 'tis false without all sense,
 But of pernicious consequence
 To government, which they suppose

Can never be upheld in prose;
 Strip Nature naked to the skin;
 You'll find about her no such thing.
 It may be so, yet what we tell
 Of Trulla, that's improbable,
 Shall be depos'd by that have seen 't,
 Or, what's as good, produc'd in print;
 And if they will not take our word,
 We'll prove it true upon record.

¶ The upright Cerdon next advanc'd,
 Of all his race the valiant'st:
 Cerdon the Great; renown'd in song,
 Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong:

[Rev. 409. Cerdon.] A one-eyed cobbler, like his
 Colonel Hewson. The Poet observes that his
 talent lay in preaching. Is it not then indecent,
 yond the rules of decorum, to introduce him in
 rough company? No; it is probable he had bu-
 set up the trade of a Teacher; and we may co-
 that the Poet did not think that he had so much
 tity as to debar him the pleasure of his beloved
 sion of Bear-baiting.

He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
 The weak against the strongest side:
 Ill has he read that never hit
 On him in Muses' deathless writ.
 He had a weapon keen and fierce,
 That thro' a bull-hide shield wou'd pierce,
 And cut it in a thousand pieces,
 Tho' tougher than the Knight of Greece his,
 With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor
 Was comrade in the ten years' war:
 For when the restless Greeks sat down
 So many years before Troy town,
 And were renown'd, as Homer writes,
 For well-sol'd boots no less than fights,
 They ow'd that glory only to
 His ancestor that made them so.
 Fast friend he was to reformation,
 Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion:
 Next rectifier of wry law,
 And would make three to cure one flaw,
 Learned he was, and cou'd take note,
 Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote;
 But preaching was his chiefest talent,
 Or argument, in which being valiant,

v. 435.] Mechanics of all sorts were then preachers,
 and some of them much followed and admired by the
 mob. "I am to tell thee, Christian reader," says

us'd to lay about and stickle,
like ram or bull at Conventicle:

Dr. Featley, preface to his *Dipper dipp'd*, wrote 164
nd published 1647, p. 1. "This new year of ne
changes, never heard of in former ages, namely,
" stables turned into temples, and, I will beg leave
" add, temples turned into stables, (as was that of
" Paul's, and many more) stalls into quires, sh
" boards in'o communion-tables. tubs into pulp
" aprons into linen ephods, and mechanics of
" lowest rank into priests of the high-places. I w
" der that our door-posts and walls sweat not, t
" which such notes as these have been lately affi
" on such a day such a brewer's clerk exerci
" such a taylor expoundeth, such a waterman t
" eth.---If cooks, instead of mincing their meat
" upon dividing of the Word; if taylor's leap up
" the shopboard into the pulpit, and patch up sei
" out of stolen shreds; it not only of the lowest
" people, as in Jeroboam's time, priests are
" crated to the Most High God---Do we marve
" such confusion in the Church as there is!"
are humorously girded in a tract entitled, *The*
mado precisely character'd, by a modern Churchwarden
" Here are felt-makers (says he) who can
" deal with the blockheads and neutral dimic
" the world; cobblers who can give good rules
" right walking, and handle Scripture to a
" coachmen who know how to lash the beas
" mities, and curb the headstrong insolence
" brutish age, stoutly exhorting us to stand t
" truth, lest the wheel of destruction roundl
" us. We have weavers that can sweetly i
" of the shuttle swiftness of the times, and p
" trade out the vicissitude of all sublunary t
" the web of our life be cut off: and here a

HUDIBRAS.

, like rams and bulls,
 arms that spring from skulls. 449
 came, bold man of war,
 fells by fatal star;
 in command of horse,
 without remorse.
 Centaur long ago 445
 has been wrested to
 lights, was true of this,
 se were of a piece;
 nform them both,
 vigour, fury, wroth; 450
 ach the rougher part,
 d a harder heart,
 e had been of those
 an's flesh, as fame goes:
 or horse! and, yet, alas! 455
 , for flesh is grass.
 , and no less able
 to clean a stable;

rofeffion who can separate the pieces of
 n those of damnation, measure out every
 n, and cut it out by a thread, substan-
 ing the points, till they have fashionably
 ar work with a well bottomed conclu-

T'Nad Petry, an hostler.

H

He us'd to lay about and
Like ram or bull at Con

Dr. Featley, preface to
and published 1647, p.
" changes, never heard
" stables turned into tea
" add, temples turned in
" Paul's, and many m
" boards into commun
" aprons into linen ep
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" der that our door-post
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" Here are felt-makers
" deal with the blockhe
" the world; coblers w
" right walking, and t
" coachmen who know
" mities, and curb the
" brutish age, stoutly e
" truth, lest the wheel c
" us. We have weave
" of the shuttle swiftnes
" trade out the vicissitu
" the web of our life be

disputants, like rams and bulls,
to fight with arms that spring from sculls. 442

Last Colon came, bold man of war,
Destin'd to blows by fatal star;
Right expert in command of horse,
But cruel and without remorse.

That which of Centaur long ago 445

Was said, and has been wrested to

Some other knights, was true of this,

He and his horse were of a piece;

One spirit did inform them both,

The self-same vigour, fury, wroth; 450

Yet he was much the rougher part,

And always had a harder heart,

Altho' his horse had been of those

That fed on man's flesh, as fame goes:

Strange food for horse! and, yet, alas! 455

It may be true, for flesh is grass.

Sturdy he was, and no less able

Than Hercules to clean a stable;

“ nics of my profession who can separate the pieces of
“ salvation from those of damnation, measure out every
“ man's portion, and cut it out by a thread, substan-
“ tially pressing the points, till they have fashionably
“ filled up their work with a well bottomed conclu-
“ sion.”

v. 441. *Colon.*] Ned Perry, an hostler.

Volume I.

W

As great a drover, and as great
A critic too, in dog or neat.
He ripp'd the womb up of his mother;
Dame Tellus, 'cause she wanted fother
And provender, wherewith to feed
Himself and his less cruel steed.
It was a question whether he
Or 's horse were of a family
More worshipful; 'till antiquaries
(After they 'ad almost por'd out their e
Did very learnedly decide
The bus'ness on the horse's side,
And prov'd not only horse, but cows,
Nay pigs, were of the elder house:
For beasts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.
These worthies were the chief that led
The combatants each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage
Ready, and longing to engage.
The num'rous rabble was drawn out
Of several counties round about,
From villages remote, and shires,
Of east and western hemispheres.
From foreign parishes and regions,
Of different manners, speech, religions
Came men and mastiffs; some to fight
For fame and honour, some for sight.

And now the field of death, the lists,
Were enter'd by antagonists,
And blood was ready to be broach'd,
When Hudibras in haste approach'd, 490
With Squire and weapons to attack 'em;
But first thus from his horse bespake 'em:

What rage, O Citizens! what fury
Doth you to these dire actions hurry?
What æstrum, what phrenetic mood 495
Makes you thus lavish of your blood,
While the proud Vies your trophies boast
And unreveng'd walks-----ghost?

What towns, what garrisons might you,
With hazard of this blood, subdue, 500
Which now y' are bent to throw away
In vain untriumphable fray?

Shall saints in civil bloodshed wallow
Of saints, and let the cause lie fallow?

The cause, for which we fought and swore 505
So boldly, shall we now give o'er?

Then because quarrels still are seen
With oaths and swearings to begin,

v. 503, 504.] Mr. Walker observes, "That all the
" cheating, covetous, ambitious persons of the land
" were united together under the title of the Godly,
" the Saints, and shared the fat of the land between
" them;" and he calls them the Saints who were ca-
nonized no where but in the Devil's Calendar.

The Solemn League and Covenant
Will seem a mere God-dam me rant,
And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as drunkards that fall out:
For as we make war for the King
Against himself, the self-same thing,
Some will not stick to swear, we do
For God and for Religion too;
For if Bear-baiting we allow,
What good can Reformation do?
The blood and treasure that's laid out
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are these the fruits o' th' Protestation,
The prototype of Reformation,
Which all the saints, and some, since
Wore in their hats like wedding-garter
When 'twas resolv'd by either House
Six Members' quarrel to espouse?
Did they for this draw down the rabble
With zeal and noises formidable,
And make all cries about the town
Join throats to cry the Bishops down?

v. 513, 514.] The Presbyterians, in
against the King, maintained still that
him; for they pretended to distingui
person from his natural one: his politi
said, must be, and was with the Parli
his natural person was at war with the
v. 530.] Good Lord, (says the True

Who having round beset the palace,
 (As once a month they do the gallows)
 As Members gave the sign about,
 Set up their throats with hideous shout.
 When tinkers bawl'd aloud to settle
 Church-Discipline, for patching kettle ;
 No sow-gelder did blow his horn
 To geld a cat, but cry'd Reform;
 The oyster women lock'd their fish up,
 And trudg'd away to cry No Bishop;
 The mouse-trap men laid save-alls by,
 And 'gainst Ev'l Counsellors did cry ;
 Butchers left old clothes in the lutch,
 And fell to turn and patch the Church ;
 Some cry'd the Covenant, instead
 Of pudding-pies and gingerbread ;
 And some for brooms, old boots and shoes,
 Bawl'd out to purge the Common-House :
 Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry
 A Gospel-preaching Ministry ;
 And some for old suits, coats, or cloak,
 No Surplices nor Service-book :

“ What a deal of dirt was thrown in the Bisops' faces !
 “ ---what infamous ballads were sung! what a thick
 “ cloud of epidemical hatred hung suddenly over them !
 “ so far, that a dog with a black and white face was
 “ called a *Bishop*.”

A strange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to reformation.
And is this all? Is this the end
To which these carr'ings on did tend?
Hath Public Faith, like a young heir,
For this tak'n up all sorts of ware,
And run int' ev'ry tradesman's book,
Till both turn'd bankrupts, and are broke
Did Saints, for this, bring in their plate
And crowd as if they came too late?
For when they thought the cause had ne
Happy was he that cou'd be rid on't.
Did they coin piss-pots, bowls, and flag
Int' officers of horse and dragoons?
And into pikes and musqueteers
Stamp beakers, cups, and porringers?
A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,
Did start up living men as soon
As in the furnace they were thrown,
Just like the dragon's teeth b'ing sown.
Then was the Cause of gold and plate,
The Brethrens' off'rings, consecrate,

[v. 553, 554.] Those flights, which seem
vagrant in our Poet, were really excellent
fact. The Scots (in their *Large Declaration*)
begin their petition against the Commenda
thus: "We men, women, and children,
"having considered, &c." *Foulis's Hist.*

drew calf, and down before it 575
 fell prostrate, to adore it:
 Vicked---and will you
 treat as scandal true,
 after Dogs and Bears,
 unclean than calves or steers? 580
 And Preachers ply'd their tongues,
 maul'd out and their lungs;
 mine, both direct and sin'ster,
 of Gospel-preaching Minister?
 invented tones to win 485
 and make them draw in
 the Indians with a female
 and inveigle the male?
 O! Providence what it must do,
 void, and whom to trust to? 590

It was a common practice to inform God of
 the state of the times. "Oh! my good Lord
 says Mr. G. Swathe, *Prayers*, p. 12.) I hear
 hath set up his standard at York against
 the king and city of London. Look thou upon
 their cause into thine own hand; appear
 in the cause of thy Saints, the cause in hand.
 O Lord, We know that the King is
 deluded, and deceived by his Popish, Ar-
 and temporising rebellious, malignant fac-
 tionary party," &c. "They would (says Dr.
 in their prayers and sermons tell God that
 they would be willing to be at any charge and trouble
 and to do as it were any kindness for the
 O Lord might now trust them, and rely

By setting Church and Commonweal 605
All on a flame, bright as their zeal,
On which the Saints were all agog,
And all this for a Bear and Dog?
The Parl'ament drew up petitions
To 'tself, and sent them, like commissions, 610
To well-affected persons, down
In ev'ry city and great town,
With pow'r to levy horse and men,
Only to bring them back agen?
For this did many, many a mile, 615
Ride manfully in rank and file,
With papers in their hats, that show'd
As if they to the pill'ry rode?
Have all these courses, these efforts,
Been try'd by people of all sorts, 620
Vellæ et remis, omnibus nervis,
And all t' advance the Cause's service,
And shall all now be thrown away
In petulant intestine fray?
Shall we, that in the Cōv'nant swore 625
Each man of us to run before
Another, still in Reformation
Give Dogs and Bears a dispensation?
How will Dissenting Brethren relish it?
What will Malignants say? *Videlicet,* 630
That each man swore to do his best
To damn and perjure all the rest?

And bid the Devil take the hin'most
 Which at this race is like to win most.
 They'll say our bus'ness, to Reform 635
 The Church and State, is but a worm;
 For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,
 T' an unknown Church discipline,
 What is it else, but beforehand
 T' engage, and after understand? 640
 For when we swore to carry on
 The present Reformation,
 According to the purest mode
 Of churches best reform'd abroad,
 What did we else but make a vow 645
 To do we know not what, nor how?
 For no three of us will agree
 Where, or what churches these should be;
 And is indeed the self-same case
 With theirs that swore *et ceteras*; 650
 Or the French League, in which men vow'd
 To fight to the last drop of blood.

v. 651.] The Holy League in France, designed and made for the extirpation of the Protestant religion, was the original out of which the Solemn League and Covenant here was (with difference only of circumstances) most faithfully transcribed. Nor did the success of both differ more than the intent and purpose; for, after the destruction of vast numbers of people of all sorts, both ended with the murder of two kings, whom they had both sworn to defend. And as our Co-

Which now began to rage and burn as
 Implacably as flame in furnace,
 Thus answer'd him : Thou vermine wretched,
 As e'er in measled pork was hatched ;
 Thou tail of worship, that dost grow
 On rump of justice as of cow ;
 How dar'st thou with that sullen luggage
 O' th' self, old ir'n, and other baggage,
 With which thy steed of bones and leather
 Has broke his wind in halting hither ;
 How durst th', I say, adventure thus
 T' oppose thy lumber against us ?
 Could thine impertinence find out
 No work t' employ itself about,
 Where thou, secure from wooden blow,
 Thy busy vanity might show ?
 Was no dispute afoot between
 The caterwauling Brethren ?
 No subtle question rais'd among
 Those out-o'-their wits, and those i' th' wrong
 No prize between those combatants
 O' th' times, the land and water saints,
 Where thou might'st stickle without hazard
 Of outrage to thy hide and muzzard,

contrary : and his answer carries strong indicat
 justify the conjecture.

v. 694. *Is lam'd, and tir'd in baling hiber.*] I
 stands in the two Irish editions of 1663.

And not for want of bus'ness, come
 To us to be thus troublesome, 710
 To interrupt our better sort
 Of disputants, and spoil our sport?
 Was there no felony, no bawd,
 Cut purse or burglary abroad?
 No stolen pig, nor plunder'd goose, 715
 To tie thee up from breaking loose?
 No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,
 For which thou statute might'st alledge,
 To keep thee busy from foul evil,
 And shame due to thee from the devil? 720
 Did no Committee sit, where he
 Might cut out journey-work for thee,
 And set th' a task, with subornation,
 To stitch up sale and sequestration,
 To cheat, with holiness and zeal, 725
 All parties and the commonweal?
 Much better, had it been for thee
 He 'ad kept thee where th' art us'd to be,
 Or sent th' on bus'ness any whither,
 So he had never brought thee thither: 730
 But if th' hast brain enough in scull
 To keep itself in lodging whole,

v. 732. *To keep within its lodging*] Edit. 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700. Restored to the present reading 1704.

And not provoke the rage of stones,
And cudgels to thy hide and bones,
Tremble, and vanish while thou may'st,
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.
At this the knight grew high in wrath,
And lifting hands and eyes up both,
Three times he smote on stomach stout,
From whence, at length, these words broke out

Was I for this entitled Sir,
And girt with trusty sword and spur,
For fame and honour to wage battle,
Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle?
Not all that pride that makes thee swell
As big as thou dost blown-up veal,
Nor all thy tricks and flights to cheat,
And sell thy carrion for good meat;
Not all thy magic to repair
Decay'd old age in tough lean ware,

v. 741.] Hudibras shewed less patience upon than Don Quixote did upon a like occasion, who calmly distinguishes betwixt an affront and an injury. The Knight is irritated at the satirical answer, and vents his rage in a manner exactly suited to his character; and when his passion was wrought to a height too great to be expressed in words, he immediately falls into action; but, alas! at his first plunge into it, he meets with an unlucky discomfiture; an omen that the success would be as ineffectual as the cause in which he was engaged.

HUDIBRAS.

'ral death appear thy work,
the gangrene in stale pork;
that force that makes thee proud,
by bullock ne'er withstood;
'd with all thy cleavers, knives, 759
, made to hew down lives,
e or help thee to evade
of Justice, or this blade,
her sword-bearer, do carry,
deed and military: 760
these words of venom base,
ou hast from their native place,
ach, pump'd to fling on me,
reng'd, tho' I am free;
yn the same throat shalt devour 'em, 765
ited beef, and pay dear for 'em;
l it e'er be said that wight
atlet blue and bases white,
nd blunt truncheon by his side,
a man at arms defy'd 770
ords far bitterer than wormwood,
u'd in Job or Grizel stir mood.
h their tongues their wounds do heal,
with hands, as thou shalt feel.

[Turn death of nature to *thy work*.] In the two
ons of 1664.

11. with hasty rage he snatch'd
His gunsnout, that in hostlers watch'd,
And bending cock, he levell'd full
Against th' outside of Talgol's scull.
Vowing that he shou'd ne'er stir further,
Nor henceforth cow nor bullock murder:
But Pallas came in shape of Rust,
And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust
Her gorgon shield, which made the cock
Stand stiff, as 't were transform'd to stock.
Meanwhile fierce Talgol, gath'ring might,
With rugged truncheon charg'd the Knight;

v. 781.---783.] This, and another passage in this Canto, are the only places where deities are introduced in this poem: as it was not intended for an epic poem, consequently none of the heroes in it need supernatural assistance: how then comes Pallas to be ushered in here, and Mars afterwards? probably to ridicule Homer and Virgil, whose heroes scarce perform any action, (even the most feasible) without the sensible aid of a deity; and to manifest that it was not the want of abilities, but choice, that made our Poet avoid such subterfuges. He has given us a sample of his judgment in this way of writing in the passage before us, which, taken in its naked meaning, is only—That the Knight's pistol was, for want of use, grown so rusty, hat it would not fire, or, in other words, that the rust was the cause of his disappointment.

v. 784. *Stand stiff, as if 'twere turn'd t' a stock.*] In edition 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1704. Restored 1710.

But he, with petronel up-heav'd,
 Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd;
 The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
 Not us'd to such a kind of fight,
 And shrunk from its great master's gripe,
 Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.
 Then Hudibras, with furious haste,
 Drew out his sword; yet not so fast
 But Talgol first, with hardy thwack,
 Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back;
 But when his nut-brown sword was out,
 With stomach huge he laid about,
 Imprinting many a wound upon
 His mortal foe, the truncheon:
 The trusty cudgel did oppose
 Itself against dead-doing blows,
 To guard his leader from fell bane,
 And then reveng'd itself again.

v. 787.—Smote *the Knight*.] In the two edit. of 1664.

v. 787, 788.

And he with rusty pistol held—
 To take the blow on like a shield.

Thus altered 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700. Restored
 1704.

v. 797. *But when his rugged sword was out.*] In the
 two first editions of 1664.

v. 798. *Courageously.*] 1674, to 1704, inclusive.

And tho' the sword (some understood) 805
 In force had much the odds of wood;
 'Twas nothing so; both sides were balanc'd
 So equal, none knew which was va'lant'st:
 For wood, with honour b'ing engag'd,
 Is so implacably enrag'd, 810
 Tho' iron hew and mangle sore,
 Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
 And now both knights were out of breath,
 Tir'd in the hot pursuits of death,
 Whilst all the rest amaz'd stood still, 815
 Expecting which should take, or kill.
 This Hudibras observ'd; and fretting,
 Conquest should be so long a-getting,
 He drew up all his force into
 One body, and that into one blow; 820
 But Talgol wisely avoided it
 By cunningslight; for had it hit
 The upper part of him, the blow
 Had slit, as sure as that below.

Meanwhile the incomparable Colon, 825
 To aid his friend, began to fall on;

v. 825.

But now fierce Colon 'gan draw on;
 To aid the distress'd champion.

In the two first editions of 1663.

lph encounter'd, and straight grew
 l combat 'twixt them two;
 arm'd with métal, th' other with wood,
 for bruise, and that for blood.
 any a stiff thwack, many a bang,
 ib-tree and old iron rang,
 one that saw them could divine
 h side conquest would incline;
 agnano, who did envy
 o should with so many men vy,
 e stratagem of brain
 'd what force could ne'er attain;
 by foul hap, having found
 histles grew on barren ground,
 he drew his weapon out,
 ing cropt them from the root,
 them underneath the tail
 , with pricks as sharp as nail:
 ry beast did straight resent

845

ng done to his fundament,
 o kick, and sling, and wince,
 'ad been beside his sense,

[A fierce dispute.] 1674, to 1704, inclusive.
 [With prickles sharper than a nail.] Edition
 1714, inclusive.
 [And feel regret on fundament.] In the two
 ions of 1664.

Striving to disengage from thisle,
That gall'd him sorely under his tail;
Instead of which, he threw pack,
Of Squire and baggage, from his back;
And blund'ring still with smarting rump,
He gave the Knight's steed such a thump
As made him reel. The Knight did stoop,
And sat on further side aslope.
This Talgol viewing, who had now
By slight escap'd the fatal blow,
He rally'd, and again fell to 't;
For catching foe by nearer foot,
He lifted with such might and strength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And dash'd his brains (if any) out;
But Mars, that still protects the stout,
In pudding time came to his aid,
And under him the Bear convey'd;

v. 855. That stagger'd him.] Edition 1674, to 1 inclusive.

v. 864, 865.] I would here observe the judgment the Poet: Mars is introduced to the Knight's advantage, as Pallas had been before to his disappointment. It was reasonable that the God of War should come in to his assistance, since a goddess had interposed herself on the side of his enemies, (agreeably to Homer and Virgil.) Had the Knight directly fallen to the ground, he had been probably disabled from further action, and consequently the battle would too

ar, upon whose soft fur-gown
 night with all his weight fell down,
 endly rug preserv'd the ground,
 adlong-Knight; from bruise or wound: 870
 atherbed betwixt a wall,
 avy burnt of cannon-ball.
 cho on a blanket fell,
 d no hurt, our's far'd as well
 , tho' his mighty spirit, 875
 eavy, did not so well bear it.
 ar was in a greater fright,
 own, and worsted by the Knight;
 r'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
 ke off bondage from his snout; 880
 ath inflam'd, boild o'er, and from
 rs of death he threw the foam;
 n stranger postures threw him,
 ore than ever herald drew him:
 e the earth which he had sav'd 885
 quelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd,
 ex'd the more, because the harms
 : were 'gainst the law of arms:

een determined: besides, we may observe a
 ul gradation, to the honour of the hero: he
 pon the Bear, the Bear breaks loose, and the
 ors run; so that the Knight's fall is the primary
 of this rout, and he might justly, as he after-
 did, ascribe the honour of the victory to him-

For men he always took to be
 His friends, and dogs the enemy;
 Who never so much hurt had done him,
 As his own side did falling on him:
 It griev'd him to the guts that they,
 For whom he 'ad fought so many a fray,
 And serv'd with loss of blood so long,
 Shou'd offer such inhuman wrong;
 Wrong of unsoldier-like condition,
 For which he flung down his commission;
 And laid about him, till his nose
 From thrall of ring and cord broke loose.
 Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
 Thro' thickest of his foes he charg'd,
 And made way thro' th' amaz'd crew;
 Some he o'erran, and some o'erthrew,
 But took none; for by hasty flight
 He strove t' escape pursuit of Knight,
 From whom he fled with as much haste
 And dread as he the rabble chas'd;
 In haste he fled, and so did they,
 Each and his fear a sev'ral way.

Crowderson only kept the field,
 Not stirring from the place he held
 Tho' beaten down, and wounded sore
 In th' shins, and a leg that bore

--- Avoid the conqu'ring Knight.] In
 1704, 1705, 1706, 1707, 1708, 1709, 1710, 1711, 1712, 1713, 1714, 1715, 1716, 1717, 1718, 1719, 1720, 1721, 1722, 1723, 1724, 1725, 1726, 1727, 1728, 1729, 1730, 1731, 1732, 1733, 1734, 1735, 1736, 1737, 1738, 1739, 1740, 1741, 1742, 1743, 1744, 1745, 1746, 1747, 1748, 1749, 1750, 1751, 1752, 1753, 1754, 1755, 1756, 1757, 1758, 1759, 1760, 1761, 1762, 1763, 1764, 1765, 1766, 1767, 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771, 1772, 1773, 1774, 1775, 1776, 1777, 1778, 1779, 1780, 1781, 1782, 1783, 1784, 1785, 1786, 1787, 1788, 1789, 1790, 1791, 1792, 1793, 1794, 1795, 1796, 1797, 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, 1804, 1805, 1806, 1807, 1808, 1809, 1810, 1811, 1812, 1813, 1814, 1815, 1816, 1817, 1818, 1819, 1820, 1821, 1822, 1823, 1824, 1825, 1826, 1827, 1828, 1829, 1830, 1831, 1832, 1833, 1834, 1835, 1836, 1837, 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843, 1844, 1845, 1846, 1847, 1848, 1849, 1850, 1851, 1852, 1853, 1854, 1855, 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1869, 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HUDIBRAS.

m, not that of bone,
 better, th' wooden one.
 adibras lie strow'd
 und, like log of wood,
 of fall supposed wound,
 rine, in a swoond 920
 atch'd the wooden limb
 h' ankle lay by him,
 for sudden fight,
 it up, t' attack the Knight;
 p on stump and huckle, 925
 be began to buckle,
 reveng'd, for breach
 l skin, upon the wretch,
 f all detriment
 iddle underwent, 930
), (who had now begun
 resurrection
 squech, and had got up
), with sprain'd erup)
 it, beheld pernicion 935
 Knight from fell musician;

[*st in swoond*] In the two first editions of
 [listing it, &c.] In the two first editions
 [fall on Knight.] In the first edit. of 1664.
 Looking about beheld the Bard---To charge

For men he always took to be
His friends, and dogs the enemy;
Who never so much hurt had done him,
As his own side did falling on him:
It griev'd him to the guts that they,
For whom he 'ad fought so many a fray,
And serv'd with loss of blood so long,
Shou'd offer such inhuman wrong;
Wrong of unsoldier-like condition,
For which he flung down his commission;
And laid about him, till his nose
From thrall of ring and cord broke loose.
Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
Thro' thickest of his foes he charg'd,
And made way thro' th' amaz'd crew;
Some he o'erran, and some o'erthrew,
But took none; for by hasty flight
He strove t' escape pursuit of Knight,
From whom he fled with as much haste
And dread as he the rabble chas'd;
In haste he fled, and so did they,
Each and his fear a sev'ral way.
Crowdero only kept the field,
Not stirring from the place he held
Tho' beaten down, and wounded sore
I' th' Fiddle, and a leg that bore

v. 966.---Avoid the conqu'ring Knight.] In ed
1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1704. Restored 1710, 2

One side of him, not that of bone, 915

But much its better, th' wooden one,

He spying Hudibras lie strow'd

Upon the ground, like log of wood,

With fright of fall supposed wound,

And loss of urine, in a swoond 920

In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb

That hurt i' th' ankle by him,

And fitting it for such fight,

Straight drew it up, back the Knight;

For getting up on st and huckle, 925

He with the foe began buckle,

Vowing to be reveng'd for breach

Of Crowd and skin, upon the wretch,

Sole author of all detriment

He and his Fiddle underwent. 930

But Ralphe, (who had now begun

T' adventure resurrection

From heavy squelch, and had got up

Upon his legs, with sprain'd erup)

Looking about, beheld pernicion 935

Approaching Knight from fell musician;

v. 920.---cast in swoond] In the two first editions of 1664.

v. 923. *And listing it, &c.*] In the two first editions of 1664.

v. 924.---to fall on *Knight*.] In the first edit. of 1664.

v. 935, 936. *Looking about beheld the Bard*.---To charge

He snatch'd his whinnyard up, that fled
 When he was falling off his steed,
 (As rats do from a falling house)
 To hide itself from rage of blows ;
 And, wing'd with speed and fury, flew
 To rescue Knight from black and blue ;
 Which ere he cou'd atchieve, his sconce
 The leg encounter'd twice and once ;
 And now 'twas rais'd to smite again,
 When Ralpho thrust himself between ;
 He took the blow upon his arm,
 To shield the Knight from further harm,
 And joining wrath with force, bestow'd
 On th' wooden member such a load,
 That down it fell, and with it bore
 Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.
 To him the Squire right nimbly run,
 And setting conqu'ring foot upon
 His trunk, thus spoke : What desp'rate frenzy
 Made thee (thou help of sin) to fancy
 Thyself, and all that coward rabble,
 T' encounter us in battle able ?

the Knight entranc'd prepar'd.] Thus in edition
 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1704. Restored 1710.

v. 944. *The skin encounter'd, &c.]* In the two
 editions of 1664.

v. 947. ---on side and arm.] Two editions of 1
 v. 948. *To shield the Knight entranc'd from harm*
 the two first editions of 1664.

say, oppose thy Curship
 authority, and worship,
 r me provoke,
 bs were heart of oak,
 alf of thee as good
 ws as that of wood?
 whipping-post prevail,
 et'ric, nor the jail,
 flying scourge thy skin,
 e from iron gin?
 thou shalt---but first our care
 y Hudibras does fare,
 gently rais'd the Knight,
 on his bum upright;
 m from lethargic dump,
 his nose with gentle thump,
 n his breast, as if 't had been
 he spirits lodg'd within;
 ken'd with the noise, did fly
 ard room to window eye,
 ly op'ning lid, the casement,
 out, but yet with some amazement.
 dded Ralpho much to see,
 us bespoke the Knight: Quoth he,
 ing his nose, You are, great Sir,
 leasy conqueror;
 n, victorious, and great,
 r fought for the Churches yet,

If you will give yourself but leave
 To make out what y^e already have;
 That's victory. The foe, for dread
 Of your nine-worthiness, is fled,
 All save Crowdero, for whose sake
 You did th' espous'd Cause undertake;
 And he lies pris'ner at your feet,
 To be dispos'd as you think meet,
 Either for life, or death, or sale,
 The gallows, or perpetual jail;
 For one wink of your pow'ful eye
 Must sentence him to live or die.
 His Fiddle is your proper purchase,
 Won in the service of the Churches;
 And by your doom must be allow'd
 To be, or be no more, a Crowd:
 For tho' success did not confer
 Just title on the conqueror;
 Tho' dispensations were not strong
 Conclusions, whether right or wrong;
 Altho' Outgoings did confirm,
 And Owning were but a mere term;
 Yet as the wicked have no right
 To the creature, tho' usurp'd by might,

v. 1009. It was a principle maintained by the Rebels of those days, that dominion is founded on grace, and therefore if a man wanted grace (in their opinion) if he was not a saint or a godly man, he had no right to

property is in the saint,
 on whom th' injuriously detain'd;
 in them they hold their luxuries,
 in dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,
 in riots, revels, masks, delights,
 in buffoons, fiddlers, parasites;
 in which the saints have title to,
 and ought t' enjoy, if they 'ad their due.
 What we take from 'em is no more
 than what was ours by right before;
 for we are their true landlords still,
 And they our tenants but at will.
 At this the Knight began to rouse,
 And by degrees grow valorous;

He star'd about, and seeing none
 Of all his foes remain but one,
 He snatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
 And from the ground began to rear him,
 Vowing to make Crowdero pay
 For all the rest that ran away.
 But Ralpho now, in colder blood,
 His fury mildly thus withstood:
 Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit
 Is rais'd too high; this slave does merit

any lands, goods, or chattels. The Saints, as the
 Squire says, had a right to all, and might take it when
 ever they had a power to do it.

HUSSEIN.

the hangman's bus'ness, sooner
 from your hand to have the honour
 destruction; I that am
 ingness in deed and name,
 orn to hurt his forfeit carcase,
 entreat his fiddle or case:
 you, great Sir, that glory blot
 d blood, which you gain'd in hot?
 you employ your conqu'ring sword
 eak a Fiddle, and your word?
 o' I fought and overcame,
 uarter gave, 'twas in your name:
 reat commanders always own
 's prosp'rous by the soldier done.
 ve, where you have pow'r to kill,
 es your pow'r above your will;
 hat your will and pow'r have less
 both might have of selfishness.
 pow'r, which now alive, with dread
 embles at, if he were dead
 'd no more keep the slave in awe,
 if you were a Knight of straw;
 Death would then be his conqueror
 you, and free him from that terror.
 ger from his life accrue,
 nour from his death, to you,
 re policy and honour too
 as you resolv'd to do:

HUDIBRAS.

, 'twould wrong your valour much,
it needs, or fears a crutch.
onqu'rors greater glory gain 1065
in triumph led, than slain:
irels that adorn their brows
l'd from living, not dead boughs,
ing foes: the greatest fame
ple slain can be but lame: 1070
lf of him's already slain,
er is not worth your pain;
our can but on one side light,
ship did, when y' were dubb'd Knight;
fore I think it better far 1075
p him prisoner of war,
t him fast in bonds abide,
rt of justice to be try'd;
if he appear so bold or crafty,
may be danger in his safety; 1080
member there dislike
e, or to his beard have pique;
is death will save or yield
ge or fright, it is reveal'd,

[84.] When the Rebels had taken a prisoner, they gave him quarter, and promised to save his life; but if any of them afterwards thought it not proper he should be saved, it was only saying it was better to kill him, than to let such a one live; and they hanged him up, notwithstanding the promises before

Tho' he has quarter, ne'ertheless
 Y' have the pow'r to hang him when you please
 This has been often done by some
 Of our great conqu'rors, you know whom;
 And has by most of us been held
 Wise justice, and to some reveal'd
 For words and promises, that yoke
 The conqueror are quickly broke;
 Like Samson's cuffs, tho' by his own
 Direction and advice put on:
 For if we should fight for the Cause
 By rules of military laws,
 And only do what they call just,
 The Cause would quickly fall to dust.
 This we among ourselves may speak;
 But to the wicked or the weak
 We must be cautious to declare
 Perfection-truths, such as these are.

This said, the high outrageous mettle
 Of Knight began to cool and settle,
 He lik'd the Squire's advice, and soon
 Resolv'd to see the bus'ness done;

made. Dr. South observes of Harrison the re-
 a butcher by profession, and preaching Colonel
 Parliament army, " That he was notable for
 " killed several after quarter given by others,
 " these words in doing it: " Cursed be he wh
 " the work of the Lord negligently."

And therefore charg'd him first to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
And to its former place and use
The wooden member to reduce,
But force it take an oath before,
Ne'er to bear arms against him more.

1110

Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste,
And having ty'd Crowdero fast,
He gave Sir Knight the end of cord,
To lead the captive of his sword
In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught,
And them to further service brought.
The Squire, in state, rode on before,
And on his nut-brown whinyard bore.

1115

1120

The trophee Fiddle and the case,
Leading on shoulder like a mace.
The Knight himself did after ride,
Leading Crowdero by his side;
And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
Like boat, against the tide and wind.
Thus grave and solemn they march on,
Until quite thro' the town they'ad gone;
At further end of which there stands
An ancient castle, that commands

1125

1130

v. 1122. Plac'd on his shoulder.] Edition 1674, 1684, 1689, 1700, *Leaning on shoulder*. Restored 1704.

v. 1130.] This is an enigmatical description of a

Th' adjacent parts: in all the fabric
You shall not see one stone nor a brick
But all of wood, by pow'rful spell
Of magic made impregnable:
There's neither iron-bar nor gate,
Porticullis, chain nor bolt, nor grate,
And yet men durance there abide,
In dungeon scarce three inches wide;
With roof so low, that under it
They never stand, but lie or sit;
And yet so foul, that whoso is in,
Is to the middle-leg in prison;
In circle magical confin'd,
With walls of subtle air and wind,
Which none are able to break thorough,
Until they're freed by head of borough.

pair of stocks and whipping-post; it is so po-
and sublime, that we are surprised so noble a str-
could be raised from so ludicrous a subject.
perceive wit and humour in the strongest li-
every part of the description: and how happil-
gined is the pun in v. 1147! How ceremonio-
the conquerors in displaying the trophies of the
tory, and imprisoning the unhappy captive! A
dismal figure does he make at the dark prospect
him! All these circumstances were necessary
fully exhibited, that the reader might commis-
favourite Knight, when a change of fortune unh-
brought him into Crowdero's place.

Thither arriv'd th' advent'rous Knight
And bold Squire from their steeds alight
At th' outward wall, near which there stands
A Bastile, built t' imprison hands;
By strange enchantment made to fetter
The lesser parts, and free the greater:
For tho' the body may creep through,
The hands in grate are fast enough:
And when a circle, 'bout the wrist
Is made by beadle exercist,
The body feels the spur and switch,
As if 't were ridden post by witch,
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne'er stirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a spire,
On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire
The Fiddle, and its spoils, the case,
In manner of a trophee place.
That done, they ope the trap-door gate,
And let Crowdero down thereat.
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like hermit poor in pensive place,
To dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the survivor of his feet;
But th' other that had broke the peace,
And head of Knighthood, they release,
Tho' a delinquent false and forged,
Yet b'ing a stranger, he's enlarged,

1150

1155

1160

1165

1170

While his comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapp'd up fast in prison for 't:
So Justice, while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

HUDIBRAS
IN THREE PARTS

PART I. CANTO II

THE ARGUMENT.

The scatter'd rout return and rally,
Surround the place; the Knight does rally
And is made pris'ner: then they seize
Th' enchanted fort by storm, release
Crowders, and put the Squire in 's place;
I should have first said Hudibras.

! what perils do environ
that meddles with cold iron!
augy mischiefs and mishaps
im still with after-claps!
Dame Fortune seem to smile,
pon him for a while,
shew him, in the nick
lories, a dog-trick.
an may sing or say
all'd, What if a Day?
who thought he 'ad won
ertain as a gun,
buted the whole troop,
was cock-a-heop.

While his comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapp'd up fast in prison for 't:
So Justice, while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The scatter'd rout return and rally,
Surround the place; the Knight does rally,
And is made pris'nerr then they seize
Th' enchanted fort by storm, release
Crowdern, and put the Squire in's place;
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io' Dame Fortune seem to smile,
eer upon him for a while,
after shew him, in the nick
his glories, a dog-trick.
ny man may sing or say
ditty call'd, What if a Day?
udibras, who thought he 'ad won
ld, as certain as a gun,
aying routed the whole troop,
victory was cock-a-heop,
ne 1.

Thinking he 'ad done enough to purchase
 Thanksgiving-day among the Churches,
 Wherein his mettle and brave worth
 Might be explain'd by holder-forth,
 And register'd by fame eternal,
 In deathless pages of Diurnal,
 Found in few minutes, to his cost,
 He did but count without his host,
 And that a turnstile is more certain
 Than, in events of war, Dame Fortune.
 For now the late faint-hearted rout,
 O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,
 Chas'd by the horror of their fear,
 From bloody fray of Knight and Bear,
 (All but the Dogs, who in pursuit
 Of the Knight's victory stood to't,
 And most ignobly fought to get
 The honour of his blood and sweat)
 Seeing the coast was free and clear
 O' the conquer'd and the conqueror,
 Took heart again, and fac'd about,
 As if they meant to stand it out:
 For by this time the routed Bear,
 Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,

v. 35. Took heart again, and fac'd about.] Took heart
 of grace, in the two first editions of 1664.
 v. 37. For now the half-defeated Bear] Thus altered
 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700. Restored as above, 1704

HUDIBRAS.

lumber grew too great
 ke a safe retreat,
 eftain fac'd about :
 bting to hold out,
 orte, and with haste
 d foe, and fled, and fac'd,
 until he found
 advantage of the ground,
 il'tantly made head
 oe, and forthwith fled,
 untry'd, nor trick,
 it and politic,
 of hot pursuit,
 ss, to hold dispute
 s, and stop the course
 ie. With all his force
 urg'd, and for a while
 hole body to recoil ;
 numbers so increas'd,
 elf at length oppress'd,
 ns so uncertain,
 f for better fortune,
 'd, rather than yield,
 honour in the field,
 de and carcass at
 and desperate
 d. This resolution
 out in execution,

And bravely threw himself among
 The enemy, i' th' greatest throng;
 But what cou'd single valour do
 Against so numerous a foe?
 Yet much he did, indeed too much,
 To be believ'd, where th' odds were such;
 But one against a multitude,
 Is more than mortal can make good:
 For while one party he oppos'd,
 His rear was suddenly enclos'd,
 And no room left him for retreat,
 Or fight against a foe so great.
 For now the Mastives, charging home,
 To blows and handy-gripes were come;
 While manfully himself he bore,
 And setting his right foot before,
 He rais'd himself, to shew how tall
 His person was above them all.
 This equal shame and envy stirr'd
 In th' enemy, that one should bear'd
 So many warriors, and so stout,
 As he had done, and stav'd it out,
 Dadaining to lay down his arms,
 And yield on honourable terms.
 Enraged thus, some in the rear
 Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where,
 Till down he fell; yet falling fought,
 And, being down, still laid about;

As Widdrington, in doleful dumps,
Is said to fight upon his stumps.

95

But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably slain,
If Trulla' and Cerdon in the nick
To rescue him had not been quick:

100

For Trulla, who was light of foot,
As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot,
(But not so light as to be borne
Upon the ears of standing corn,
Or trip it o'er the water quicker

105

Than witches, when their staves they liquor,
As some report) was got among
The foremost of the martial throng;

There pitying the vanquish'd Bear,
She call'd to Cerdon, who stood near,

110

Viewing the bloody fight; to whom,
Shall we (quoth she) stand still *bum drum*,

v. 102. *As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot.*] Thus it stands in the two first editions of 1663, and I believe in all the other editions to this time. Mr. Warburton is of opinion, that *long filed* would be more proper; as the Parthians were ranged in long files, a disposition proper for their manner of fighting, which was by sudden retreats and sudden charges. Mr. Smith of Harleston, in Norfolk, thinks that the following alteration of the line would be an improvement:

As long-field shafts, which Parthians shoot.

L iiij

And see stout Bruin, all alone,
 By numbers basely overthrown?
 Such fates already he 'as achiev'd,
 In story not to be believ'd,
 And 'twould to us be shamè enough,
 Not to attempt to fetch him off.
 I would (quoth he) venture a limb
 To second thee, and rescue him;
 But then we must about it straight,
 Or else our aid will come too late;
 Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
 And therefore cannot long hold out.
 This said, they wav'd their weapons round
 About their heads, to clear the ground,
 And, joining forces, laid about
 So fiercely, that th' amaz'd rout
 Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,
 As if the devil drove, to run.
 Meanwhile th' approach'd th' place where Bruin
 Was now engag'd to mortal ruin:
 The conqu'ring foe they soon assail'd,
 First Thrulla stav'd, and Cerdon tail'd,
 Until their Mastives loos'd their hold:
 And yet, alas! do what they could,
 The worsted Bear came off with store
 Of bloody wounds, but all before:
 For as Achilles, dipt in pond,
 Was anabaptiz'd free from wound,

of against dead-doing steel;
 but the Pagan heel;
 ar champion's arms defend
 m but the other end,
 and ears, which in the martial
 er lost a leathern parcel.
 n Austrian Archduke once
 ear (which in ducatoons
 ie coin) in battle par'd
 his head, so Bruin far'd;
 g'd and pull'd on th' other side,
 v'ner newly crucify'd:
 he late-corrected leathern
 he circumcised brethren,
 le Trulla into th' ring
 in's nose convey'd a string,
 hich she march'd before and led
 rior to a grassy bed,
 rs write, in a cool shade,
 glantine and roses made;
 a softly-murm'ring stream,
 overs us'd to loll and dream:
 aving him to his repose,
 from pursuit of foes,
 ating nothing but a song,
 ell-tun'd theorbo hung
 ough, to ease his pain
 'd ears suffer'd with a strain

148

150

155

160

165

They both drew up, to march in quest
Of his great leader and the rest.

For Orsin (who was more renown'd
For stout maintaining of his ground,
In standing fight, than for pursuit,
As being not so quick of foot)
Was not long able to keep pace
With others that pursu'd the chase,
But found himself left far behind,
Both out of heart and out of wind;
Griev'd to behold his Bear pursu'd
So basely by a multitude,
And like to fall, not by the prowess,
But numbers, of his coward foes.
He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas;
Forcing the vallies to repeat
The accents of his sad regret:
He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
For loss of his dear crony Bear,
That Echo, from the hollow ground,
His doleful wailings did resound

v. 189, 190.] This passage is beautiful. It is a moving lamentation, and evidences the master of the pathetic as well as the satirist; but also as it comprehends a fine satire, a kind of wit of making an echo talk senseless rational answers.

More wistfully, by many times,
 Than in small poets splayfoot rhymes,
 That makes her, in their ruthless stories,
 To answer to int'rogatories,
 And must unconscionably depose
 To things of which she nothing knows;
 And when she has said all she can say,
 'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.
 Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
 Art thou fled? to my---Echo, Ruin.
 I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step
 For fear. Quoth Echo, Marry guep.
 Am not I here to take thy part?
 Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart?
 Have these bones rattled, and this head
 So often in thy quarrel bled?
 Nor did I ever winch or grudge it
 For thy dear sake. Quoth she, Mum budget.
 Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish
 Thou turn'st thy back? Quoth Echo, Pish.
 To run from those th' had'st overcome
 Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum.
 But what a vengeance makes thee fly
 From me too, as thine enemy?
 Or, if thou hast no thought of me,
 Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
 Yet shame and honour might prevail
 To keep thee thus from turning tail:

For who would grudge to spend his blood in
 His honour's cause? Quoth she, a **Puddin**.
 This said, his grief to anger turn'd,
 Which in his manly stomach burn'd;
 Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place
 Of sorrow now began to blaze.
 He vow'd the authors of his woe
 Should equal vengeance undergo,
 And with their bones and flesh pay dear
 For what he suffer'd and his Bear.
 This being resolv'd, with equal speed
 And rage he hasted to proceed
 To action straight, and giving o'er
 To search for Bruin any more,
 He went in quest of Hudibras,
 To find him out where'er he was;
 And, if he were above ground, vow'd
 He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.

But scarce had he a furlong on
 This resolute adventure gone,
 When he encounter'd with that crew
 Whom Hudibras did late subdue.
 Stout, stout, revenge, contempt, and shame,
 And equally their breasts inflame.
 Among these the hero Magnano was,
 And bold, like to Hudibras;
 And stout, and stout, warriors stout,
 And resolute, as ever fought;

furious Orsin thus bespoke:
 we (quoth he) thus basely brook
 affront that paltry ass,
 vile scoundrel, Hudibras, 250
 at more paltry ragamuffin,
 with vapouring and huffing,
 it upon us, like tame cattle,
 'had routed us in battle?
 part, it shall ne'er be sed 255
 washing gave my head:
 I turn my back for fear
 scals, but loss of my Bear,
 now I'm like to undergo;
 ether these fell wounds, or no, 260
 receiv'd in fight, are mortal,
 than all my skill can foretel;
 I know what is become
 more than the Pope of Rome.
 can but find them out 265
 us'd it (as I shall no doubt,
 er th' in hugger-mugger lurk)
 e them rue their handiwork,
 sh that they had rather dar'd
 the devil by the beard, 270
 Cerdon, Noble Orsin, th' hast
 eason to do as thou say'st,

. Of them, but losing of my Bear. J. 1674, and
 10 1704, exclusive.

And so has ev'ry body here,
As well as thou hast or thy Bear:
Others may do as they see good;
But if this twig be made of wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur,
And th' other mungrel vermine, Ralph,
That brav'd us all in his behalf.
Thy Bear is safe, and out of peril,
Tho' lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill;
Myself and Trulla made a shift
To help him out at a dead lift;
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's safe enough:
There let him rest; for if we stay,
The slaves may hap to get away.

This said, they all engag'd to join
Their forces in the same design,
And forthwith put themselves in search
Of Hudibras upon their march:
Where leave we them awhile, to tell
What the victorious Knight befell;
For such, Crowdero being fast
In dungeon shut, we left him last.
Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow
No where so green as on his brow,
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With conqu'ring toil, he now retir'd

Unto a neighb'ring castle by,
 To rest his body, and apply
 Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise
 He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues;
 To mollify th' uneasy pang
 Of ev'ry honourable bang,
 Which b'ing by skilful midwife drest,
 He laid him down to take his rest.

But all in vain; he 'ad got a hurt
 O' th' inside, of a deadlier sort,
 By Cupid made, who took his stand
 Upon a widow's jointure land,
 (For he, in all his am'rous battles,
 No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels)
 Drew home his bow, and, aiming right,
 Let fly an arrow at the Knight;
 The shaft against a rib did glance,
 And gall him in the purtenance:
 But time had somewhat 'swag'd his pain,
 After he had found his suit in vain:
 For that proud dame, for whom his soul
 Was burnt in's belly like a coal,
 (That belly that so oft did ake,
 And suffer griping for her sake,

v. 315, 316. In the two first editions of 1664, this and the following line stand thus:

As how he did, and aiming right,
 An arrow he let fly at Knight,

Till purging comfits, and ants' eggs
Had almost brought him off his legs)
Us'd him so like a base rascallion,
That old Pygmalion (what d' y' call him) malion
That cut his mistress out of stone,
Had not so hard a hearted one.
She had a thousand jaddish tricks,
Worse than a mule that flings and kicks;
'mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,
As insolent as strange, and mad;
She could love none but only such
As scorn'd and hated her as much.
'Twas a strange riddle of a lady;
Not love, if any lov'd her; hey day!
So cowards never use their might,
But against such as will not fight.
So some diseases have been found
Only to seize upon the scound.
He that gets her by heart, must say her
The back way, like a witch's prayer.
Meanwhile the Knight had no small task
To compass what he durst not ask:
He loves, but dares not make the motion;
Her ignorance is his devotion:

v. 338.---*Hey day!*] *Ha day!* In all editions *t*
then altered to *Hey day*.

Like caitiff vile, that for misdeed
 Rides with his face to rump of steed ; 350
 Or rowing scull, he's fain to love,
 Look one way and another move ;
 Or like a tumbler that does play
 His game, and looks another way,
 Until he seize upon the coney ; 355
 Just so does he by n
 But all in vain ; her
 Did quickly wind hi but ;
 Which she return'd so much scorn,
 To be by man of hor borne ; 360
 Yet much he bore, until the distress
 He suffer'd from his bightful mistress
 Did stir his stomach, and the pain
 He had endur'd from her disdain,
 Turn'd to regret so resolute, 365
 That he resolv'd to wave his suit,
 And either to renounce her quite,
 Or for a while play least in sight,
 This resolution b'ing put on,
 He kept some months, and more had done, 370
 But being brought so nigh by Fate,
 The vict'ry he achiev'd so late
 Did set his thoughts agog, and ope
 A door to discontinu'd hope,
 That seem'd to promise he might win 375
 His dame too, now his hand was in ;

And that his valour, and the honour
He 'ad newly gain'd, might work upon her :
These reasons made his mouth to water
With am'rous longings to be at her,
Quoth he, unto himself, Who knows
But this brave conquest o'er my foes
May reach her heart, and make that stoop,
As I but now have forc'd the troop ?
If nothing can oppugn love,
And virtue envious ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do
That brings both love and virtue too ?
But thou bring'st valour, too, and wit,
Two things that seldom fail to hit.
Valour's a mouse-trap, wit a gin,
Which women oft' are taken in :
Then, Hudibras, why shouldst thou fear
To be, that art a conqueror ?
Fortune the audacious doth *juvare*,
But lets the timidoꝝ miscarry :
Then while the honour thou hast got
Is spic and span new, piping-hot,
Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,
And trust thy fortune with the rest.
Such thoughts as these the Knight did keep
More than his bangs, or fleas, from sleep ;
And as an owl, that in a barn
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,

Sits still, and shuts his round blue eye
 As if he slept, until he spies
 The little beast within his reach,
 Then starts, and seizes on the wretch
 So from his couch the Knight did start,
 To seize upon the widow's heart,
 Crying with hasty tone and hoarse,
 Ralpho, dispatch, to horse, to horse!
 And 'twas but time;
 We left engag'd to see
 By speedy marches waded
 Up to the fort where he
 And all th' avenues had
 About the place, from east to west.
 That done, awhile they made a halt
 To view the ground, and where t' assault;
 Then call'd a council, which was best,
 Siege or onslaught, to invest
 The enemy; and 'twas agreed
 Storm and onslaught to proceed.
 As b'ing resolv'd, in comely sort
 They now drew up t' attack the fort;
 When Hudibras, about to enter
 At another gate's adventure,
 Ralpho call'd aloud to arm,
 Of reaming of approaching storm.
 Her Dame Fortune, or the care
 Of evil bad, or tutelary,

Did arm, or thrust him on a danger,
 To which he was an utter stranger,
 That foresight might, or might not, blot
 The glory he had newly got;
 Or to his shame it might be sed,
 They took him napping in his bed,
 To them we leave it to expound,
 That deal in sciences profound.

His courser scarce he had bestrid,
 And Ralpho that on which he rid,
 When setting ope the postern gate,
 Which they thought best to sally at,
 The foe appear'd drawn up and drill'd,
 Ready to charge them in the field.
 This somewhat startled the bold Knight
 Surpriz'd with th' unexpected sight:
 The bruises of his bones and flesh
 He thought began to smart afresh;
 Till recollecting wonted courage,
 His fear was soon converted to rage,
 And thus he spoke: The coward foe,
 Whom we but now gave quarter to,
 Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears
 As if they had outrun their fears;

v. 437.---*it migh^t be sed.*] This spell in editions to 1704, inclusive. Altered to

v. 444. *To take the field and sally at.*] It and the following ones, to 1704, exclusi

The glory we did lately get,
The Fates command us to repeat;
And to their wills we must succumb;
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom; 460
This is the same numeric crew
Which we so lately did subdue;
The self-same individuals that
Did run, as mice do from a cat,
When we courageously 465
Our martial weapons 465
To tug for victory: and when
We shall our shining 465
Brandish in terror o' 465
They'll straight resum 465
Fear is an ague, that forsakes
And haunts, by fits, those whom it takes;
And they'll opine they feel the pain
And blows they felt to-day again.
Then let us boldly charge them home, 475
And make no doubt to overcome.

This said, his courage to inflame,
He call'd upon his mistress' name,
His pistol next he cock'd anew,
And out his nut-brown whinyard drew; 480
And placing Ralpho in the front,
Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt,

v. 472. *And haunts by fits.*] *Haunts by turns*, in the two first editions of 1664.

As expert warr'ors use; then ply'd
With iron heel, his courser's side,
Conveying sympathetic speed
From heel of Knight to heel of steed.
Mean-while the foe, with equal rage
And speed, advancing to engage,
Both parties now were drawn so close,
Almost to come to handy-blows,
When Orsin first let fly a stone
At Ralpho; not so huge a one
As that which Diomed did maul
Æneas on the bum withal;
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T' have sent him to another world,
Whether above ground, or below,
Which saints twice dipt are destin'd to;
The danger startled the bold Squire,
And made him some few steps retire;
But Hudibras advanc'd to 's aid,
And rous'd his spirits half dismay'd:
He wisely doubting lest the shot
Of th' enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a distance gall, press'd close,
To come pellmell to handy-blows,
And that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd still in an oblique line;
But prudently forebore to fire,
Till breast to breast he had got nigher;

As expert warriors use to do,
When hand to hand they charge their foe.
This order the advent'rous Knight,
Most soldier-like, observ'd in fight,
When Fortune (as she's wont) turn'd sickle,
And for the foe began to stickle.
The more shame for her Goodyship
To give so near a friend the slip.
For Colon, chusing out a stone,
Levell'd so right, it thump'd upon
His manly paunch with such a force,
As almost beat him off his horse.
He loos'd his whinyard, and the rein,
But laying fast hold on the mane,
Preserv'd his seat: and as a goose
In death contracts his talons close,
So did the Knight, and with one claw
The tricker of his pistol draw.
The gun went off; and as it was
Still fatal to stout Hudibras,
In all its feats of arms, when least
He dreamt of it to prosper best,
So now he far'd: the shot, let fly
At random 'mong the enemy,

v. 523. *He loos'd his whinyard.*] Thus it stands in the first editions of 1664. Altered, 1674, to, *He loos'd his weapon*: so it continued to 1700. Altered, 1704, to, *He lost his whinyard.*

Pierc'd Talgol's gabardine, and grazing 535
 Upon his shoulder, in the passing
 Lodg'd in Magnano's brass habergeon,
 Who straight, A surgeon cry'd, A surgeon!
 He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
 Did Murder, Murder, Murder! yell. 540
 This startled their whole body so,
 That if the Knight had not let go
 His arms, but been in warlike plight,
 He'd won (the second time) the fight;
 As, if the Squire had but fall'n on, 545
 He had inevitably done.
 But he, diverted with the care
 Of Hudibras his hurt, forbore
 To press th' advantage of his fortune,
 While danger did the rest dishearten. 550
 For he with Cerdon b'ing engag'd
 In close encounter, they both wag'd
 The fight so well, 'twas hard to say
 Which side was like to get the day.

v. 545.] In the two first editions, for this and the three following lines these two are used,

As Ralpho might, but he with care
 Of Hudibras his hurt forbore.

In 1674. *Hudibras his wound*, to 1704, exclusive.

v. 551. *He bad with Cerdon*, &c.] Editions 1674 to 1704, exclusive.

v. 552. *So desperately*.] 1674, &c.

the busy work of Death 555

hem so, they 'greed to breathe,

to renew the fight,

disaster of the Knight,

her party, did divert

intent, and forc'd them part. 560

ss'd up to Hudibras,

n where Magnano was,

ng to confirm his party

t encouragements and hearty.

alpho, Courage, valiant Sir, 565

venge and honour stir

ts up; once more fall on,

r'd foe begins to run :

half so well you knew

ur vict'ry as subdue, 570

not, after such a blow

e given them, face us now ;

o formidable a soldier

ke crows when they smell powder.

e they seen your sword aloft 575

r their heads, and fled as oft' ;

let them recollect

ts, now diamay'd and checkt,

e a harder game to play,

e've had, to get the day. 580

nd force their sullen rage to part.] Thus altered
 '04, exclusive.

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 Upon his shoulder, in the passing
 Lodg'd in Magnano's brass habergeon,
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 He had inevitably done.
 But he, diverted with the care
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 To press th' advantage of his fortune,
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 In close encounter, they both wag'd
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 As Ralpho might, but he with care
 Of Hudibras his hurt forbore.

In 1674. *Hudibras his wound*, to 1704, exclusive.

v. 551. *He bad with Cerdon, &c.*] Editions 16704, exclusive.

v. 553. *So desperately.*] 1674, &c.

And now the busy work of Death 555
 Had tir'd them so, they 'greed to breathe,
 Preparing to renew the fight,
 When the disaster of the Knight,
 And th' other party, did divert
 Their fell intent, and forc'd them part. 560
 Ralpho press'd up to Hudibras,
 And Cerdon where Magnano was,
 Each striving to confirm his party
 With stout encouragements and hearty.
 Quoth Ralpho, Courage, valiant Sir, 565
 And let revenge and honour stir
 Your spirits up; once more fall on,
 The shatter'd foe begins to run:
 For if but half so well you knew
 To use your vict'ry as subdue, 570
 They durst not, after such a blow
 As you have given them, face us now;
 But from so formidable a soldier
 Had fled like crows when they smell powder.
 Thrice have they seen your sword aloft 575
 Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft;
 But if you let them recollect
 Their spirits, now dismay'd and checkt,
 You'll have a harder game to play,
 Than yet ye've had, to get the day. 580

v. 560. *And force their sullen rage to part.*] Thus altered
 1 2 1704, exclusive.

The bloody scar upon the shoulder
Of Talgol with Promethean powder,
And now was searching for the shot
That laid Magnano on the spot,
Beheld the sturdy Squire aforesaid,
Preparing to climb up his horse-side;
He left his cure, and laying hold
Upon his arms, with courage bold
Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally,
The enemy begin to rally;
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy man be 's dole.

This said, like to a thunderbolt
He flew with fury to th' assault,
Striving th' enemy to attack
Before he reach'd his horse's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his beast with active vau'ting,
Wriggling his body to recover
His seat, and casting his right leg over;
When Orsin, rushing in, bestow'd
On horse and man so heavy a load,
The beast was startled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough Squire like a sack,
Or stout King Richard, on his back;
Till stumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and cast into a swoon.

While the Knight began to rouse
 His hand into his hose,
 Both by his eyes and nose,
 By choler, and not blood,
 In his wounded body flow'd. 660
 With the hazard of the Squire,
 Him with despiteful ire;
 Thus he fac'd about,
 His other pistol out;
 Had half-way bent the cock,
 665
 When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock,
 With his truncheon, thwart his arm,
 That it fell, and did no harm;
 Still pressing on with speed,
 To pull him off his steed. 670
 But his sword had only left,
 Which he Cerdon's head had cleft,
 Almost cropp'd off a limb,
 Came, and rescu'd him.
 His lance attack'd the Knight 675
 In quarters opposite:
 In an arque, that in foul weather,
 Two adverse winds together,
 And beaten to and fro,
 'Tis not which to turn him to; 680
 The Knight between two foes,
 Not which of them to oppose;

Till Orsin, charging with his lance
At Hudibras, by spiteful chance
Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stunn'd
And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the Knight began to cheer up,
And, raising himself on stirrup,
Cry'd out *Victoria*; lie thou there,
And I shall straight dispatch another
To bear thee company in death;
But first, I'll halt awhile, and breathe:
As well he might; for Orsin, griev'd,
At the wound that Cerdon had receiv'd,
Ran to relieve him with his lore,
And cure the hurt he gave before.
Mean-while the Knight had wheel'd about
To breathe himself, and next find out
Th' advantage of the ground, where best
He might the ruffled foe infest.
This b'ing resolv'd, he spurr'd his steed,
To run at Orsin with full speed,
While he was busy in the care
Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware;
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part apply'd remedy;
And seeing th' enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and stood upon his guard:
Then like a warror right expert
And skilful in the martial art,

The little Knight straight made a halt,
 And thought it best to stay th' assault;
 He had reliev'd the Squire,
 And, (in order) to retire;
 The occasion should invite,
 And forces join'd renew the fight.
 But, by this time disentranc'd,
 He himself advanc'd,
 And sorely bruis'd; his limbs all o'er
 With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore:
 Again he would have got upon
 His steed again, to get him gone,
 When Hudibras to aid him came.
 He call'd him by his name,
 And said, the day at length is ours,
 And once more, as conquerors,
 Both the field and honour won;
 The profligate and run:
 All such as can, for some
 And hath sent to their long home;
 Some lie sprawling on the ground
 With many a gash and bloody wound.
 Himself could never say
 Two vict'ries in a day
 He'd done, that can say, twice I
 Have done, *veni, vidi, vici*.
 And 's so numerous, that we
 So often *vincere*,

And they *perice*, and yet enow
Be left to strike an after-blow;
Then lest they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the bus'ness o'er,

Get up, and mount thy steed; dispatch,
And let us both their motions watch.
Quoth Ralph, I should not, if I were
In case for action, now be here;
Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
An arse, for fear of being bang'd.

It was for you I got these harms,
Advent'ring to fetch off your arms. 759
The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,
Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd
My limbs of strength: unless you stoop,
And reach your hands to pull me up,
I shall lie here, and be a prey 755
To those who are now run away.

That thou shalt not (quoth Hudibras;)
We read, the Ancients held it was
More honourable far *servare*
Civem, than slay an adversary; 760
The one we oft' to-day have done,
The other shall dispatch anon:
And tho' th' art of a diff'rent church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch.
This said, he jogg'd his good steed nigher, 765
And steer'd him gently t'wards the Squire,

down his body, stretch'd it up,
 and at Ralpho reach'd; whom he did not mind,
 the lightning behind, 776
 long in search about
 und, to find it out,
 none, nor where the shot
 rattled him was got:
 and the worst was past, 778
 own work at last,
 the prisoners,
 eats of arms was her's;
 under Ralph she flew,
 as his hard fate drew 780
 n; for as he bow'd
 p, she laid a load
 avy, and plac'd so well,
 de, that down he fell.
 rel base, (quoth she) or die! 785
 ne, and liberty;
 ink'st I took thee tardy,
 sume to be so hardy
 une o'er afresh,
 itle to thy flesh, 790
 baggage, now my right,
 let the heart to try't,

What a generous and undaunted heroine
 he makes the greatest figure in the *Canto*,

I'll lend thee back thyself awhile,
 And once more, for that carcass vile,
 Fight upon tick. -- Quoth Hudibras,
 Thou offer'st nobly, valiant lass,
 And I shall take thee at thy word.
 First let me rise, and take my sword;
 That sword which has so oft' this day
 Thro' squadrons of my foes made way,
 And some to other worlds dispatch,
 Now with a feeble spinster match,
 Will blush, with blood ignoble stain'd,
 By which no honour 's to be gain'd:
 But if thou'lt take m' advice in this,
 Consider, whilst thou may'st, what 't is
 To interrupt a victor's course,
 B' opposing such a trivial force:
 For if with conquest I come off,
 (And that I shall do sure enough)
 Quarter thou canst not have, nor grace
 By laws of arms, in such a case;
 Both which I now do offer freely.
 I scorn, (quoth she) thou coxcomb silly,
 (Clapping her hand upon her breech,
 To shew how much she priz'd his speech)

and alone conquers the valiant hero of the Poem.
 are few instances, I believe, in either romance
 tory that can come up to this.

Quarter or counsel from a foe ;
If thou canst force me to it, do :
But lest it should again be sed,
When I have once more won thy head,
I took thee napping, unprepar'd,
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.

820

This said, she to her tackle fell,
And on the Knight let fall a peal
Of blows so fierce, and press'd so home,
That he retir'd, and follow'd 's bum.
Stand to 't, (quoth she) or yield to mercy ;
It is not fighting *arsie-versie*

825

Shall serve thy turn,---This stirr'd his spleen
More than the danger he was in,
The blows he felt, or was to feel,
Altho' th' already made him reel ;
Honour, despight, revenge, and shame,
At once into his stomach came ;
Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his arm
Above his head, and rain'd a storm
Of blows so terrible and thick,

830

As if he meant to hash her quick :
But she upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diversion broke them,
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with usury,
Which long she fail'd not of; for now
The Knight with one dead-doing blow

835

840

Resolving to decide the fight, 845
 And she with quick and cunning sleight
 Avoiding it, the force and weight
 He charg'd upon it was so great,
 As almost sway'd him to the ground :
 No sooner she th' advantage found, 850
 But in she flew ; and seconding,
 With home-made thrust, the heavy swing,
 She laid him flat upon his side,
 And mounting on his trunk astride,
 Quoth she, I told thee what would come 855
 Of all thy vapouring, base scum :
 Say, will the law of arms allow
 I may have grace and quarter now ?
 Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
 And stain thine honour, than thy sword ? 860
 A man of war to damn his soul,
 In basely breaking his parole ;
 And when before the fight, th' hadst vow'd
 To give no quarter in cold blood ;

v. 856.] Instead of this and the nine following lines, in edition 1674, and the following editions, these four stood in the two first editions of 1664 ;

Shall I have quarter now, you ruffian ?
 Or wilt thou be worse than thy huffing ?
 Thou saidst th' wouldst kill me, marry wouldst thou !
 Why dost thou not, thou Jack-a-nods thou ?

Now thou hast got me for a Tartar,
To make m' against my will take quarter,
Why dost not put me to the sword,
But cowardly fly from thy word?

Quoth Hudibras, The day 's thine own;
Thou and thy stars have cast me down:

My laurels are transplanted now,
And flourish on thy conqu'ring brow:

My loss of honour 's at enough,
Thou needst not brag with a scoff:

Sarcasms may eclipse mine own,
But cannot blur my renown:

I am not now in Fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower.

The ancient heroes were illustr'ous
For being benign, and not blustrous

Against a vanquish'd foe: their swords
Were sharp and trenchant, not their words;

And did in fight but cut work out,
T' employ their courtesies about.

Quoth she, Altho' thou hast deserv'd,
Base Slubberdegullion, to be serv'd

As thou didst vow to deal with me,
If thou hadst got the victory,

Thou hadst rather act a part

Than thy desert,

By, beside

Outside of thy hide,

Are mine by military law,
Of which I will not bate one straw;
The rest, thy life and limbs, once more,
Tho' doubly forfeit, I restore.

Quoth Hudibras, it is too late
For me to treat or stipulate;
What thou command'st I must obey;
Yet those whom I expung'd to-day,
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedom too,
Both Dogs and Bear, upon their parole,
Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.
Quoth Trulla, whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me; but was 't not thou
That gave Crowdero quarter too?
Crowdero whom, in irons bound,
Thou basely threw'st into Lob's pound,
Where still he lies, and with regret
His gen'rous bowels rage and fret.
But now thy carcass shall redeem,
And serve to be exchange'd for him.

This said, the Knight did straight submit,
And laid his weapons at her feet.

[v. 913, 914.] This was but an equitable retali-
though very disgraceful to one of the Knight's st
Is not the Poet to be blamed for bringing his h

Next he disrob'd his garbardine,
 And with it did himself resign.
 She took it, and forthwith divesting
 The mantle that she wore, said, jesting, 910
 Take that, and wear it for my sake;
 Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.
 And as the French, we conquer'd once,
 Now give us laws for pantaloons,
 The length of breeches, — ne gathers 915
 Port-cannons, periwig — eathers;
 Just so the proud insult
 Array'd and dight'd H — s.
 Mean-while the other pions, yerst
 In hurry of the fight di — rst, 920
 Arriv'd, when Trulla won the day,
 To share i' th' honour and the prey,
 And out of Hudibras his hide
 With vengeance to be satisfy'd;
 Which now they were about to pour 925
 Upon him in a wooden shower,

such a direful condition and for representing him as
 stript and degraded by Trulla? No, certainly. It was
 her right, by the law of arms, (which the Poet must
 observe) to use her captive at her pleasure. Trulla
 acted more honourably by him than he expected, and
 generously skreened him from a threatening storm,
 ready to be poured upon him by her comrades. With
 what pomp and solemnity does this famous heroine
 lead the captive in triumph to the stocks, to the eternal

But Trulla thrust herself between,
And striding o'er his back agen,
She brandisht o'er her head his sword,
And vow'd they should not break her word; 940
She 'ad giv'n him quarter, and her blood,
Or their's, should make that quarter good:
For she was bound, by law of arms,
To see him safe from further harms.
In dungeon deep Crowdero, cast 945
By Hudibras, as yet lay fast,
Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,
His great heart made perpetual moans;
Him she resolv'd that Hudibras
Should ransom, and supply his place. 950

Thus stopp'd their fury, and the basting
Which towards Hudibras was hasting,
They thought it was but just and right
That what she had atchiev'd in fight
She should dispose of how she pleas'd;
Crowdero ought to be releas'd:
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this she pitch'd upon:
For who a better could imagine?
This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in. 955
The Knight and Squire first they made
Rise from the ground where they were laid,
Then mounted both upon their horses,
But with their faces to the arses. 960

led Hudibras's beast,
 algalot that which Ralpho prest;
 stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
 olon, waited as a guard on:
 r'ring Trulla in the rear,
 h' arms of either prisoner. 970
 proud order and array
 out themselves upon ^{their} way,
 g to reach th' enchanted Castle,
 stout Crowdero' in ^{the} rance lay still.
 r with greater speed than shows 975
 iumph over conquer'd foes
 t' allow, or than the Bears,
 ants borne before lord-mayors,
 ont to use, they soon arriv'd,
 r soldier-like contriv'd, 980
 arching in a warlike posture,
 or battle as for muster.
 ight and Squire they first unhorse,
 nding 'gainst the fort their force,
 l advanc'd, and round about 985
 the magical redoubt.
 n' led up in this adventure,
 ade way for the rest to enter:
 was skilful in Black Art,
 than he that built the fort, 990
 th an iron mace laid flat
 th, which straight all enter'd at,

And in the wooden dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground :
Him they release from durance base,
Restor'd t' his Fiddle and his case,
And liberty, his thirsty rage
With luscious veng'ance to assuage ;
For he no sooner was at large,
But Trulla straight brought on the charge,
And in the self-same limbo put
The Knight and Squire where he was shut ;
Where leaving them in Hockley-i'-th'-hole,
Their bangs and durance to condole,
Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
Enchanted mansion to know sorrow,
In the same order and array
Which they advanc'd, they march'd away :
But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop
To Fortune, or be said to droop,
Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of philosophers.

Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind,
Is *an juris*, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
Whate'er the other moiety feels.
'Tis not restraint, or liberty,
That makes men prisoners or free;

v. 1003. *Where leaving them in Hockley-i'-th*
Altered, 1674, to, i' the wretched hole. Restore

or equanimities:

1020

world was not half so wide
rder, when he cry'd,
e had but one to subdue,
saltry narrow tub to

who is not said:

1025

t that ever I could read)
put finger i' th' eye, and sob,
'ad ne'er another tub.

nts make two sev'ral kinds

in heroic minds,

1030

and the passive valiant,

h are *pari libra* gallant;

give blows and to carry,

e equi-necessary:

ats the passive stout

1035

found to stand it out

rately, and to outdo

, 'gainst a conqu'ring foe.

ith blacks and blues are suggill'd,

ulgar say, are cudgell'd,

1040

valiant, and dares fight,

d, can lose no honour by 't.

a lease for lives to come,

t be extended from

enant: 'tis a chattel

1045

orfeited in battel.

If he that in the field is slain,
Be in the bed of Honour lain,
He that is beaten may be sed
To lie in Honour's truckle-bed. 1050
For as we see th' eclipsed sun
By mortals is more gaz'd upon
Than when, adorn'd with all his light
He shines in serene sky most bright;
So valour, in a low estate, 1055
Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.

Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know
We may by being beaten grow ;
But none, that see how here we sit,
Will judge us overgrown with wit. 1060
As Gifted Brethren, preaching by
A carnal hourglass do imply
Illumination can convey
Into them what they have to say,

v. 1061, 1062.] In those days there was always an hourglass stood by the pulpit, in a frame of iron made on purpose for it, and fastened to the board on which the cushion lay, that it might be visible to the whole congregation ; who, if the sermon did not hold till the glass was out, (which was turned up as soon as the text was taken) would say that the preacher was lazy, and, if he held out much longer, would yawn and stretch, and by those signs signify to the preacher that they began to be weary of his discourse, and wanted to be dismissed. These hourglasses remained in some churches till within these forty years.

not how much; so well enough
 know you to charge, but not draw off:
 For who, without a cap and bawble,
 Having subdu'd a Bear and rabble,
 And might with honour have come off,
 Would put it to a second proof? 1065
 A politic exploit, right fit
 For Presbyterian zeal to hit.
 Quoth Hudibras, Tuckoo's tone;
 Ralpho, thou always st upon:
 When thou at any time wouldst rail, 1070
 Thou tak'st Presbyterian scale,
 To take the height of it, and explain
 To what degree it is profane;
 Whats'ever will not with (thy what-d'-ye-call)
 Thy Light jump right, thou call'st Synodical: 1080
 As if Presbyt'ry were a standard
 To seize whats'ever is to be slander'd.
 Dost not remember how this day
 Thou to my beard was bold to say,

v. 1072.] Ralpho looked upon their ill plight to be owing to his master's bad conduct; and, to vent his resentment, he satirizes him in the most affecting part of his religion: this by degrees brings us to the arguments about Synods. The Poet, who has not sufficiently lashed classical assemblies, now there is full

HUDIBRAS.

at prove Bear-baiting equal 1085
 thodox and legal?

t, for I deny 't,
 o't with all thy light.

o, Truly that is no 1090
 or a man to do,

any guts in 's brains,
 lieve it worth his pains:

a dare and urge me to it,
 've light enough to do it. 1095

te mystical Bear-gardens,
 iers, Deputies, Church-wardens,

Members of the Court,
 he Babylonish sport;

ucutor, Scribe, and Bearward, 1100
 r only in a mere word.

e but sev'ral synagogues
 ial men, and Bears and Dogs:

ntichristian assemblies;
 ischief bent as far 's in them lies: 1105

stave and tail, with fierce contests,
 one with men, the other beasts.

di'f'rence is, the one fights with
 e tongue, the other with the teeth;

nd that they bait but Bears in this,
 th' other Souls and Consciences;

Where Saints themselves are brought to stake
 for Gospel-light and Conscience' sake;

HUDIBRAS.

Scribes and Presbyters,
 Iastive Dogs and Curs;
 they 've less humanity,
 souls of men will fly.

1115

Prophet did appear,
 vision saw a Bear,
 the beastly rage
 rule, in this latter age;
 strated at full

1120

baited the Pope's Bull,

lly are beasts of prey,

rapine: so do the

1125

their Orders, Consti tions,

ures, Curses, Abs utions,

mystic chains they make,

Christians to the stake?

t Heathen officers,

Dogs, about their ears.

1130

ibit and dispense,

or to make offence;

heav'n to dispose,

h souls at fast and loose;

characters they please,

1135

on sin or godliness;

Church to Gospel-order,

sacrilege, and murder;

resbytery supreme,

themselves submit to them;

1140

And force all people, tho' against
 Their consciences, to turn Saints;
 Must prove a pretty thriving trade,
 When Saints monopolists are made:
 When pious frauds and holy shifts
 Are Dispensations and Gifts,
 There godliness becomes a mere ware,
 And ev'ry Synod but a fair.
 Synods are whelps o' th' Inquisition,
 A mungrel breed of like perricion,
 And growing up, became the sires
 Of Scribes, Commissioners, and Triers;
 Whose bus'ness is, by cunning sleight,
 To cast a figure for men's light,
 To find, in lines of beard and face,
 The physiognomy of Grace:

[v. 1156.] These Triers pretended to great respect; and if they disliked the beard or face they would, for that reason alone, refuse to when presented to a living, unless he had a full friend to support him. "The question men put to the persons to be examined was, 'abilities and learning, but grace in addition that with so bold and saucy an inquiry some men's spirits trembled at the inquiry phrasing it so, as if (as was said of Trent) they had the Holy Ghost in them.' Their questions generally were these, 'When were you converted? Where did you feel the motions of the Spirit? In what month? in what day? about what hour?

SUMMARY.

sound and strong of ear,
 and within disclose;
 track or flow of singing,
 sighs by the ringing; 1160
 is underlaid with white,
 gleams at inward light;
 notes at the Gospel went,
 Sp'ritual Calling sent.
 chief about the tree 1165
 ravens of smere,
 the institution came,
 Church and State they set no flame;
 by them as hedges then
 (Warbling-men) 1170
 of Regeneration
 went out in fashion:
 orthodox opinion,
 is founded in dominion,
 consists in pride; 1175
 to be sanctified:
 r, and so current,
 e body and the soul,
 perfect discipline
 rule, and by sight divine. 1180

t secret call, or motion of the Spirit, to
 and labour in the ministry. What work
 God wrought upon your soul? And again
 mention about regeneration, spiritual

Bell and the Dragon's chaplains were
More moderate than these by far:
For they, (poor knaves) were glad to cheat;
To get their wives and children meat;
But these will not be sobb'd off so,
They must have wealth and power too;
Or else with blood and desolation
They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.

Sure these themselves from primitive
And Heathen priesthood to derive,
When Butchers were the only clerks,
Elders and Presbyters of Kirks;
Whose directory was to kill,
And some believe it is so still.
The only diff'rence is, that then
They slaughter'd only beasts, now men.
For then to sacrifice a bullock,
Or, now and then, a child to Moloch,
They count a vile abomination,
But not to slaughter a whole nation.
Presbytery does but translate
The papacy to a free state:
A commonwealth of Popery,
Where ev'ry village is a See
As well as Rome, and must maintain
A tithe-pig metropolitan;
Where ev'ry Presbyter and Deacon
Commands the keys for cheese and bacon,

And ev'ry hamlet 's governed
By 's Holiness, the Church's head.

1210

More haughty and severe in 's place,
Than Gregory and Boniface.

Such Church must, surely, be a monster
With many heads: for if we conster

What in th' Apocalypse we find,
According to th' Ap

1215

'Tis that the whore
With many heads di

Which heads denote
Of Deacon, Priest, I

1220

Lay-elder, Simeon
Whose little finger is as heavy

As lions of patriarchs, prince-prelate,
And bishop-secular. This zealot

Is of a mungrel, diverse kind,
Cleric before, and Lay behind;

1225

A lawless linseywoolsey brother,
Half of one order, half another:

A creature of amphibious nature,
On land a beast, a fish in water:

1230

That always preys on grace or sin;
A sheep without, a wolf within.

This fierce inquisitor has chief
Over men's belief

ers; can pronounce a saint
or ignorant,

1235

When superciliously he sifts
 Thro' coarsest boulder others' gifts:
 For all men live and judge amiss,
 Whose talents jump not just with his; 1240
 He'll lay on Gifts with hands; and place
 On dullest noddle **Light and Grace**,
 The manufacture of the **Kirk**;
 Those pastors are but the handiwork
 Of his mechanic paws; instilling 1245
 Divinity in them by feeling:
 From whence they start up **Chosen Vessels**,
 Made by contact, as men get measles.
 So Cardinals, they say do grope
 At th' other end the new-made Pope. 1250
 Hold, hold, quoth Hudibras, soft fire,
 They say, does make sweet malt. **Good Squire**,
Festina lente, not too fast,
 For haste (the proverb says) makes waste.
 The quirks and cavils thou dost make: 1255
 Are false and built upon mistake:
 And I shall bring you, with your pack
 Of fallacies, t' **Elenchi** back;
 And put your arguments in mood
 And figure to be understood. 1260
 I'll force you by right **rationation**
 To leave your vitiligation,
 And make you keep to th' question close,
 And argue *dialectics*.

Canto III.

NUDIBRAS.

The question then, to state it first,
 Is, which is better or which worst,
 Synods or Bears? Bears I avow,
 To be the worst, and Synods thou;
 But to make good th' assertion,
 Thou say'st they 're really all one.
 If so, not worse; for *idem*,
 Why then *tantundem* d
 For if they are the sa
 Neither is better, nei
 But I deny they are
 More than a maggot
 That both are anima
 I grant, but not *rati*
 For tho' they do ag
 Specific difference
 And can no more
 Than prove my h
 That Synods are
 Thou dost affirm
 And thus I prov
 Whats'ever Ass
 To Censure, Cu
 Can be no Syno

1274

1263

1270

1275

1276

istry's o'erthrown.

beside the question
 midst raise the first contest on:

P 3

For that was, Whether Bears are better
 Than Synod-men? I say *Negatur*.
 That Bears are beasts, and Synods men; 1295
 Is held by all: they 're better then;
 For Bears and Dogs on four legs go,
 As beasts; but Synod-men on two.
 'Tis true they all have teeth and nails;
 But prove that Synod-men have tails; 1300
 Or that a rugged shaggy fur
 Grows o'er the hide of Presbyter;
 Or that his snout and spacious ears
 Do hold proportion with a Bear's.
 A Bear's a savage beast, of all 1305
 Most ugly and unnatural;
 Whelp'd without form, until the dam
 Has lick't it into shape and frame:
 But all thy light can ne'er evict,
 That ever Synod-man was lick't, 1310
 Or brought to any other fashion
 Than his own will and inclination.
 But thou dost further yet in this
 Oppugn thyself and sense; that is,
 Thou wouldst have Presbyters to go 1315
 For Bears and Dogs, and Bearwards too:
 A strange chimera of beasts and men,
 Made up of pieces het'rogene;
 Such as in Nature never met
 In eodem subjecto yet. 1320

Thy other arguments are all
 Supposures hypothetical,
 That do but beg; and we may chuse
 Either to grant them, or refuse.
 Much thou hast said, which I know when 1325
 And where thou stol'st from other men,
 (Whereby 't is plain thy Light and Gifts
 Are all but plagiary shifts)
 And is the same that Ranter sed,
 Who, arguing with me, broke my head, 1330
 And tore a handful of my beard;
 The self-same cavils then I heard,
 When b'ing in hot dispute about
 This controversy, we fell out;
 And what thou know'st I answer'd then, 1335
 Will serve to answer thee agen.

Quoth Ralpho, nothing but th' abuse
 Of human learning you produce;

v. 1329.] The Ranters were a vile sect that sprung up in those times. Alexander Ross observes, "That they held that God, devil, angels, heaven, and hell, &c. were fictions and fables: that Moses, John Baptist, and Christ, were impostors; and what Christ and the Apostles acquainted the world with, as to matter of religion, perished with them; that preaching and praying are useless, and that preaching is but public lying; that there is an end of all ministry and administrations, and people are to be taught immediately from God," &c.

Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
 Profane, erroneous, and vain ; 1340
 A trade of knowledge as replete,
 As others are with fraud and cheat ;

[1339.] Ralpho was as great an enemy to human learning as Jack Cade and his fellow rebels. Cade's words to Lord Say, before he ordered his head to be cut off: "I am the besom that must sweep the Court clean of such filth as thou art; thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school; and whereas before our forefathers had no other books but the *Score and Tally*, thou hast caused *Printing* to be used; and, contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a *Papermill*. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a *noun* and a *verb*, and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear."

'Twas the opinion of those tinkers, tailors, &c. that governed Chelmsford at the beginning of the Rebellion, "That learning had always been an enemy to the Gospel, and that it were a happy thing if there were no universities, and that all books were burnt except the Bible."

"I tell you (says a writer of those times) wicked books do as much wound us as the swords of our adversaries; for this manner of learning is superfluous and costly: many tongues and languages are only confusion, and only wit, reason, understanding, and scholarship, are the main means that oppose us, and hinder our cause; therefore, if ever we have the fortune to get the upper hand--we will down with all law and learning, and have no other rule but the Carpenter's, nor any writing or reading but the *Score and the Tally*."

An art t' encumber Gifts and wit,
And render both for nothing fit;
Makes Light unactive, dull and troubled, 1345
Like little David in Saul's doublet:
A cheat that scholars put upon
Other men's reason and their own;
A sort of error, to ensconce
Absurdity and ignorance, 1350
That renders all the avenues
To truth impervious and abstruse;
By making plain things, in debate,
By art perplext and intricate:
For nothing goes for Sense or Light, 1355
That will not with old rules jump right;
As if rules were not in the schools
Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.
This Pagan, Heathenish invention
Is good for nothing but contention: 1360
For as in sword and buckler fight,
All blows do on the target light;
So when men argue, the great'st part
O' the contest falls on terms of art,
Until the fustian stuff be spent, 1365
And then they fall to th' argument.
Quoth Hudibras, friend Ralph, thou hast
Outrun the constable at last:
For thou art fallen on a new
Dispute, as senseless as untrue, 1370

But to the former **opposite**,
 And contrary as **black to white**;
 Mere *disparata*; **that concerning**
 Presbytery, this **human learning**;
 Two things s' averse, they **never yet**
 But in thy rambling **fancy met**.
 But I shall take a fit occasion
 T' evince thee by **ratiocination**,
 Some other time, in place **more proper**
 Than this we're in; **therefore let's stop here**,
 And rest our weary'd bones **a while**,
 Already tir'd with other toil.

1382

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II. CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight, by damnable Magician,
Being cast illegally in prison,
Love brings him out of a cast,
And lays it up for a visit,
How he receives a visit,
And cunningly suits,
Which she defers to set on parole,
Redeems him from his enchanted hole.

BUT now, I observe an antique method,
Let bloody steel awhile be sheathed;

Arg. v. 1, 2.] Thus altered, 1674:
The Knight being brought by th' heels in prison,
The last unhappy exposition.
Restored 1704.

v. 5. How he receives, &c.] How he receives, &c. in the two first editions of 1664.

*v. 1.] The beginning of this Second Part may perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who do not know that it was written on purpose in imitation of Virgil, who begins the Fourth Book of his *Æneids* in the very same manner, *At regina gravi*, &c. And this is enough to satisfy the curiosity of those who believe that invention and fancy ought to be measured, like cases in law, by precedents, or else they are in the power of the critic.*

*bloody steel, &c.] Altered to let rusty steel,
&c. To trusty steel, 1700. Restored 1704.*

And all those harsh and rugged sounds
 Of bastinadoes, cuts, and wounds,
 Exchang'd to love's more gentle style, 5
 To let our reader breathe awhile:
 In which, that we may be as brief as
 Is possible, by way of preface,
 Is 't not enough to make one strange,
 That some men's fancies should ne'er change, 10
 But make all people do and say
 The same things still the self-same way?
 Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,
 And knights pursuing like a whirlwind:
 Others make all their knights, in fits 15
 Of jealousy, to lose their wits;
 Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,
 They're forthwith cur'd of their caprices.
 Some always thrive in their amours,
 By pulling plaisters off their sores; 20
 As cripples do to get an alms,
 Just so do they, and win their dames.
 Some force whole regions, in despite
 O' geography, to change their site;

v. 5.] And the three following lines, stood in the two first editions of 1664, as follow:

And unto love turn we our style,
 To let our readers breathe awhile,
 By this time tir'd with the horrid sounds
 Of blows, and cuts, and blood, and wounds.

v. 10. *That some men's fancies, &c.*] *That a man's fancy,*
in the two first editions of 1664.

Make former times shake hands with lat 25
And that which was before come after.
But those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think's sufficient at one time. 30

But we forget in what sad plight
We whilom left the captiv'd Knight
And pensive Squire, both bruised in body,
And conjur'd into safe custody.
Tir'd with dispute, and speaking Latin,
As well as basting and ear-baiting,
And desperate of any course,
To free himself by wit or force,
His only solace was, that now
His dog-bolt fortune was so low, 40
That either it must quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend,
In which he found th' event, no less
Than other times, beside his guess.

There is a tall long-sided dame, 45
(But wondrous light) ycleped Fame,
That like a thin chameleon boards
Herself on air, and eats her words;

v. 32.---*Whilom.*] Formerly, or, some time ago.
Altered to *lately*, 1674. Restored 1704.

The beauty of this consists in the double
— first alludes to Fame's living on Report.

HUDIBRAS.

130

Upon her shoulders wings she wears
 Like hanging sleeves, lin'd thro' with ears,
 And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,
 Made good by deep mythologist :
 With these she thro' the welkin flies,
 And sometimes carries truth, oft' lies ;
 With letters hung, like eastern pigeons,
 And Mercuries of furthest regions ;
 Diurnals writ for regulation
 Of lying, to inform the nation,
 And by their public use to bring down
 The rate of whetstones in the kingdom.
 About her neck a packet-mail,
 Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,
 Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
 And cows of monsters brought to bed ;
 Of hailstones big as pullets' eggs,
 And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs ;
 A blazing star seen in the west,
 By six or seven men at least.
 Two trumpets she does sound at once,
 But both of clean contrary tones ;
 But whether both with the same wind,
 Or one before, and one behind,

50

55

60

The second is an insinuation, that if a report i
 rowly inquired into, and traced up to the origi
 thor, it is made to contradict itself.

ow not, only this can tell,
 e sounds vilely, th' other well;
 erefore vulgar authors name
 e Good, th' other evil Fame,
 tattling gossip knew too well
 mischief Hudibras befell,
 aight the spiteful tidings bears
 to th' unkind Widow's ears. 80
 ritus ne'er laugh'd so loud,
 bawds carted thro' the crowd,
 rals, with stately pace
 slowly on in solemn
 laugh'd out, until he back, 85
 as sides, was like to crack.
 v'd she wou'd go see the sight,
 it the distressed Knight;
 he office of a neighbour,
 a gossip at his labour;
 m his wooden jail the stocks, 90
 at large his fetter-locks;
 exchange, parole, or ransom,
 him from th' enchanted mansion.

This tattling gossip, &c.] Twattling gossip, in first editions of 1663. Altered, as it stands 1674.

And from his wooden jail, &c.] This and the following line stand in the two editions of 1664 thus, "that is to see him deliver'd safe from his wooden garden, and Squire Raph."

This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood
 And usher, implements abroad
 Which ladies wear, beside a slender
 Young waiting damsel to attend her.
 All which appearing, on she went
 To find the Knight, in limbo pent : 100
 And 'twas not long before she found
 Him and his stout Squire in the pound;
 Both coupled in enchanted tether,
 By further leg behind together : 105
 For as he sat upon his rump,
 His head, like one in doleful dump,
 Between his knees, his hands apply'd
 Unto his ears on either side,
 And by him, in another hole, 110
 Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl,
 She came upon him in his wooden
 Magician's circle, on the sudden,
 As spirits do t' a conjurer,
 When in their dreadful shapes th' appear :
 No sooner did the Knight perceive her,
 But straight he fell into a fever,

v. 111, 112.] There was never certainly a pleasan-
 ter incident than this before us; it is the most div-
 ing incident in the whole Poem. The unlucky and
 expected visit of the Lady, the attitude and surpris-
 the Knight, the confusion and blushes of the lover
 the satirical raillery of a mistress, are represented
 lively colours, and conspire to make this inter-
 wonderfully pleasing.

all over with disgrace,
 en by her in such a place ;
 made him hang his head, and scowl,
 k, and goggle like an owl : 120
 his brains begin to swim,
 us the Dame accosted him :
 lace (quoth she) they say 's enchanted,
 h delinquent spirits haunted,
 e are ty'd in chains, and scourg'd, 125
 air guilty crimes be purg'd :
 ere are two of them appear,
 ons I have seen somewhere,
 ve mistaken blocks and posts
 tres, apparitions, ghosts, 130
 ucer eyes, and horns ; and some
 ord the Devil beat a drum ;
 r eyes are not false glasses,
 e a wrong account of faces,
 rd and I should be acquainted, 135
 was conjur'd and enchanted ;
 it be disfigur'd somewhat,
 ad lately been in combat,
 ong to a worthy Knight,
 this goblin is come by 't. 140
 Hudibras the Lady heard,
 ing thus upon his beard,

Discourting thus upon his beard.] Altered, 1674.
 and notice of *his beard*. Restored 1704.

And speak with such respect and honour
Both of the beard and the beard's owner,
He thought it best to set as good
A face upon it as he cou'd,
And thus he spoke: Lady, your bright
And radiant eyes are in the right;
The beard's th' Identique beard you knew,
The same numerically true;
Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
But its proprietor himself.

O heavens! quoth she, can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you;
Not by your individual whiskers,
But by your dialect and discourse,
That never spoke to man or beast,
In notions vulgarly exprest:
But what malignant star, alas!
Has brought you both to this sad pass?

Quoth he, The fortune of the war,
Which I am less afflicted for,
Than to be seen with beard and face
By you in such a homely case.

Quoth she, Those need not be asham'd
For being honourably maim'd;
If he that is in battle conquer'd,
Have any title to his own beard,

v. 164.---in such a homely case.] In such elenctique c
in the two first editions of 1664.

it's so sorely lagg'd and torn,
 our visage more adorn 175
 twere prur'd, and starch'd, and lander'd,
 square by the Russian standard:
 card's like a tatter'd ensign,
 ravel which there are most rents in.
 ticoat about your shoulders, 176
 too well become a soldier's;
 afraid they are worse handled,
 th' rear, your beard the van led;
 or uneasy bruises make
 t for company to ake, 180
 o worshipful a friend
 llory at, at the wrong end.
 Hudibras, This thing call'd Pain,
 he learned Stoics maintain)
 simplicit; nor good, 185
 rely as 'tis understood.
 deceitful, and may feign
 in counterfeiting pain
 r gross phenomenas
 h it oft' mistakes the case. 190
 ce th' immortal intellect
 free from error and defect;
 objects still persist the same)
 rom outward bruise or maim,
 nought external can expose 195
 s material bangs or blows,

It follows we can ne'er be sure
Whether we pain or not endure,
And just so far are sore and griev'd
As by the fancy is believ'd. 200

Some have been wounded with conceit,
And dy'd of mere opinion straight;
Others, tho' wounded sore in reason,
Felt no contusion, nor discretion.

A Saxon duke did grow so fat,
That mice (as histories relate) 205

Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in
His phoique parts, without his feeling;
Then how is 't possible a kick
Should e'er reach that way to the quick? 210

Quoth she, I grant it is in vain
For one that's basted to feel pain,
Because the pangs his bones endure
Contribute nothing to the cure;
Yet honour hurt is wont to rage. 215
With pain no med'cine can assuage.

Quoth he, That honour's very squeamish,
That takes a basting for a blemish:
For what's more hon'able than scars,
Or skin to tatters rent in wars? 220

Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow:
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
A shée be Spanish or neat's leather;

And get home early after long running,
With some whom they have taught that cunning;

187

215

The farthest way about; t' o'ercome,
In th' end does prove the nearest home.

By laws of learned duellists,

They that are bruised with wood or fists,

230

And think one beating may for once

Suffice, are cowards and pultrons;

But if they dare engage t' a second,

They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd.

Th' old Romans freedom did bestow,

235

Our princes worship, with a blow.

King Pyrrhus cur'd his splenetic

And testy courtiers with a kick.

The Negus, when some mighty lord

Or potentate's to be restor'd,

240

And pardon'd for some great offence,

With which he's willing to dispense,

First has him laid upon his belly,

Then beaten back and side, t' a jelly;

That done, he rises, humbly bows,

245

And gives thanks for the princely blows;

v. 232.—*Pultrons.*] *Pultrons* in all editions to 1716, inclusive. Altered, afterwards, to *pultrons*.

v. 241. *And pardon'd for some great offence.*] This and the following line, in the two editions of 1664, stand thus;

To his good grace, for some offence
Forfeit before, and pardon'd since.

Departs not meanly proud, and boasting
 Of his magnificent rib-roasting.
 The beaten soldier proves most manful,
 That, like his sword, endures the anvil,
 And justly's held more formidable,
 The more his valour's malleable:
 But he that fears a bastinado,
 Will run away from his own shadow:
 And tho' I'm now, in duress fast,
 By our own party basely cast,
 Ransom, exchange, parole, refus'd,
 And worse than by the en'my us'd;
 In close *catasta* shut, past hope
 Of wit or valour to elope;
 As beards, the nearer that they tend
 To th' earth, still grow more reverend;
 And cannons shoot the higher pitches,
 The lower we let down their breeches;
 I'll make this low dejected fate
 Advance me to a greater height.

Quoth she, You've almost made me 'n love
 With that which did my pity move.
 Great wits and valours, like great states,
 Do sometimes sink with their own weights:
 Th' extremes of glory and of shame,
 Like east and west, become the same.
 No Indian prince has to his palace
 More foll'wers than a thief to the gallows.

but if a beating seem so brave,
 What glories must a whipping have?
 Such great achievements cannot fail
 To cast salt on a woman's tail:
 For if I thought your nat'ral talent
 Of passive courage were so gallant,
 As you strain hard to have it thought,
 I could grow amorous and dote.

275

280

When Hudibras the language heard,
 He prick'd up's ears, and strok'd his beard,
 Thought he, this is a lucky hour,
 Wines work when we are in the flower:
 This crisis then I'll surely rest on,
 And put her boldly to the quest'on.

285

Madam, what you wou'd seem to doubt,
 Shall be to all the world made out;
 How I've been drubb'd, and with what spirit
 And magnanimity I bear it;
 And if you doubt it to be true,
 I'll stake myself down against you;
 And if I fail in love or troth,
 Be you the winner, and take both.

290

295

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers
 Say, fools for arguments use wagers;
 And that I prais'd your valour, yet
 Mean to baulk your wit;
 You have, you must needs know
 I've told you before now,

300

And you b' experiment have prov'd,
I cannot love where I'm belov'd.

Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a caprich
Beyond th' infliction of a witch;
So cheats to play with those still aim,
That do not understand the game.
Love in your heart as idly burns
As fire in antique Roman urns
To warm the dead, and vainly light
Those only that see nothing by't.
Have you not power to entertain,
And render love for love again;
As no man can draw in his breath
At once, and force out air beneath?
Or do you love yourself so much,
To bear all rivals else a grutch?
What fate can lay a greater curse
Than you upon yourself would force?
For wedlock without love, some say,
Is but a lock without a key.
It is a kind of rape to marry
One that neglects, or cares not for ye:
For what does make it ravishment,
But b'ing against the mind's consent?
A rape that is the more inhuman,
For being acted by a woman.
Why are you fair, but to entice us
To love you, that you may despise us?

But tho' you cannot love, you say,
 Out of your own fanatique way,
 Why should you not at least allow
 Those that love you to do so too?
 For, as you fly me, and pursue 335
 Love more averse, so I do you;
 And am by your own doctrine taught
 To practise what you call a fault.

Quoth she, If what you say is true,
 You must fly me as I do you; 340
 But 'tis not what we do, but say,
 In love and preaching, that must sway.

Quoth he, To bid me not to love,
 Is to forbid my pulse to move,
 My beard to grow, my ears to prick up, 345
 Or (when I'm in a fit) to hiccup.
 Command me to piss out the moon,
 And 'twill as easily be done.
 Love's pow'r's too great to be withstood
 By feeble human flesh and blood. 350
 'Twas he that brought upon his knees
 The hec'ring kill-cow Hercules;

v. 332.---*Fanatique way.*] *Fanatique* in some of the
 Best editions, and *fanatick* in the rest, from 1700, if not
 to this time. Might not *fantastick* have been as
 as his mistress expresseth herself, v. 545, 546?

And yet 'tis no fantastick pique
 I have to love, nor coy dislike.

Transform'd his leager-lion's skin
T' a petticoat, and made him spin;
Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle
T' a feeble distaff and a spindle.
'Twas he that made Emp'rors gallants
To their own sisters and their aunts;
Set Popes and Cardinals agog,
To play with pages at leap-frog:
'Twas he that gave our Senate purges,
And fluxt the House of many a burgess;
Made those that represent the nation
Submit, and suffer amputation;
And all the Grandees o' th' Cabal
Adjourn to tubs at spring and fall.
He mounted Synod-men, and rode 'em
To Dirty-Lane and Little Sodom;
Made 'em curvet like Spanish Jenets,
And take the ring at Madam ----
'Twas he that made Saint Francis do
More than the devil could tempt him to,

v. 370. *And take the ring at Madam ----.*] Stent the person whose name was dashed (says Sir L'Estrange, *Key to Hudibras*.) " Her husband
" profession a broom-man and lay-elder. She fe
" the laudable employment of bawding, and in
" several intrigues for those Brothers and
" whose purity consisted chiefly in the whiten
" their linen."

ants I.

HUDIBRAS.

In cold and frosty weather grow
Enamour'd of a wife of snow;
And tho' she were of rigid temper,
With melting flames accost and tempt her,
Which after in enjoyment quenching,
He hung a garland on his engine.

Quoth she, If love have these effects,

Why is it not forbid

Why is 't not damn'd

For diabolical and wi

And sung, as out of

As Turk and Pope a

I find I've greater re

Than I believ'd bef

Quoth Hudibras,

Spring from your

Of Love's great po

Upon yourselves with equal scorns,

And those who worthy lovers slight,

Plagues with prepost'rous appetite:

This made the beauteous Queen of Crete

To take a town-bull for her sweet;

And from her greatness stoop so low,

To be the rival of a cow:

Others to prostitute their great hearts,

And monkeys' sweethearts:

The dev'l himself in league grow,

tative, a Negro,

375

380

385

3

R

'Twas this made Vestal maid lovesick,
 And venture to be bury'd quick:
 Some by their fathers and their brothers
 To be made mistresses and mothers,
 'Tis this that proudest dames enamours
 On lacquies, and *valets des chambres*;
 Their haughty stomachs overcomes,
 And makes 'em stoop to dirty grooms;
 To slight the world, and to disparage
 Claps, issue, infamy, and marriage.

Quoth she, These judgments are severe,
 Yet such as I should rather bear
 Than trust men with their oaths, or prove
 Their faith and secrecy in love.

Says he, There is weighty reason
 For secrecy in love, as treason.
 Love is a burglarer, a felon,
 That at the windore eye does steal in,
 To rob the heart, and with his prey
 Steals out again a closer way,
 Which whosoever can discover,
 He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.
 Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles
 In men, as nat'rally as in charcoals,

v. 406. *On lacquies and valets des chambres.*] *Valets des chambres*, in all edit. to 1704, inclusive.

v. 418. *That at the windore eye does steal in.*] *Th* stands in all edit. to 1684, inclusive. Altered to *wi* 1707, edit. 1710. Restored again, 1726, it not soone

Which sooty chymists stop in holes, 425

When out of wood they extract coles ;

So lovers should their passions choke,

That tho' they burn, they may not smoke.

'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole

And dragg'd beasts backwards into 's hole ; 430

So love does lovers, and us men

Draws by the tails into his den,

That no impression may discover,

And trace t' his cave the wary lover.

But if you doubt I should reveal 435

What you intrust me under seal,

I'll prove myself as close and virtuous

As your own secretary, Albertus.

Quoth she, I grant you may be close

In hiding what your aims propose : 440

Love-passions are like parables,

By which men still mean something else :

Tho' love be all the world's pretence,

Money's the mythologique sense,

The real substance of the shadow, 445

Which all address and courtship's made to.

Thought he, I understand your play,

And how to quit you your own way ;

He that will win his dame, must do

As Love does, when he bends his bow ; 450

With one hand thrust the lady from,

And with the other pull her home.

I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great
Provocative to am'rous heat:
It is all philtres and high diet,
That makes love rampant, and to fly out:
'Tis beauty always in the flower,
That buds and blossoms at fourscore:
'Tis that by which the sun and moon,
At their own weapons, are outdone:
That makes knights-errant fall in trances,
And lay about 'em in romances:
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
That men divine and sacred call;
For what is worth in any thing,
But so much money as 'twill bring?
Or what but riches is there known,
Which man can solely call his own,
In which no creature goes his half,
Unless it be to squint and laugh?
I do confess, with goods and land,
I'd have a wife at second-hand;
And such you are: nor is't your person
My stomach's set so sharp and fierce on;
But 't is (your better part) your riches,
That my enamour'd heart bewitches:
Let me your fortune but possess,
And settle your person how you please,
Or make it o'er in trust to the devil,
You'll find me reasonable and civil.

NUDIBRAS.

like this plainness better
 k-passion, speech or letter,
 ualm or sowning,
 yourself or drowning ;
 with me to break 485
 breaking of your neck :
 erchants break, o'erthrown
 they strike others down ;
 reak my heart ; which done,
 rtune is your own. 490
 ifles ; ev'ry lover
 self over and over,
 atters undertake
 y mistress' sake :
 only ways to prove 495
 ealities of love ;
 gs, or beats out's brains,
 im if he feigns.
 ras, This way's too rough
 iment and proof ; 500
 trivial matter,
 air, or douce in water,
 er-witch try love ;
 y, and not to prove :
 uld be dissected, 505
 rt is disaffected :

ng.] Thus it stands in all editions to
 Altered to *swooning*, 1700.

R ii j

Your better way is to make over,
In trust, your fortune to your lover:
Trust is a trial; if it break,
'Tis not so desp'rate as a neck: 510

Beside, th' experiment's more certain;
Men venture necks to gain a fortune:
The soldier does it ev'ry day
(Eight to the week) for sixpence pay;

Your pettifoggers damn their souls, 515
To share with knaves, in cheating fools;
And merchants, vent'ring thro' the main,
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain:
This is the way I advise you to;

Trust me, and see what I will do, 520

Quoth she, I should be loath to run
Myself all th' hazard, and you none,
Which must be done, unless some deed
Of your's aforesaid do precede:

Give but yourself one gentle swing, 525

For trial, and I'll cut the string;

Or give that rev'rend head a maul,

Or two, or three, against a wall,

To shew you are a man of mettle,

And I'll engage myself to settle. 530

Quoth he, My head's not made of brass,

As Friar Bacon's noddle was,

Nor (like the Indian's scull) so tough,

That, authors say, 't was musket-proof;

As it had need to be, to enter,
As yet, on any new adventure :
You see what bangs it has endur'd,
That would, before new feats, be cur'd :
But if that 's all you stand upon,
Here strike me, Luck, it shall be done.

535

540

Quoth she, The matter 's not so far gone
As you suppose; two words t' a bargain;
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given downright proof;
And yet 'tis no fantastic pique
I have to love, nor coy dislike;
'Tis no implicit, nice aversion
T' your conversation, mien, or person,
But a just fear, lest you should prove
False and perfidious in love;
For if I thought you could be true,
I could love twice as much as you.

545

550

Quoth he, My faith as adamantin
As chains of Destiny, I'll maintain:
True as Apollo ever spoke,
Or oracle from heart of oak;

555

**And if you'll give my flame but vent,
Now in close hugger-mugger pent,
And shine upon me but benignly,
With that one, and that other pigsney,
The sun and day shall sooner part,
Than love or you shake off my heart ;**

560

The sun, that shall no more dispense

His own, but your bright influence.

I'll carve your name on barks of trees,

565

With true-love-knots and flourishes

That shall infuse eternal spring,

And everlasting flourishing ;

Drink ev'ry letter on 't in stum,

And make it brisk Champaign become.

570

Where'er you tread, your foot shall set

The primrose and the violet ;

All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,

Shall borrow from your breath their odours ;

Nature her charter shall renew,

575

And take all lives of things from you ;

The world depend upon your eye,

And when you frown upon it, die :

Only our loves shall still survive,

New worlds and Nature's to outlive,

580

And like to heralds' moons remain,

All crescents, without change or wane.

Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this,

Sa Knight, you take your aim amiss ;

For you will find it a hard chapter,

585

To catch me with poetique rapture,

In which your Mastery of Art

Doth shew itself, and not your heart :

Nor will you raise in mine combustion,

The dust of high heroic fustion.

590

he that with poetry is won,
 Is but a desk to write upon,
 And what men say of her, they mean
 No more than on the thing they lean:
 Some with Arabian spices strive 595
 To embalm her cruelly alive;
 Or season her, as French cooks use
 Their *baut-gousts*, *boullies*, or *ragousts*:
 Use her so barbarously ill,
 To grind her lips upon a mill, 600
 Until the *facel doublet* doth
 Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth:
 Her mouth, compar'd t' an oyster's, with
 A row of pearl in 't, 'stead of teeth.
 Others make posies of her cheeks, 605
 Where red and whitest colours mix;
 In which the lily and the rose,
 For Indian lake and ceruse goes.
 The sun and moon, by her bright eyes,
 Eclips'd and darken'd in the skies, 610
 Are but black patches that she wears,
 Cut into suns, and moons, and stars;
 By which astrologers, as well
 As those in heav'n above, can tell
 What strange events they do foreshow 615
 Into her under-world below.

v. 613.] And the three following lines, not in the
 two first editions of 1664, but added 1674.

Her voice the music of the spheres,
So loud, it deafens mortals' ears,
As wise philosophers have thought,
And that's the cause we hear it not.
This has been done by some, who those
Th' ador'd in rhyme would kill in prose;
And in those ribands would have hung,
Of which melodiously they sung,
That have the hard fate to write best
Of those still that deserve it least;
It matters not how false or forc'd,
So the best things be said o' th' worst;
It goes for nothing when 't is sed,
Only the arrow 's drawn to th' head,
Whether it be a swan or goose
They level at: so shepherds use
To set the same mark on the hip
Both of their sound and rotten sheep:
For wits that carry low or wide,
Must be aim'd higher, or beside
The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh,
But when they take their aim awry.
But I do wonder you should chuse
This way t' attack me with your Muse,
As one cut out to pass your tricks on,
With Fullams of poetique fiction:
I rather hop'd I should no more
Hear from you o' th' gallanting score;

For hard dry bastings us'd to prove
The readiest remedies of love,
Next a dry diet; but if those fail,
Yet this uneasy loop-hold jail,
In which ye 're hamper'd by the fetlock;
Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock;
Wedlock, that 's worse than any hole here,
If that may serve you for a cooler
T' allay your mettle, all agog
Upon a wife, the head for clog:
Nor rather thank you for a milder fate,
That for a bruis'd or aching pate
Has freed you from those knobs that grow
Much harder on the marry'd brow:
But if no dread can cool your courage,
From vent'ring on that dragon, marriage;
Yet give me quarter, and advance
To nobler aims your puissance;
Level at beauty and at wit;
The fairest mark is easiest hit.

Quoth Hudibras, I am beforehand
In that already, with your command;
For where does beauty and high wit
But in your Constellation meet?

Quoth she, What does a match imply,
But likeness and equality?

I know you cannot think me fit
To be th' yokefellow of your wit;

643

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670

Nor take one of so mean deserts
To be the partner of your parts;
A grace which, if I cou'd believe,
I've not the conscience to receive.

That conscience, quoth Hudibras,
Is misinform'd; I'll state the case.

A man may be a legal doner
Of any thing whereof he 's owner,
And may confer it where he lists,
I' th' judgment of all casuists:

Then wit, and parts, and valour may
Be ali'nated, and made away
By those that are proprietors,
As I may give or sell my horse.

Quoth she, I grant the case is true,
And proper 'twixt your horse and you;
But whether I may take, as well
As you may give away or sell?
Buyers, you know, are bid beware;
And worse than thieves receivers are.
How shall I answer Hue and Cry,
For a Roan-gelding, twelve hands high,
All spurr'd and switch'd, a lock on 's hoof,
A sorrel mane? Can I bring proof
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold
And in the open market toll'd for?
Or, should I take you for a stray,
You must be kept a year and day,

(Ere I can own you) here i' th' pound,
Where, if you 're sought, you may be
And in the mean time I must pay
For all your provender and hay.

Quoth he, It stands me much upon
T' enervate this objection,
And prove myself, by topique clear,
No gelding, as you would infer.

Loss of virility's averr'd

To be the cause of lo

That does (like emb

Abortive on the chin

This first a woman c

In envy of man's or

Semiramis of Ba yle

Who first of all cut

To mar their beards,

Of sow-geldering op

Look on this beard,

Eunuchs wear such, or geldings either?

Next it appears I am no horse,

That I can argue and discourse,

Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.

Quoth she, That nothing will avail;

For some philosophers of late here,

Write men have four legs by Nature,

And that 't is custom makes them go

Erroneously upon but two;

705

710

715

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725

As 't was in Germany made good,
B' a boy that lost himself in a wood,
And growing down t' a man, was wont
With wolves upon all four to hunt.
As for your reasons drawn from tails,
We cannot say they 're true or false,
Till you explain yourself and show
B' experiment 't is so or no.

Quoth he, If you 'll join issue on 't,
I 'll give you sat'sfact'ry account;
So you will promise, if you lose,
To settle all, and be my spouse.

That never shall be done (quoth she)
To one that wants a tail, by me;
For tails by Nature sure were meant,
As well as beards, for ornament;
And tho' the vulgar count them homely,
In men or beast they are so comely,
So gentee, alamode, and handsome,
I 'll never marry man that wants one:
And till you can demonstrate plain,
You have one equal to your mane,
I 'll be torn piecemeal by a horse,
Ere I 'll take you for better or worse.
The Prince of Cambay's daily food
Is asp, and basilisk, and toad,
Which makes him have so strong a breath,
Each night he stinks a queen to death;

Yet I shall rather lie in 's arms
Than your's on any other terms.

Quoth he, What Nature can afford

I shall produce upon my word;

And if she ever gave that boon

To man, I'll prove that I have one;

I mean by postulate illation,

When you shall offer just occasion;

But since ye 've yet deny'd to give

My heart, your pris'ner, a reprieve,

But made it sink down to my heel,

Let that at least your pity feel;

And for the suff'rings of your martyr,

Give its poor entertainer quarter;

And by discharge, or mainprize, grant

Deliv'ry from this base restraint.

Quoth she, I grieve to see your leg

Stuck in a hole here like a peg;

And if I knew which way to do 't,

(Your honour safe) I 'd let you out.

That dames by jail-delivery

Of errant knights have been set free,

When by enchantment they have been,

And sometimes for it, too, laid in,

Is that which knights are bound to do

By order, oaths, and honour too;

For what are they renown'd and famous else,

But aiding of distressed damosels?

But for a lady, no ways errant, 785
 To free a knight, we have no warrant
 In any authentical romance,
 Or classique author yet of France;
 And I 'd be loath to have you break
 An ancient custom for a freak, 790
 Or innovation introduce
 In place of things of antique use,
 To free your heels by any course
 That might b' unwholesome to your spurs:
 Which if I should consent unto, 795
 It is not in my pow'r to do;
 For 't is a service must be done ye
 With solemn previous ceremony;
 Which always has been us'd t' untie
 The charms of those who here do lie: 800
 For as the Ancients heretofore
 To Honour's temple had no dore
 But that which thorough Virtue's lay;
 So from this dungeon there's no way
 To honour'd freedom, but by passing 805
 That other virtuous school of lashing,
 Where knights are kept in narrow lists,
 With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists;
 In which they for a while are tenants,
 And for their ladies suffer penance; 810
 Whipping, that 's Virtue's governess,
 Tutress of arts and sciences,

That mends the gross mistakes of Nature
 And puts new life into dull matter,
 That lays foundation for renown,
 And all the honours of the gown :
 This suffer'd, they are set at large,
 And freed with hon'rab'le discharge ;
 Then in their robes the penitentials
 Are straight presented with credentials,
 And in their way attended on
 By magistrates of ev'ry town ;
 And all respect and charges paid,
 They 're to their ancient seats convey'd.
 Now if yov 'll venture, for my sake,
 To try the toughness of your back,
 And suffer (as the rest have done)
 The laying of a whipping on,
 (And may you prosper in your suit,
 As you with equal vigour do 't)
 I here engage myself to loose ye,
 And free your heels from caperdewsie.
 But since our sex's modesty
 Will not allow I should be by,

v. 831. *I here engage myself to loose ye.*] This and the following line thus altered, 1674, &c.

I here engage to be your bayl,
 And free you from the unknightly jayl.

Thus continued to 1700, inclusive. Restored 1704.

Bring me on oath, a fair account, 835
 And honour too, when you have don't ;
 And I'll admit you to the place
 You claim as due in my good grace.
 If matrimony and hanging go
 By dest'ny, why not whipping too? 840
 What med'cine else can cure the fits
 Of lovers when they lose their wits?
 Love is a boy, by poets styl'd,
 Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.
 A Persian emp'ror whipp'd his grannam, 845
 The sea, his mother Venus came on ;
 And hence some rev'rend men approve
 Of rosemary in making love.
 As skilful coopers hoop their tubs
 With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs, 850
 Why may not whipping have as good
 A grace, perform'd in time and mood,
 With comely movement, and by art,
 Raise passion in a lady's heart?
 It is an easier way to make 855
 Love by, than that which many take.
 Who would not rather suffer whippin,
 Than swallow toast of bits of ribbin?
 Make wicked verses, treats, and faces,
 And spell names over, with beer-glasses? 860
 Be under vows to hang and die
 Love's sacrifice, and all a lie?

china-oranges and tarts,
 shining plays, lay baits for hearts?
 chambermaids with love and money,
 ask no roguish jests upon ye?
 lies limn'd on cheeks, and roses,
 painted perfumes hazard noses?
 not 'ring to be brisk and wanton,
 dance in a paper lantern?
 as you may compound for now,
 offering what I offer you;
 is no more than has been done
 lights for ladies long ago.
 at the great La Mancha do so
 the Infanta Del Toboso?
 at th' illustrious Bassa make
 self a slave for Misse's sake,
 with bull's pizzle, for her love,
 law'd as gentle as a glove?
 not young Florio sent (to cool
 time for Biancafiore) to school,
 the pedant made his pathic bum
 for sake suffer martyrdom?
 not a certain lady whip,
 her husband's own lordship?
 not a grandee of the House,
 did him with fundamental blows;
 him stark-naked to a bedpost,
 mark'd his hide, as if she 'd rid post;

879

875

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890

g me on oath, a fair account,
 Honour too, when you have don't;
 I'll admit you to the place
 You claim as due in my good grace.

matrimony and hanging go
 by destiny, why not whipping too?
 What medicine else can cure the fits
 Of lovers when they lose their wits?
 Love is a boy, by poets styl'd,
 Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.

840

A Persian emp'ror whipp'd his grannam,
 The sea, his mother Venus came on;
 And hence some rev'rend men approve
 Of rosemary in making love.

845

As skilful coopers hoop their tubs
 With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs,
 Why may not whipping have as good
 A grace, perform'd in time and mood,
 With comely movement, and by art,
 Raise passion in a lady's heart?

85

It is an easier way to make
 Love by, than that which many take.
 Who would not rather suffer whippin,
 Than swallow toast of bits of ribbin?
 Make wicked verses, treats, and faces,
 And spell names over, with beer-glasses?
 Be under vows to hang and die
 Love's sacrifice, and all a lie?

With china-oranges and tarts,
 And whining plays, lay baits for hearts
 Bribe chambermaids with love and mon
 To break no roguish jests upon ye?
 For lilies limn'd on cheeks, and roses,
 With painted perfumes hazard noses?
 Or, vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,
 Do penance in a paper lantern?
 All this you may coil d for now,
 By suff'ring what I ou;
 Which is no more th been done
 By knights for ladie long agoe.
 Did not the great La ncha do so
 For the Infanta Del oso?
 Did not th' illustrious Bassa make
 Himself a slave for Misse's sake,
 And with bull's pizzle, for her love,
 Was taw'd as gentle as a glove?
 Was not youug Florio sent (to cool
 His flame for Biancafiore) to school,
 Where pedant made his pathic bum
 For her sake suffer martyrdom?
 Did not a certain lady whip,
 Of late, her husband's own lordship?
 And tho' a grandee of the House,
 Claw'd him with fundamental blows;
 Ty'd him stark-naked to a bedpost,
 And fir'd his hide, as if she 'd rid post;

865

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890

And after in the Sessions court,
Where whipping 's judg'd, and honour-for 't?
This swear you will perform, and then
I'll set you from th' enchanted den,
And the Magician's circle, clear. 8

Quoth he, I do profess and swear,
And will perform what you enjoin,
Or may I never see you mine.

Amen, (quoth she) then turn'd about,
And bid her Squire let him out. 9

But ere an artist could be found
To undo the charms another bound,
The sun grew low and left the skies,
Put down (some write) by ladies' eyes.
The moon pull'd off her veil of light, 9
And hides her face by day from sight,
(Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
That's both her lustre and her shade)
And in the lantern of the night
With shining horns hung out her light; 9

[v. 894. *I'll set you from th' enchanted den.*] In all editions 1714, inclusive. *I'll free you*, in later editions.

[v. 904.] The evening is here finely described; the Epics are not more exact in describing times and seasons than our Poet. We may trace his hero morning and night; and it should be observed, in the conclusion of this Canto, (conformable to the practice of the *Corymbus* upon Homer and Virgil) that one day is on page—since the opening of the Poem.

For darkness is the proper sphere
 Where all false glories use t' appear.
 The twinkling stars began to muster,
 And glitter with their borrow'd luster,
 While sleep the weary'd world reliev'd, 915
 By counterfeiting death reviv'd.
 His whipping penance, till the morn,
 Our vot'ry thought it best t' adjourn,
 And not to carry on a work
 Of such importance in the 920
 With erring haste, but rat[is]fy,
 And do 't in th' open face
 And in the mean-time go
 Of next retreat to take his 924

v. 911, 912.]

For darkness is the proper sphere,
 Where all false glories use t' appear.

These two lines not in the two first editions of 1664,
 and first inserted 1674.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II. CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire in hot dispute,
Within an ace of falling out,
Are parted with a sudden fright
Of strange alarm, and stranger sight;
With which adventuring to stickle,
They 're sent away in nasty pickle.

It is strange how some men's temper suit
(like bawd and brandy) with dispute,
For their own opinions stand fast
To have them claw'd and canvast;
Keep their consciences in cases,
Between do their crowds and bases;
To be us'd, but when they 're bent
For argument:
To be false, unjust and just,
To be to be discust;

(like bawd and brandy.)] Brandie in all
the world

, and set a paradox,
 trait boot, upon the stocks,
 sch'd it more unmercifully
 eloquent, Montaigne, White, or Tully.
 sient Stoics, in their pouch,
 ree dispute maintain'd their church,
 their brains in fight and study,
 e that virtue is a body,
 me is an animal,
 od with stout polemique brew;
 a some hundreds on the place
 ain outright, and many a face
 h'd of nose, and eyes, and beard,
 tain what their sect aver'd.
 h the Knight and Squire, as watch,
 t' have suffer'd for their faith;
 iving to make good his own,
 e sequel shall be shown.
 an had long since, in the lap
 is, taken out his nap,

Manly, or, Manly—see 1715, or 1716
10170, in 1716. Added to Manly and
1715, or 1716.

Several of the books in Horner's time and begin with describing the morning; as the Butler take care to set the nation at work by day (which he exactly describes), the actions of his hero were trained to the appearance, the August's story, and the young man, and the nation's story.

And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn
 From black to red began to turn;
 When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aking
 'Twixt sleeping kept, all night, and waking, 35
 Began to rub his drowsy eyes,
 And from his couch prepar'd to rise,
 Resolving to dispatch the deed
 He vow'd to do with trusty speed:
 But first with knocking loud, and bawling,
 He rous'd the Squire, in truckle lolling: 40
 And after many circumstances
 Which vulgar authors in romances
 Do use to spend their time and wits on,
 To make impertinent description, 45
 They got (with much ado) to horse,
 And to the Castle bent their course,
 In which he to the Dame before
 To suffer whipping-duty swore:
 Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,
 To carry on the work in earnest,
 He stopp'd, and paus'd upon the sudden,
 And with a serious forehead plodding,
 Sprung a new scruple in his head,
 Which first he scratch'd, and after sed;

v. 48. --- [Whipping duty swore.] In the two first
 tions.

Whether it be direct infringing
 An oath, if I should wave this swinging,
 And what I 've sworn to bear forbear;
 And so b' equivocation swear;
 Or whether 't be a lesser sin
 To be forsworn, than act the thing,
 Are deep and subtle points, which must,
 To inform Conscience, be discuss;
 In which to err a title may
 To errors infinite make way:
 And therefore I desire to know
 Thy judgment, ere we further go.

Quoth Ralpho, Since you do enjoin 't,
 I shall enlarge upon the point;

v. 55, 56.] This dialogue between Hudibras and Ralph sets before us the hypocrisy and villainy of all parties of the Rebels with regard to Oaths; what equivocations and evasions they made use of, to account for the many perjuries they were daily guilty of, and the several oaths they readily took, and as readily broke, merely as they found it suited their interest, as appears from v. 107, &c. and v. 377, &c. of this Canto, and Part III. Canto III. v. 547, &c. Archbishop Bramhall says, "That the hypocrites of those times, though they magnified the obligation of an oath, yet in their own case dispensed with all oaths, civil, military, and religious. We are now told (says he) that the oaths we have taken are not to be examined according to the interpretation of : No! How then? Surely according to the interpretation of devils."

And, for my own part, do not doubt
Th' affirmative may be made out.
But first to state the case aright,
For best advantage of our light;
And thus 't is; Whether 't be a sin
To claw and curry your own skin,
Greater or less, than to forbear,
And that you are forsworn forswear,
But first o' th' first: The inward man,
And outward, like clan and clan,
Have always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing;
Not that they really cuff or fence,
But in a spiritual mystique sense;
Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble
In literal fray, 's abominable:
'Tis Heathenish, in frequent use
With Pagans and apostate Jews,
To offer sacrifice of Bridewells,
Like modern Indians to their idols:
And mongrel Christians of our times,
That expiate less with greater crimes,
And call the foul abomination
Contrition and mortification.
Is 't not enough we 're bruise'd and kicked,
With sinful members of the Wicked;
Our vessels that are sanctify'd,
Profan'd, and curry'd back and side;

But we must claw ourselves with shameful
And Heathen stripes, by their example?
Which, (were there nothing to forbid it)
Is impious, because they did it:
This, therefore, may be justly reckon'd
A heinous sin. No second;
That Saints may claim dispensation
To swear and forswear on occasion,
I doubt not but it will appear
With pregnant light, the point is clear.
Oaths are but words, and words but wind;
Too feeble implements to bind;
And hold with deeds proportion so
As shadows to a substance do.
Then when they strive for place, 't is fit
The weaker vessel should submit.
Altho' your Church be opposite
To ours, as Blackfriars are to White,
In rule and order, yet I grant
You are a reformato saint;
And what the saints do claim as due,
You may pretend a title to:
But Saints, whom oaths and vows oblige,
Know little of their privilege;
Further (I mean) than carrying on
Some self-advantage of their own:
For if the devil, to serve his turn,
Can tell truth, why the Saints should scorn,

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When it serves theirs, to swear and lie,
 I think there 's little reason why :
 Else he 'as a greater power than they,
 Which 't were impiety to say,
 We 're not commanded to forbear,
 Indefinitely, at all to swear ;
 But to swear idly, and in vain,
 Without self-interest or gain :
 For breaking of an oath and lying,
 Is but a kind of self-denying,
 A saint-like virtue ; and from hence
 Some have broke oaths by Providence :
 Some, to the Glory of the Lord,
 Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word :
 And this the constant rule and practice
 Of all our late Apostles' acts is.
 Was not the Cause at first begun
 With perjury, and carry'd on ?

v. 136.] When it was first moved in the House of Commons to proceed capitally against the King, Charles II. well stood up and told them, " That if any man should do this with design, he should think him the greatest traitor in the world ; but since Providence and necessity had cast them upon it, he should pray God to bless their counsels." And when he was brought to the King close prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, contrary to his vows and protestations, he affirmed " That Heaven would not let him keep his word." And when they were contrary to the public faith, they murdered him, they intended they could not resist the motions of the Spirit.

Was there an oath the Godly took,
But in due time and place they broke?
Did we not bring our oaths in first,
145 Before our plate, to have them burst,
And cast in fitter models, for
The present use of Church and War?
Did not our Worthies of the House,
Before they broke the peace, break vows?
150 For having freed us, first from both
Th' Alleg'ance and Suprem'cy oath,
Did they not next compel the nation,
To take, and break the Protestation;
To swear, and after to recant,
155 The Solemn League and Covenant?
To take th' Engagement, and disclaim it,
Enforc'd by those who first did frame it?
Did they not swear, at first, to fight
For the King's safety, and his right?
160 And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with horse and foot;
But yet still had the confidence
To swear it was in his defence?
Did they not swear to live and die
165 With Essex, and straight laid him by?
If that were all, for some have sworn
As false as they, if they did no more.
Did they not swear to maintain Law,
In which that swearing made a flaw?
170

For Protestant religion vow,
That did that vowing disallow?
For Privilege of Parliament,
In which that swearing made a rent?
And since of all the three, not one
Is left in being, 't is well known.
Did they not swear, in express words,
To prop and back the House of Lords?
And after turn'd out the whole houseful
Of Peers, as dangerous and unuseful.
So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,
Swore all the Commons out o' th' House;
Vow'd that the Redcoats would disband,
Ay, marry wou'd they, at their command;
And troll'd them on, and swore, and swore,
Till th' Army turn'd them out of dore.
This tells us plainly what they thought,
That oaths and swearing go for nought,
And that by them th' were only meant
To serve for an expedient.
What was the Public Faith found out for,
But to slur men of what they fought for?
The Public Faith, which ev'ry one
Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;
And if that go for nothing, why
Should Private Faith have such a tie?
Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,
To keep the Good and Just in awe,

A Saint 's of th' heav'nly realm a Peer
And as no Peer is bound to swear,
But on the Gospel of his Honour,
Of which he may dispose, as owner,
It follows, tho' th' thing be forgery,
And false, th' affirm it is no perj'ry,
But a mere ceremony, and a breach
Of nothing but a form of speech,
And goes for no more when 't is took,
Than mere saluting of the Book.
Suppose the Scriptures are of force,
'hey 're but commissions of course;
nd Saints have freedom to digress,
nd vary from 'em, as they please;
misinterpret them by private
tructions, to all aims they drive at.
en why should we ourselves abridge,
l curtail our own priviledge?
kers (that, like to lanterns, bear
ir light within 'em) will not swear;
r Gospel is an Accidence
hich they construe Conscience,
hold no sin so deeply red,
t of breaking Priscian's head,
head and founder of their order,
tiring hats held worse than murder)

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These thinking they're oblig'd to troth
In swearing, will not take an oath :
Like mules, who, if they've not their will
To keep their own pace, stand stockstill : 230

But they are weak and little know
What freeborn Consciences may do.
'Tis the temptation of the devil
That makes all human actions evil ;
For Saints may do the same things by 235
The Spirit, in sincerity,

Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's instance do,
And yet the actions be contrary,
Just as the Saints and Wicked vary. 240

For as on land there is no beast
But in some fish at sea's express ;
So in the Wicked there's no vice
Of which the Saints have not a spice ;
And yet that thing that's pious in 245
The one, in th' other is a sin.

Is 't not ridiculous and nonsense,
A Saint should be a slave to Conscience,
That ought to be above such fancies,
As far as above Ordinances? 250

She's of the wicked, as I guess,
B' her looks, her language, and her dress :
And tho' like constables, we search
For false wares one another's Church ;

...
 ...
 ...
 ... is precious and divine,
 ... a pearl for carnal wine.
 Hudibras, All this is true;
 not fit that all men knew 260
 mysteries and revelations;
 before topical evasions
 e turns and shifts of sense,
 est with th' Wicked for pretence,
 the learned Jesuits use, 265
 esbyterians, for excuse
 the Protestants, when th' happen
 their Churches taken napping:
 : A breach of Oath is duple,
 her way admits a scruple, 270
 y be *ex parte* of the maker,
 iminal than the injur'd taker;
 that strains too for a vow,
 eak it, like an o'erbent bow:
 that made, and forc'd it, broke it, 275
 that for Convenience took it.
 en oath is, *quatenus* oath,
 id t' all purposes of troth,
 en laws are ne'er the worse,
 ll they're broken have no force. 280
 justice to a man, or laws,
 ever comes within their claws?

They have no pow'r, but to admonish;
Cannot control, coerce, or punish,
Until they're broken, and then touch
Those only that do make 'em such.
Beside, no engagement is allow'd
By men in prison made for good;
For when they're set at liberty,
They're from th' engagement too set free.
The Rabbins write, When any Jew
Did make to God or man a vow,
Which afterwards he found untoward,
And stubborn to be kept, or too hard,
Any three other Jews o' th' nation
Might free him from the obligation:
And have not two Saints pow'r to use
A greater privilege than three Jews?
The court of Conscience, which in man
Should be supreme and soveran,
Is 't fit should be subordinate
To ev'ry petty court i' th' state,
And have less power than the lesser,
To deal with perjury at pleasure?
Have its proceedings disallow'd, or
Allow'd, at fancy of pie-powder?
Tell all it does, or does not know,
Or swearing *ex officio*?
Should it impeach a broken hedge,
Or eggs unring'd at *vis. franc.* pledge?

267
 accounts, and nuisance;
 did play at games unlawful,
 o fill'd pots of ale but half-full;
 e no pow'r at all, nor shift, 315
 itself at a dead lift?
 ould not Conscience have vacation
 as other Courts o' th' nation;
 ual power to adjourn,
 : appearance and return; 320
 ke as nice distinction serve
 a case, as those that carve,
 g cuckolds' names, hit joints?
 ould not tricks as slight do points?
 ' High-court of Justice sworn 325
 e that law that serves their turn?
 eir own jealousies high-treason,
 'em whomsoe'er they please on?
 the learned Counsel there
 ws in any shape appear? 330
 em as witches do their clay,
 hey make pictures to destroy,
 : 'em into any form
 : their purpose to do harm?
 n until they do confess, 335
 : of treason whom they please,
 at perfidiously condemn
 at engage their lives for them?

And yet do nothing in their own sense,
 But what they ought by Oath and Conscience.
 Can they not juggle, and with slight
 Conveyance play with wrong and right;
 And sell their blasts of wind as dear,
 As Lapland witches bottled air?
 Will not Fear, Favour, Bribe, and Grudge,
 The same case sev'ral ways adjudge?
 As seamen, with the self-same gale,
 Will sev'ral diff'rent courses sail;
 As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,
 And overflows the level grounds,
 These banks and dams, that, like a screen,
 Did keep it out, now keep it in;
 So when tyrann'cal usurpation
 Invades the freedom of a nation,
 The laws o' th' land, that were intended
 To keep it out, are made defend it.
 Does not in Chanc'ry ev'ry man swear
 What makes best for him in his answer?
 Is not the winding up witnesses,
 And nicking, more than half the bus'ness?
 For witnesses, like watches, go
 Just as they're set, too fast or slow,

v. 345.---*Grudge.*] *Grutch*, in the four first edit

v. 353. *So when tyrann'cal.*] In the four first ed
Altered to tyrannic, in 1700, if not sooner.

Do not your Juries give their verdict 365
 As if they felt the cause, not heard it?
 And as they please, make matter o' fact
 Run all on one side as they're packt?
 Nature has made man's breast no windores,
 To publish what he does within dores; 370
 Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
 Unless his own rash folly blab it.
 If Oaths can do a man no good
 In his own bus'ness, why they shou'd,
 In other matters, do him hurt, 375
 I think there's little reason for 't:
 He that imposes an Oath makes it,
 Not he that for Convenience takes it:
 Then how can any man be said
 To break an oath he never made? 380
 These reasons may perhaps look oddly
 To th' Wicked, tho' they evince the Godly;
 But if they will not serve to clear
 My honour, I am ne'er the near.
 Honour is like that glassy bubble, 385
 That finds philosophers such trouble,
 Whose least part crackt, the whole does fly,
 And wits are crackt to find out why.

Quoth Ralpho, Honour's but a word
 To swear by only in a Lord: 390

In other men 'tis but a huff
To vapour with, instead of proof,
That like a wen, looks big and swells,
Insenseless, and just nothing else.
Let it (quoth he) be what it will,
It has the world's opinion still.
But as men are not wise that run
The slightest hazard they may shun,
There may a medium be found out
To clear to all the world the doubt;
And that is, if a man may do't,
By proxy whipt, or substitute.

Tho' nice and dark the point appear,
(Quoth Ralph) it may hold up and clear.
That Sinners may supply the place
Of suff'ring Saints, is a plain case.
Justice gives sentence many times
On one man for another's crimes.
Our Brethren of New-England use
Choice Malefactors to excuse,
And hang the Guiltless in their stead,
Of whom the Churches have less need;
As lately 't happen'd: In a town
There liv'd a Cobler, and but one,
That out of Doctrine could cut Use,
And mend men's lives as well as shoes.
This precious Brother having slain,
In times of peace, an Indian,

for malice, but more zeal,	430
as he was an Infidel)	430
mighty Tottipotymoy	
our Elders an envoy,	
lining sorely of the breach	
as, held forth by Brother Patch,	
the articles in force	425
in both Churches, his and ours,	
which he crav'd the Saints to render	
hands, or hang, th' offender;	
very maturely having weigh'd	
and no more but him o' th' trade,	430
that serv'd them in a double	
ty, to teach and cobble)	
'd to spare him; yet to do	
Indian Hoghan Moghan too	
partial justice, in his stead did	435
in old Weaver that was bedrid:	
wherefore may not you be skipp'd,	
your room another whipp'd?	
philosophers, but the Sceptic,	
whipping may be sympathetic.	440
enough, quoth Hudibras,	
last resolv'd and clear'd the case;	
unjust, in Conscience, not refuse,	
thy own Doctrine, to raise Use:	
if thou wilt not (for my sake)	445
under-conscienc'd of thy back:	

Then strip thee of thy carnal jerkin,
And give thy outward fellow a ferking;
For when thy vessel is new hoop'd,
All leaks of sinning will be stopp'd.

Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter,
For in all scruples of this nature,
No man includes himself, nor turns
The point upon his own concerns.
As no man of his own self catches
The itch, or amorous French aches;
So no man does himself convince,
By his own doctrine, of his sins:
And tho' all cry down self, none means
His own self in a literal sense:
Besides, it is not only foppish,
But vile, idolatrous, and Popish,
For one man out of his own skin
To frisk and whip another's sin;
As pedants out of schoolboy's breeches
Do claw and curry their own itches.
But in this case it is profane,
And sinful too, because in vain;
For we must take our Oaths upon it
You did the deed, when I have done it.

Quoth Hudibras, That's answer'd soon;
Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.

Quoth Ralpho, That we may swear true,
'Twere properer that I whipp'd you;

gainst the grain;
Incline men to
reverse themselves to do:
They are weary'd out,
Will resolves the doubt:
Reason can confute ye,
I see you to your duty;
Howe'er you mince it,
Part, I shall evince it;
(if you stand out) whether
No, your stubborn leather
Refuse to bear thy part
O Work, base as thou art?
Thus, for a few blows,
My Knight an op'lent spouse,
Health his bowels yearn to purchase,
Or th' int'rest of the Churches?
When he has it in his claws,
It be hide-bound to the Cause:
Alth' thou find him a curmudgin,
I dispatch it without grudging:
I resolve, before we go,
You and I must pull a crow.

U iij

Ye 'ad best (quoth Ralpho) as the Ancients
Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance,
And Look before you ere you leap;
For *as* you sow, ye're like to reap:
And were y' as good as George-a-Green, 505
I should make bold to turn agen;
Nor am I doubtful of the issue
In a just quarrel, and mine is so.
Is 't fitting for a man of honour
To whip the Saints, like Bishop Bonner? 510
A Knight t' usurp the Beadle's office,
For which y' are like to raise brave trophies?
But I advise you (not for fear,
But for your own sake) to forbear,
And for the Churches, which may chance, 515
From hence, to spring a variance,
And raise among themselves new scruples,
Whom common danger hardly couples.
Remember how in arms and politics
We still have worsted all your holy tricks; 520
Trepann'd your Party with intrigue,
And took your Grandees down a peg;
New-modell'd th' Army, and cashier'd
All that to Legion Smec adher'd;
Made a mere utensil o' your Church, 525
And after left it in the lurch;

Not but they thought me worth a ransom
 Much more consid'rablè and handsome, 550
 But for their own sakes, and for fear
 They were not safe when I was there;
 Now to be baffled by a scoundrel,
 An upstart Sect'ry, and a mongrel,
 Such as breed out of peccant humours 555
 Of our own Church, like wens or tumours,
 And, like a maggot in a sore,
 Wou'd that which gave it life devour;
 It never shall be done or said.
 With that he seiz'd upon his blade; 560
 And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,
 Upon his basket-hilt laid hold,
 With equal readiness prepar'd,
 To draw and stand upon his guard;
 When both were parted on the sudden, 565
 With hideous clamour, and a loud one,
 As if all sorts of noise had been
 Contracted into one loud din;
 Or that some member to be chosen,
 Had got the odds above a thousand; 570
 And by the greatness of his noise,
 Prov'd fittest for his country's choice.
 This strange surprisal put the Knight
 And wrathful Squire into a fright;
 And tho' they stood prepar'd, with fatal 575
Impetuous rancour, to join battel,

danger of worse beating, 580
 neither of them would disparage,
 at'ring of his mind, his courage,
 ch made 'em stoutly keep their ground,
 i horror and disdain windbound.
 now the cause of all their fear, 585
 low degrees approach'd so near,
 might distinguish diff'rent noise
 rns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,
 ettledrums, whose sullen dub
 s like the hooping of a tub ; 590
 hen the sight appear'd in view,
 ound it was an antique shew ;
 yph that, for pomp and state,
 udest Romans emulate :
 ie Aldermen of Rome

And follow'd with a world of tall lads,
 That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,
 Did ride with many a Good-morrow,
 Crying, Hey for our town, thro' the Borough; 605
 So when this triumph drew so nigh,
 They might particulars descry,
 They never saw two things so pat,
 In all respects, as this and that;
 First, he that led the cavalcade 610

Wore a sow-gelder's flagellate,
 On which he blew as strong a level,
 As well-feed lawyer on his brev'ate,
 When over one another's heads
 They charge (three ranks at once) like Sweads. 61
 Next pans and kettles of all keys,
 From trebles down to double base;
 And after them, upon a nag,
 That might pass for a forehand stag,
 A Cornet rode, and on his staff
 A smock display'd did proudly wave;
 Then bagpipes of the loudest drones,
 With snuffing, broken-winded tones,

v. 609, 610.---*Cavalcade*,---*Flagellate*.] In the first editions. Afterwards altered to *cavalcade* and *gellet*.

v. 613, 614.] These two lines are not in the first edit. of 1664, but added in 1674.---like *S*. Altered, 1684, to *Sweeds*.

And make a viler noise than swine, 625
 In windy weather, when they whine.
 Next one upon a pair of panniers,
 Full fraught with that which, for good manners,
 Shall here be nameless, mixt with grains,
 Which he dispens'd among the swains, 630
 And busily upon the crowd
 At random round about bestow'd.
 Then, mounted on a horned horse,
 One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,
 Ty'd to the pummel of a long sword 635
 He held revers't, the point turn'd downward:
 Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed,
 The conqu'ror's Standardbearer rid,
 And bore aloft before the champion
 A petticoat display'd, and rampant; 640
 Near whom the Amazon triumphant
 Bestrid her beast, and on the rump on 't
 Sat face to tail, and bum to bum,
 The warrior whilom overcome,
 Arm'd with a spindle and a distaff, 645
 Which as he rode she made him twist off;
 And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder
 Chastiz'd the reformado soldier.
 Before the Dame, and round about,
 March'd whiffers, and staffers on foot, 650

And follow'd with a world of tall lads,
 That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,
 Did ride with many a Good-morrow,
 Crying, Hey for our town, thro' the Borough;
 So when this triumph drew so nigh, 6
 They might particulars descry,
 They never saw two things so pat,
 In all respects, as this and that;
 First, he that led the cavalcate
 Wore a sow-gelder's flagellate, 6
 On which he blew as strong a levet,
 As well-feed lawyer on his brev'ate,
 When over one another's heads
 They charge (three ranks at once) like Sweads.
 Next pans and kettles of all keys, 6
 From trebles down to double base;
 And after them, upon a nag,
 That might pass for a forehand stag,
 A Cornet rode, and on his staff
 A smock display'd did proudly wave; 6
 Then bagpipes of the loudest drones,
 With snuffing, broken-winded tones,

v. 609, 610.---*Cavalcate*,---*Flagellate*.] In the first editions. Afterwards altered to *cavalcade*, *gellet*.

v. 613, 614.] These two lines are not in the first edit. of 1664, but added in 1674.---*like Sweads* Altered, 1684, to *Swedes*.

And merrily, when they whipe,
In windy weather, when they whipe,
Next one upon a pair of panniers,
Full fraught with that which, for good manners,
Shall here be nameless, mixt with grains,
Which he dispens'd among the swains,
And busily upon the crowd
At random round about bestow'd.

630

Then, mounted on a horned horse,
One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,
Ty'd to the pommel of a long sword
He held reverst, the point turn'd downward:
Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed,
The conqu'ror's Standardbearer rid,
And bore aloft before the champion
A petticoat display'd, and rampant;
Near whom the Amazon triumphant
Bestrid her beast, and on the rump on 't
Sat face to tail, and bum to bum,
The warrior whilom overcome,
Arm'd with a spindle and a distaff,
Which as he rode she made him twist off;
And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder
Chastiz'd the reformado soldier.
Before the Dame, and round about,
March'd whiffers, and staffiers on foot,

631

When wives their sexes shift, like hares,
And ride their husbands, like night-mares,
And they in mortal battle vanquish'd,
Are of their charter disenfranchis'd,
And by the right of war, like gills,
Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels:
For when men by their wives are cow'd,
Their horns of course are understood.
Quoth Hudibras, Thou still giv'st sentence
Impertinently, and against sense:
'Tis not the least disparagement
To be defeated by th' event,
Nor to be beaten by main force;
That does not make a man the worse,
Altho' his shoulders with battoon
Be claw'd and cudgell'd to some tune.
A tailor's prentice has no hard
Measure, that's bang'd with a true yard;
But to turn tail, or run away,
And without blows give up the day;
Or to surrender ere th' assault,
That's no man's fortune but his fault;
And renders men of honour less
Than all th' adversity of success;
And only unto such this shew
Of horns and petticoats is due.
There is a lesser profanation,
Like that the Romans call'd Ovat

Be men decrees those lesser shows
 For vict'ry gotten without blows,
 By dint of sharp hard words, which some
 Give battle with, and overcome;
 These mounted in a chair-curule,
 Which Moderns call a Cuckling-stool,
 March proudly to the river's side,
 And o'er the waves in triumph ride;
 Like dukes of Venice, who are sed
 The Adriatic sea to wed;
 And have a gentler wife than those
 For whom the state decrees those shows.
 But both are Heathenish, and come
 From th' Whores of Babylon and Rome,
 And by the Saints should be withstood,
 As antichristian and lewd;
 And we, as such, should now contribute
 Our utmost strugglings to prohibit.

735

740

745

750

This said, they both advanc'd, and rode
 A dogtrot thro' the bawling crowd,
 T' attack the leader, and still prest
 Till they approach'd him breast to breast,
 Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
 Made signs for silence, which obtain'd,
 What means (quoth he) this devil's procession
 With men of orthodox profession?

755

760

'Tis ethnique and idolatrous,
 From Heathenism deriv'd to us.
 Does not the Whore of Bab'lon ride
 Upon her horned Beast astride,
 Like this proud Dame, who either is 765
 A type of her, or she of this?
 Are things of superstitious function,
 Fit to be us'd in Gospel sunshine?
 It is an antichristian opera,
 Much us'd in midnight times of Popery; 770
 Of running after self-inventions
 Of wicked and profane intentions;
 To scandalize that sex, for scolding,
 To whom the Saints are so beholden.
 Women, who were our first apostles, 775
 Without whose aid we 'ad all been lost else;
 Women, that left no stone unturn'd
 In which the cause might be concern'd;
 Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,
 To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols: 780

v. 775.] The women were zealous contributors to the Good Cause, as they called it. Mr. James Howel observes, "That unusual voluntary collections were made both in town and country; the seamstress brought in her silver thimble, the chambermaid her bodkin, the cook her silver spoon, into the common treasury of war.—And some sort of females were hear in their contributions, so far as to part with their rings and earrings, as if some golden calf were to be molten, and set up to be idolized."

and Churches' parts;
 Brethren in,
 wou'd have been,
 it to the party, 785
 ful and hearty:
 d and made hard shifts
 eir Gifts
 nd rend, and pilfer,
 gold and silver; 790
 achers, tir'd and spent
 r Parl'ament;
 their zeal
 gs many a meal:
 tore of meat, 795
 ts, to eat;
 ll their guts did ake,
 , and plumcake.
 , or what left undone,
 he Cause at London? 800
 , with drum and ensign,
 for defence in:
 their own soft hands,
 stands;
 oysterwenches, 805
 s in trenches,

Fall'n to their pickaxes, and tools,
 And help'd the men to dig like moles.
 Have not the handmaids of the City
 Chose of their Members a Committee,
 For raising of a common purse,
 Out of their wages, to raise horse?
 And do they not as Triers sit,
 To judge what officers are fit?
 Have they---At that an egg let fly,
 Hit him directly o'er the eye,
 And running down his cheek, besmear'd,
 With orange-tawny slime, his beard;
 But beard and slime being of one hue,
 The wound the less appear'd in view.
 Then he that on the panniers rode,
 Let fly on the other side a load,
 And quickly charg'd again, gave fully,
 In Ralpho's face, another volley.

v. 807.] *Fall'n*, in the three first editions;
 1684.

v. 813, 814.] “The House considered, in
 “ place, that divers weak persons have crept in
 “ beyond their abilities; and, to the end that
 “ greater parts may be put into their rooms,
 “ appointed the Lady Middlesex, Mrs. Dunch,
 “ Foster, and the Lady Anne Waller, by
 “ their great experience in soldiery in the kin
 “ be a Committee of Triers for the business.”

The Knight was startled with the smell,
 And for his sword began to feel;
 And Ralpho, smother'd with the stink,
 Grasp'd his, when one that bore a link
 O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,
 Like linstock, to the horses' touch-hole;
 And straight another, with his flambeau,
 Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a damn'd blow.
 The beasts began to kick and fling,
 And forc'd the rout to make a ring;
 Thro' which they quickly broke their way,
 And brought them off from further fray;
 And tho' disorder'd in retreat,
 Each of them stoutly kept his seat:
 For quitting both their swords and reins,
 They grasp'd with all their strength the manes,
 And, to avoid the foe's pursuit,
 With spurring put their cattle to 't,
 And till all four were out of wind,
 And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.
 After they 'ad paus'd a while, supplying
 Their spirits, spent with fight and flying,
 And Hudibras recruited force
 Of lungs, for action or discourse;
 Quoth he, That man is sure to lose
 That fouls his hands with dirty foes:

v. 839.] *Rains*, in the four first editions.

Part II.

in'd,
tain'd:

855

n bar
war,
, and noisom,
ong of poison,
chew'd with teeth

860

ing breath;
the push,
such a brush:
; that fling durt
not hurt;

865

ey have won,
much at one.
de so resolute
thout pursuit;
, we had sped
be in triumph led;
e ancients held no state
more unfortunate.
d adventure e'er

8

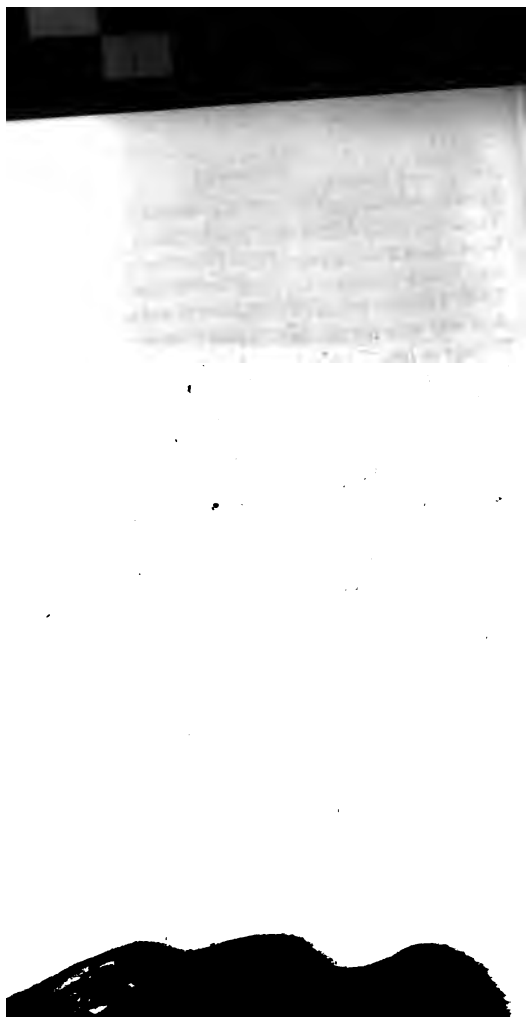
, reach the widow's ear,
ig destin'd to assert
onour, reach her heart:

*-without pursuit] T' avoid pursuit, in
ns of 1664.*

And as such homely treats (they say)
 Portend good fortune, so this may.
 Vespasian being daub'd with dirt,
 Was destin'd to the empire for 't; 880
 And from a scavenger did come
 To be a mighty prince in Rome:
 And why may not this foul address
 Presage in love the same success?
 Then let us straight, to cleanse our wounds, 885
 Advance in quest of nearest ponds;
 And after (as we first enjoin'd)
 Swear I 've perform'd what she enjoin'd. 888

v. 879.] This, and the five following lines, not in
 the two first editions 1664. Added in 1674.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.



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THE TOLDS OF GREAT BRITAIN
 CO. STAFF, JOHN
 GRAYSON, CHURCHILL.



Well that,
 Quoth Wharham, who right wisely thought
 He'd level'd at a Spar, and hit it.

MARKED FOR A CORRECT COPY

for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London March 18th 1777



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SAMUEL BUTLER.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

FROM
THE TEXTS OF DR. GREY AND MR. THYER.

WITH THE
LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, AND NOTES.

Now you must know Sir Hudibras
With such perfections gifted was,
And so peculiar in his manner,
That all that saw him did him honour.-----HUD. AT COURT.

But since his worship 's dead and gone,
And mould'ring lies beneath this stone,
The Reader is desir'd to look
For his achievements in his Book;
Which will preserve of Knight the Tale,
Till Time and Death itself shall fail. HUD.'s EPITAPH.

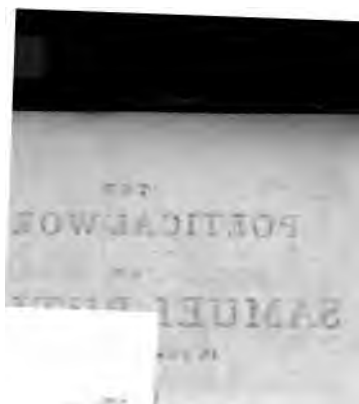
Bell's second edition.

VOL. II.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS

Anno 1784.



THE BOTTICCHIO
SAMUEL

THE BOTTICCHIO
SAMUEL

THE BOTTICCHIO
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THE
POETICAL WORKS
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SAMUEL BUTLER.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS
HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

Written in the time of the late Wars.

FROM THE TEXT OF ZACH. GREY, LL.D.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, AND NOTES.

EDINBURG:
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Anno 1784.

s believe no voice t' an organ
 as lawyer's in his bar-gown,
 ith subtle cobweb-cheats
 e catch'd in knotted law, like nets;
 ch, when once they are imbrangled,
 ore they stir, the more they're tangled; 20
 hile their purses can dispute,
 e's no end of th' immortal suit.
 hers still gape t' anticipate
 cabinet-designs of Fate, 25
 ply to wizards, to foresee
 at shall, and what shall never be;
 id as those vultures do forebode,
 lieve events prove bad or good;
 . Ham more senseless than the roguery 30
 f old auruspicy and aug'ry,
 That out of garbages of cattle
 Presag'd th' events of truce or battle;
 From flight of birds, or chickens pecking,
 Success of great'st attempts wou'd reckon:
 Tho' cheats, yet more intelligible,
 Than those that with the stars do fribble.
 This Hudibras by proof found true,
 As in due time and place we'll shew:
 For he with beard and face made clean,
 Being mounted on his steed agen,

25. Apply to wizards.] Run after, in the edition of

(And Ralpho got a cock-horse too,
Upon his beast, with much ado)
Advanc'd on for the Widow's house,
T'acquit himself, and pay his vows ;
When various thoughts began to bustle,
And with his inward man to juggle.
He thought what danger might accrue,
If she should find he swore untrue ;
Or if his Squire or he should fail,
And not be punctual in their tale,
It might at once the ruin prove
Both of his honour, faith, and love :
But if he should forbear to go,
She might conclude he 'ad broke his vow ;
And that he durst not now, for shame,
Appear in court to try his claim,
This was the penn'worth of his thought,
To pass time, and uneasy trot.

Quoth he, In all my past adventures
I ne'er was set so on the tenters,
Or taken tardy with dilemma,
That ev'ry way I turn does hem me,
And with inextricable doubt,
Besets my puzzled wits about :
For tho' the Dame has been my bail,
To free me from enchanted jail,
Yet as a dog, committed close
For some offence, by chance breaks loose,

And quits his clog; but all in vain,
He still draws after him his chain:
So tho' my ankle she has quitted,
My heart continues still committed;
And like a bail'd and mainpris'd lover,
Altho' at large, I am bound over:
And when I shall appear in court
To plead my cause, and answer for't,
Unless the judge do partial prove,
What will become of me and love?
For if in our account we vary,
Or but in circumstance miscarry;
Or if she put me to strict proof,
And make me pull my doubler off,
To shew, by evident record,
Writ on my skin, I've kept my word,
How can I e'er expect to have her,
Having demurr'd unto her favour?
But faith, and love, and honour lost;
Shall be reduc'd t' a Knight o' th' Post?
Beside, that stripping may prevent
What I'm to prove by argument,
And justify I have a tail,
And that way, too, my proof may fail.
Oh! that I could enucleate,
And solve the problems of my fate;
Or find, by necromantick art,
How far the Destinies take my part;

were not more than certain
 and wear her and her fortune,
 no farther in this courtship,
 and foul, estate, and Worship : 100
 ' an oath obliges not,
 any thing is to be got,
 ou hast prov'd) yet 't is profane,
 iful, when men swear in vain.
 h Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell 105
 ing man, hight Sidrophel,
 als in Destiny's dark counsels,
 ge opinions of the Moon sella,
 om all people, far and near,
 p importances repair : 110
 brads and pewter hap to stray,
 en flinks out o' the way;
 geese and pullen are seduc'd,
 ws of sucking pigs are chows'd;
 attle feel indisposition, 115
 ed th' opinion of physician;
 murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,
 ickens languish of the pip;
 yest and outward means do fail,
 ve no pow'r to work on ale; 120

6.] William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those
 who in his yearly almanacks foretold victories for
 lament with as much certainty as the preachers
 their sermons.

When butter does refuse to come,
And love proves cross and humour some;
To him with questions, and with urine,
They for discov'ry flock, or curing.

Quoth Hudibras, This Sidrophel
I've heard of, and shou'd like it well,
If thou canst prove the Saints have freedom
To go to forc'ers when they need 'em.

Says Ralpho, There's no doubt of that;
Those principles I quoted late
Prove that the Godly may allege
For any thing their privilege,
And to the dev'l himself may go,
If they have motives thereunto:
For as there is a war between
The dev'l and them, it is no sin,
If they by subtle stratagem
Make use of him, as he does them.
Has not this present Parl'ament
A ledger to the dev'l sent,
Fully empower'd to treat about
Finding revolted witches out?
And has not he, within a year,
Hang'd threescore of 'em in one shire?
Some only for not being drown'd,
And some for sitting above ground,
Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,
And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches;

me for putting knavish tricks	7
green geese and turkey-chicks,	7
s that suddenly deceast	150
efs unnat'ral, as he guest;	
fter prov'd himself a witch,	
ade a rod for his own breech.	
at the dev'l appear to Martin	155
r in Germany, for certain?	
ou'd have gull'd him with a trick,	
art. was too, too politick.	
: not help the Dutch to purge,	
itwerp, their cathedral church?	160
atches to the Saints at Mafcon,	
ell them all they came to ask him?	
ur in divers shapes to Kelly,	
peak i' th' Nun of Loudon's belly?	
with the parl'ament's Committee,	165
oodstock, on a pers'nal treaty?	
rum take a cavalier,	
Cause's service, prisoner?	
ithers in immortal rhyme	
egifter'd to aftertime.	170
at our great Reformers use	
idrophel to forebode news;	
ite of victories next year,	
astles taken yet i' th' air?	

69.] This *Withers* was a Puritanical officer in the Par-
 amy, and a great pretender to poetry, as appears
Poems enumerated by A. Wood.

fought at sea, and ships: 175
 years hence, the last eclipse?
 erthrow giv'n the King
 all, horse and foot, next spring?
 not he point-blank foretold
 r the Close Committee would? 180
 rs and Saturn for the Cause,
 n for fundamental laws?
 , the Bull, and Goat, declare
 ie Book of Common-Prayer?
 ion take the Protestation, 185
 engage for Reformation?
 the Royal flars recant,
 d, and take the Covenant?
 Hudibras, The case is clear
 s may 'mmploy a conjurer, 190
 ast prov'd it by their practice;
 ent like matter of fact is:
 re best of all led to
 nciples, by what they do.
 is strait advance in quest 195
 ofound gymnosophist,
 e Fates and he advise,
 : wave this enterprise.
 he turn'd about his steed,
 ons on th' adventure rid; 200
 ive we him and Ralph awhile,
 : conj'rer turn our style,

To let our reader understand
 What's useful of him beforehand.
 He had been long t'wards mathematicks, 205
 Opticks, philosophy, and staticks,
 Magick, horoscopy, astrology,
 And was old dog at physiology;
 But as a dog that turns the spit
 Bestirs himself, and plies his feet 210
 To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
 His own weight brings him down again,
 And still he's in the self-same place
 Where at his setting out he was;
 So in the circle of the arts 215
 Did he advance his nat'ral parts,
 Till falling back still, for retreat,
 He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat:
 For as those fowls that live in water
 Are never wet, he did but smatter; 220
 Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
 His understanding still was clear;
 Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
 Since old Hodge Bacon, and Bob Grosted.

¶. 224.] Roger Bacon, commonly called *Friar Bacon*, lived
 in the reign of our Edward I. and for some little skill he had
 in the mathematicks, was by the rabble accounted a conjur-
 er, and had the sottish story of the Brazen Head fathered up-
 on him by the ignorant Monks of those days.

Ib.] Bishop Grosted was Bishop of Lincoln, 20th Henry III.
A. D. 1235. "He was suspected by the clergy to be a con-
 jurer; for which crime he was deprived by Pope Innocent."

73

11

No

AD 194

An un-
 That has not, in that respect, any
 A fellow of the self-same family;
 So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,
 As those are in th' inferiour world.
 He 'ad read Dec's prefaces before,
 The Devil, and Euclid, o're and o're;
 And all th' intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly,
 Lescus and th' Emperour, wou'd tell ye:
 But with the moon was more familiar
 Than e'er was almanack well-willer;
 Her secrets understood so clear,
 That some believ'd he had been there;
 — was in fittest mood

When for anointing scabs or itches, 245
 Or to the bum applying leeches;
 When sows and bitches may be spay'd,
 And in what sign best cyder's made;
 Whether the wane be, or increase,
 Best to set garlick, or sow pease; 250
 Who first found out the man i' th' moon,
 That to the Ancients was unknown;
 How many dukes, and earls, and peers,
 Are in the planetary spheres;
 Their airy empire, and command, 255
 Their sev'ral strengths by sea and land;
 What factions they've, and what they drive at
 In publick vogue, or what in private:
 With what designs and interests
 Each party manages contests. 260
 He made an instrument to know
 If the moon shine at full or no;
 That would, as soon as e'er she shone, straight
 Whether 't were day or night demonstrate;
 Tell what her d'iameter to an inch is, 265
 And prove that she's not made of green cheese.
 It wou'd demonstrate, that the man in
 'The moon's a sea Mediterranean;
 And that it is no dog or bitch
 That stands behind him at his breech, 270
 But a huge Caspian sea or lake,
 With arms, which men for legs mistake;

How large a gulf his tail composes,
And what a goodly bay his nose is;
How many German leagues by th' scale
Cape Snout 's from Promontory Tail.
He made a planetary gin,
Which rats would run their own heads in,
And come on purpose to be taken,
Without th' expense of cheese or bacon,
With lustrings he would counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on dish of meat;
Quote moles and spots on any place
O' th' body, by the index face;
Detect lost maidenheads by sneezing,
Or breaking wind of dames, or pissing;
Cure warts and corns, with application
Of med'cines to th' imagination:
Fright agues into dogs, and scare,
With rhymes, the toothach and catarrh;
Chase evil sp'rits away by dint
Of sickle, horseshoe, hollow flint;
Spit fire out of a walnut-shell,
Which made the Roman slaves rebel;
And fire a mine in China here,
With sympathetick gunpowder.
He knew what's ever 's to be known,
But much more than he knew would own,
What med'cine 't was that Paracelsus
Could make a man with, as he tells us;

'hat figur'd flates are best to make,
 o wat'ry surface, duck or drake;
 'hat bowling-stones, in running race
 pon a board, have swiftest pace;
 'ether a pulse beat in the black 205
 ft of a dappled louse's back;
 systole or diastole move
 ickest when he's in wrath, or love;
 'hen two of them do run a race,
 'ether they gallop, trot, or pace; 310
 ow many scores a flea will jump,
 f his own length from head to rump,
 'hich Socrates and Chærephon
 vain assay'd so long agon;
 'ether his snout a perfect nose is, 315
 nd not an elephant's proboscis;
 ow many diff'rent specieses
 f maggots breed in rotten cheese;
 nd which are next of kin to those
 nder'd in a chandler's nose; 320
 r those not seen, but understood,
 hat live in vinegar and wood.

A paltry wretch he had, half-starv'd,
 hat him in place of zany serv'd,
 ight Whachum, bred to dash and draw, 325
 ot wine, but more unwholesome law;

♀. 317. *How many diff'rent specieses.*] *Species 's*, in edition
 164, 1674. 1684. Altered to *specieses*, 1693.

♀. 325. *Whachum.*] Journeyman to Sidrophel, who was etc.
Volume II.

B

To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,
 Wide as meridians in maps;
 To squander paper, and spare ink,
 Or cheat men of their words, some think.
 From this, by merited degrees,
 He'd to more high advancement rise,
 To be an under-conjurer,

330

Or journeyman astrologer :
 His bus'ness was to pump and wheedle,
 And men with their own keys unriddle;
 To make them to themselves give answers,
 For which they pay the necromancers;
 To fetch and carry' intelligence
 Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
 And all discoveries disperse
 Among th' whole pack of conjurers;
 What cut-purses have left with them,
 For the right owners to redeem,
 And what they dare not vent, find out,
 To gain themselves and th' art repute;
 Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,
 Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers' shops,
 Of thieves ascendant in the cart,
 And find out all by rules of art :

*Tom Jones, a foolish Welchman. In a Key to a
 Butler's, Whachum is said to be one Richard Gr
 blished a pamphlet of about five sheets of base
 called, Hudibras in a Snare. It was printed a
 1667.*

way a serving-man, that's run
 othes or money away, is gone ;
 ck'd a fob at Holding-forth,
 here a watch, for half the worth,
 redcem'd ; or stolen plate 355
 l at conscionable rate.
 ll this, he serv'd his master
 ty of poetaster,
 ymes appropriate could make
 y month i' th' almanack ; 360
 erms begin and end could tell,
 eir returns, in doggerel ;
 he Exchequer open and shuts,
 wgelder with saf. ty cuts ;
 nen may eat and drink their fill, 365
 en be temp'rate, if they will ;
 ise, and when abstain from vice,
 apes, phlebotomy, and spice.
 in prison mean rogue beat
 for the service of the great, 370
 achum beat his dirty brains
 unce his master's fame and gains,
 ke the devil's oracles,
 o dogg'rel rhymes his spells,
 over ev'ry month's blank page 375
 manack, strange bilks presage.
 uld an elegy compose
 rgots squeeze'd out of his nose :

In lyric numbers write an ode on
 His mistress, eating a black pudden ; 380
 And when imprison'd air escap'd her,
 It pult him with poetick rapture.
 His sonnets charm'd th' attentive crowd,
 By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,
 That, circled with his long-ear'd guests, 285
 Like Orpheus look'd among the beasts :
 A carman's horse could not pass by,
 But stood ty'd up to poetry ;
 No porter's burden pass'd along,
 But serv'd for burden to his song : 390
 Each window like a pill'ry appears,
 With heads thrust thro', nail'd by the ears ;
 All trades run in as to the sight
 Of monsters, or their dear delight
 The gallow-tree, when cutting purse 395
 Breeds bus'ness for heroick verse,
 Which none does hear but would have hung
 T' have been the theme of such a song.
 Those two together long had liv'd
 In mansion prudently contriv'd, 400
 Where neither tree nor house could bar
 The free detection of a star ;
 And nigh an ancient obelisk
 Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk,

[v. 404.] Mr. Butler alludes to one Fisk, of whom Lilly observes, that he was a licentiate in physick, and born near Framingham in Suffolk ; was bred at a country-school, and design-

On which was written, not in words, 405
 But hieroglyphick mote of birds,
 Many rare pithy saws, concerning
 The worth of astrologick learning :
 From top of this there hung a rope,
 To which he fasten'd telescope, 410
 The spectacles with which the stars
 He reads in smallest characters.
 It happen'd as a boy, one night,
 Did fly his tarsel of a kite,
 The strangest long-wing'd hawk that flies, 415
 That, like a bird of Paradise,
 Or herald's martlet, has no legs,
 Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs;
 His train was six yards long, milkwhite,
 At th' end of which there hung a light, 420
 Enclos'd in lantern made of paper,
 That far off like a star did appear :
 This Sidrophel by chance espy'd,
 And with amazement staring wide,
 Bless us, quoth he, what dreadful wonder 425
 Is that appears in heav'n yonder ?
 A comet, and without a beard !
 Or star that ne'er before appear'd ?
 I'm certain 'tis not in the scrawl
 Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl, 430

ed for the university, but went not thither, studying physick
 and astrology at home, which afterwards he practised at Col-
 chester; after which he came to London, and practised there.

With which, like Indian plantations,
'The learned stock the constellations;
Nor those that drawn for signs have bin
'To th' houses where the planets inn.
It must be supernatural,
Unless it be that cannon-ball
'That, shot i' th' air point-blank upright,
Was borne to that prodigious height
'That, learn'd philosophers maintain,
It ne'er came backwards down again,
But in the airy region yet
Hangs, like the body of Mahomet:
For if it be above the shade
'That by the earth's round bulk is made,
'Tis probable it may, from far,
Appear no bullet but a star.

This said, he to his engine flew,
Plac'd near at hand, in open view,
And rais'd it till it levell'd right
Against the glow-worm tail of kite,
Then peeping thro', Bless us! (quoth he)
It is a planet, now, I see;
And, if I err not, by his proper
Figure, that's like tobacco-stopper,
It should be Saturn: yes, 'tis clear
'Tis Saturn, but what makes him there?
*He's got between the Dragon's tail
And farther leg behind o' th' Whale;*

leav'n divert the fatal omen,
 s a prodigy not common, 460
 an no less than the world's end,
 ature's funeral, portend.
 that he fell again to pry,
 s' perspective, more wistfully,
 an, by mischance, the fatal string, 465
 it kept the tow'ring fowl on wing,
 aking, down fell the star. Well shot,
 both Whachum, who right wisely thought
 e 'ad levell'd at a star, and hit it;
 at Sidrophel, more subtil-witted, 470
 ry'd out, What horrible and fearful
 Portent is this, to see a star fall?
 It threatens Nature, and the doom
 Will not be long before it come!
 When stars do fall, 't is plain enough. 375
 'The day of judgment's not far off;
 As lately 't was reveal'd to Sedgwick,
 And some of us find out by magick:

♣. 477.] William Sedgwick, a whimsical enthusiast, some-
 times a Presbyterian, sometimes an Independent, and at other
 times an Anabaptist; sometimes a prophet, and pretended to
 foretell things, out of the pulpit, to the destruction of ignorant
 people; at other times pretended to revelations; and, upon
 pretence of a vision that Doomsday was at hand, he retired to
 the house of Sir Francis Russel in Cambridgeshire; and finding
 several gentlemen at bowls, called upon them to prepare for
 their dissolution; telling them that he had lately received a
 revelation that Doomsday would be some day the week follow-
 ing. Upon which they ever after called him Doomsday Peter.

summed up.

me we have to live
hasten'd, let us strive
at advantage of it,
offes with our profit.
ll out not long before
upon the floor am'd score,

drophel advancing,
prospect of the mansion;
discov'ring, turn'd his glass,
far off't was Hudibras.

um, (quoth he) look yonder, some
use our art are come:
's the learned Knight; seek out,
mp 'em what they come about.

um advanc'd, with all submiss'ness
ost 'em, but much more their bus'ness:
eld a stirrup, while the Knight
n leathern Bar-bones did alight;

l taking from his hand the bridle,
proach'd, the dark Squire to unriddle.
e gave him first the time o' th' day,
nd welcom'd him, as he might say:

le ask'd him whence they came, and whither
Their bus'ness lay? Quoth Ralpho, Hither.
Did you not lose—Quoth Ralpho, Nay.

Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way!
Your Knight, quoth Ralpho, is a lover,
And pains intol'able doth suffer;

For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,
 Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards.
 What time—Quoth Ralpho, Sir, too long,
 Three years it off and on has hung. — 510
 Quoth he, I meant what time o' the day 't is;
 Quoth Ralpho, Between seven and eight 't is.
 Why then (quoth Whachum) my small art
 Tells me the dame has a hard heart,
 Or great estate.—Quoth Ralpho, A jointer, 515
 Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.
 Mean-while the Knight was making water,
 Before he fell upon the matter;
 Which having done, the Wizard steps in,
 To give him suitable reception; 520
 But kept his bus'ness at a bay,
 'Till Whachum put him in the way;
 Who having now, by Ralpho's light,
 Expounded th' errand of the Knight,
 And what he came to know, drew near, 525
 To whisper in the conj'rer's ear,
 Which he prevented thus: What was't,
 Quoth he, that I was saying last,
 Before these gentlemen arriv'd?
 Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriev'd, 530
 In opposition with Mars,
 And no benign friendly stars
 T' allay the effect. Quoth Wizard. So!
 In *Virgo*? Ha! quoth Whachum, No

Has Saturn nothing to do in it,
One tenth of 's circle to a minute?
'Tis well, quoth he—Sir you'll excuse
This rudeness I am forc'd to use;
It is a scheme and face of heaven,
As th' aspects are dispos'd this even,
I was contemplating upon
When you arriv'd; but now I've done.

Quoth Hudibras, If I appear
Unseasonable in coming here
At such a time, to interrupt
Your speculations, which I hop'd
Assistance from, and come to use,
'Tis fit that I ask your excuse.

By no means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel,
The stars your coming did foretel;
I did expect you here, and knew,
Before you spake, your bus'ness too.

Quoth Hudibras, Make that appear,
And I shall credit whatsoe'er
You tell me after, on your word,
Howe'er unlikely or absurd.

You are in love, Sir, with a widow,
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,
And for three years has rid your wit
And passion, without drawing bit;
And now your bus'ness is to know
If you shall carry her or no.

the devil you come by 't
 mage ; for the stars 565
 can tell no more than a horse ;
 heir aspects (tho' you pore
 s out on 'em) tell you more
 oracle of sieve and sheers,
 is as certain as the spheres : 570
 : dev'l's of your counsel,
 ay be done, my noble Donzel ;
 on his account I come,
 from you my fatal doom.
 Sidrophel, If you suppose, 575
 it, that I am one of those,
 uspect, and take the alarm,
 'ness is but to inform ;
 ce, 't is ne'er the near,
 : a wrong sown by the ear ; 580
 ire you for my part,
 al by rules of art ;
 re lawful, and judge by
 ons of astrology ;
 he devil know nothing by him, 585
 this, that I defy him.
 he, Whatever others deem ye,
 and your metonymy ;
 rds of second-hand intention,
 ings by *wrongful* names you mention; 590

The myſtick ſhift of all your terms,
That are indeed but magick charms
To miſt the devil, and mean one thing,
And that is downright conjuring;
And in itſelf moſt warrantable 395
Than cheat, or coming to a rahhie,
Or putting tricks upon the moon,
Which by caſſed'nary are done.
Your ancient conjurers were wont
To make her ſmoke her ſphere diſmount, 400
And to their incantation ſtoop;
They ſcorn'd to pore thro' teleſcope,
Or illy play at ho-perp with her,
To find out cloudy or fair weather,
Which ev'ry almanack can tell, 405
Perhaps as learnedly and well
As you yourſelf—Then friend, I doubt
You go the fartheſt way about:
Your modern Indian magician
Makes but a hole in th' earth to piſs in, 410
And ſtraight reſolves all queſtions by 't,
And ſeldom fails to be i' th' right.
The Roſycruſian way 's more ſure
To bring the devil to the lure;
Each of 'em has a ſev'ral gin, 415
To catch intelligences in.
Some by the noſe, with fumes, trepan 'em,
As Dunſtan did the devil's grannam;

*. 618.] St. Dunſtan was made Archbiſhop of Canterbury

some with symbols, signs, and tokens,
 av'd in planetary micks,
 their own influences will fetch on
 n from their own work, and make on
 e 'em depole and answer on
 questions, are they let them go
 bathus kept a devil's part
 in the p'ntment of his work
 t taught him all the cunning ways
 aft and fust in the world
 y did all his fate from
 devil's looking-glass, a horse

961. His knowledge of the nature of the human mind
 ions much above the general level of the age
 ed him first the name of a philosopher, and then
 revered as such by the human mind, and as such
 onour of his people, as the son of God.
 . 631.] This story was told by a man who was
 ulator to Dr. Dee, was a man of great learning
 hecary, and was a great friend of the king.
 led to have the grand secret of the world
 y tells us he made, he at last succeeded in
 r in Germany, where he found a man who
 pretended to see apparitions, and who was
 s for a round time, as a trial, and who was
 l, Pucel, a learned philosopher, and who was
 many, the Emperor's friend, and who was
 society with him and Dr. Dee, and who was
 aritions, as was once the King of France.
 observes, that he was the first man who
 ear to him withing, and he was the first

Volume II,

Where playing with him at bo-peep,
He solv'd all problems ne'er so deep.
Agrippa kept a Stygian pug, 635
I' th' garb and habit of a dog,
That was his tutor, and the cur
Read to th' occult philosopher,
And taught him subt'ly to maintain
All other sciences are vain. 640

To this, quoth Sidrophello, Sir,
Agrippa was no conjurer,
Nor Paracelsus, no, nor Behmen;
Nor was the dog a cacodæmon,
But a true dog, that would shew tricks 645
For th' Emperour, and leap o'er sticks;
Would fetch and carry, was more civil
Than other dogs, and yet no devil;
And whatsoe'er he's said to do,
He went the self-same way we go. 650
As for the Rosycrofs philosophers,
Whom you will have to be but forcerers,
What they pretend to is no more
Than Trismegistus did before,
Pythagoras, old Zoroaster, 655
And Apollonius their master,
To whom they do confess they owe
All that they do, and all they know.

Quoth Hudibras, Alas! what is 't t' us
Whether 't was said by Trismegistus, 660

antiquity, nor author,
akes truth Truth, altho' 'Time's daughter;
he that put her in the pit, 665
he pull'd her out of it;

s he eats his sons, just so
eds upon his daughters too.
oes it follow, 'cause a herald
make a gentleman, scarce a year old, 670

be descended of a race
ancient kings in a small space,
at we should all opinions hold
athentick, that we can make old.

Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part 675
f prudence to cry down an art,
and what it may perform deny,
because you understand not why;

✱. 669, 670.] Such gentry were 'Thomas Pury the elder, first a weaver in Gloucester, then an ignorant solicitor. John Blackston, a poor shopkeeper of Newcastle. John Birch, formerly a carrier, afterwards colonel. Richard Salway, colonel, formerly a grocer's man. 'Thomas Rainsborough, a skipper of Lynn, colonel and Vice-admiral of England. Colonel Thomas Scot, a brewer's clerk. Colonel Phillp Skippon, originally a waggoner to Sir Fra. Vere. Colonel John Jones, a serving-man. Colonel Barkstead, a pitiful thimble and bodkin goldsmith. Colonel Pride, a foundling and drayman. Colonel Hewson, a one eyed cobbler; and Colonel Harrison, a butcher. These, and hundreds more, affected to be thought gentlemen, and lorded it over persons of the first rank and quality.

(As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick
To damn our whole art for eccentric)
For who knows all that knowledge can
Men dwell not on the tops of mountain
But on their sides, or risings, feat;
So 't is with knowledge's vast height,
Do not the hist'ries of all ages
Relate miraculous presages
Of strange turns, in the world's affairs,
Foreseen b' astrologers, soothsayers,
Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacks,
And some that have writ almanacks?
The Median Emp'rour dream'd his da
Had pist all Asia under water,
And that a vine, sprung from her ha
O'erspread his empire with its branch
And did not soothsayers expound it,
As after by th' event he found it?
When Cæsar in the senate fell,
Did not the sun eclips'd foretel,
And in resentment of his slaughter,
Look'd pale for almost a year after?
Augustus having, b' oversight,
Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,
Had like to have been slain that day,
By soldiers mutin'ing for pay,
*Are there not myriads of this sort,
Which stories of all times report?*

not ominous in all countries,
And crows and ravens croak upon trees?
Roman senate, when within
city walls an owl was seen,
cause their clergy, with lustrations,
or Synod calls Humiliations;
round-fac'd prodigy t' avert
from doing town or country hurt.
And if an owl have so much pow'r,
why should not planets have much more;
that in a region far above
inferiour fowls of the air move,
and should see further, and foreknow
more than their augury below?
Tho' that once serv'd the polity
Of mighty states to govern by;
And this is what we take in hand
By pow'rful Art to understand;
Which, how we have perform'd, all ages
Can speak th' events of our presages.
Have we not lately, in the moon,
Found a new world, to th' old unknown?
Discover'd sea and land Columbus,
And Magellan, cou'd never compass?
Made mountains with our tubes appear,
And cattle grazing on 'em there?
Quoth Hudibras, You lie to open
That I, without a telescope.

710

715

720

725

...

()

Can find **your** tricks out, and descry 735
 Where **you** tell truth, and where you lie :
 For Anaxagoras, long ago,
 Saw hills, as well as you, i' th' moon;
 And held the sun was but a piece
 Of red-hot iron as big as Greece : 740
 Believ'd the heav'n was made of stone;
 Because the sun had voided one;
 And, rather than he would recant
 Th' opinion, suffer'd banishment.

But what, alas! is it to us, 745
 Whether i' th' moon men thus or thus
 Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
 Or whether they have tails or horns?
 What trade from thence can you advance,
 But what we nearer have from France? 750
 What can our travellers bring home,
 That is not to be learnt at Rome?
 What politicks, or strange opinions,
 That are not in our own dominions?
 What science can be brought from thence, 755
 In which we do not here commence?
 What revelations, or religions,
 That are not in our native regions?
 Are sweating lanterns, or screen-fans,
 Made better there than they 're in France? 760
 Or do they teach to sing and play
 O' th' guitar there a newer way?

Can they make plays there, that shall fit
 The publick humour with less wit?
 Write wittier dances, quainter shows, 765
 Or fight with more ingenious blows?
 Or does the man i' th' moon look big,
 And wear a huger periwig?
 Shew in his gait, or face, more tricks
 Than our own native lunaticks? 770
 But if w' outdo him here at home,
 What good of your design can come?
 As wind i' th' hypocondres pent,
 Is but a blast if downward sent,
 But if it upward chance to fly, 775
 Becomes new light and prophecy;
 So when your speculations tend
 Above their just and useful end,
 Altho' they promise strange and great
 Discoveries of things far set, 780
 They are but idle dreams and fancies,
 And favour strongly of the ganzas.
 Tell me but what 's the natural cause
 Why on a sign no painter draws
 The full-moon ever, but the half? 785
 Resolve that with your Jacob's staff;
 Or why wolves raise a hubbub at her,
 And dogs howl when she shines in water?
 And I shall freely give my vote,
 You may know something more remote. 790

Plato deny'd the world can be
 Govern'd without geometree, 850
 (For money b'ing the common scale
 Of things by measure, weight, and tale,
 In all th' affairs of church and state,
 'Tis both the balance and the weight)
 Then much less can it be without 855
 Divine astrology made out,
 That puts the other down in worth,
 As far as heav'n's above the earth;

These reasons (quoth the Knight) I grant
 Are something more significant 860
 Than any that the learned use
 Upon this subject to produce;
 And yet they're far from satisfactory,
 T' establish and keep up your factory.
 Th' Egyptians say, the sun has twice 865
 Shifted his setting and his rise;
 Twice has he risen in the west,
 As many times set in the east;
 But whether that be true or no,
 The devil any of you know. 870
 Some hold the heavens, like a top,
 Are kept by circulation up,
 And were 't not for their wheeling round,
 They 'd instantly fall to the ground;

ψ. 873. *And were 't not.* And 't were not, In the four first editions. Altered in edit. 1689.

<i>Cardo III.</i>	NUDISBAS.	35
As sage Empedocles of old,		875
And from him modern authors hold.		
Plato believ'd the sun and moon		
Below all other planets run.		
Some Mercury, some Venus seat		
Above the sun himself in height.	880	
The learned Scaliger complain'd		
'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd,		
That in twelve hundred years and odd,		
The sun had left its ancient road,		
And nearer to the earth is come	885	
'Bove fifty thousand miles from home ;		
Swore 't was a most notorious sham,		
And he that had so little shame		
To vent such fopperies abroad,		
Deserv'd to have his rump well claw'd ;	890	
Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore		
That he deserv'd the rod much more,		
That durst upon a truth give doom,		
He knew less than the Pope of Rome.		
Cardan believ'd great states depend	895	
Upon the tip o' th' Bear's tail's end,		
That as she whisk'd it t'wards the sun,		
Strow'd mighty empires up and down ;		
Which others say must needs be false,		
Because your true bears have no tails.	900	

*. 894. *He knew less, &c.] He knew no more, &c.* two first editions 1664.

Some say the Zodiack constellations
 Have long since chang'd their antique stations
 Above a sign, and prove the same
 In Taurus now, once in the Ram;
 Affirm'd the Trigon's chopp'd and chang'd, 905
 The wat'ry with the fiery rang'd;
 Then how can their effects still hold
 To be the same they were of old?
 'This, tho' the art were true, would make
 Our modern soothsayers mistake, 910
 And is one cause they tell more lies,
 In figures and nativities,
 Than th' old Chaldean conjurers,
 In so many hundred thousand years;
 Beside their nonsense in translating, 915
 For want of Accidence and Latin,
 Like Idus, and Calendæ, Englist
 'The Quarter days, by skilful linguist;
 And yet with canting, sleight, and cheat,
 'Twill serve their turn to do the feat; 920
 Make fools believe in their foreseeing
 Of things before they are in being;
 'To swallow gudgeons ere they 're catch'd,
 And count their chickens ere they 're hatch'd;

v. 901.] This and the three following lines inserted 1674.
 In the first editions of 1664 they stand thus:

Some say the stars i' th' Zodiack,
 Are more than a whole sign gone back
 Since Ptolemy; and prove the same
 In Taurus now, then in the Ram.

HUDIBRAS.

the constellations prompt, 945
 in back their own account;
 best to him that gives
 ice for 't, or best believes.
 s, some cities, some, for brevity,
 he versal world's nativity, 930
 the infant-stars confess,
 or children, what they please.
 late the hidden fates
 s, puppy-dogs, and cats;
 ing-nags, and fighting-cocks; 935
 trade, lawsuits, and the pox;
 a measure of their lives
 mothers, husbands, wives,
 dition, trine, and quartile,
 s barren, and who fertile; 940
 lover's first aspect
 infant did infect
 body, and instill
 good and future ill;
 their dark fatal ties lurking, 945
 l periods fall a-working,
 out, like the hidden seeds
 leaves, into deeds,
 ips, enmities, and strife,
 ' emergencies of life; 950
 does he peep into
 l, but he has done his do,
 Z,

Catch'd all diseases, took all physick
That cures or kills a man that is sick;
Marry'd his punctual dose of wives, 955
Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
There's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of piece and war;
A thief and justice, fool and knave,
A huffing off'cer and a slave; 960
A crafty lawyer and pickpocket,
A great philos'pher and a blockhead;
A formal preacher and a player,
A learn'd physician and manslayer;
As if men from the stars did suck 965
Old age, diseases, and ill-luck,
Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,
Trade, travel, women, claps, and dice,
And draw, with the first air they breathe,
Battle and murder, sudden death. 970
Are not these fine commodities
To be imported from the skies,
And vended here among the rabble,
For staple goods and warrantable?
Like money by the Druids borrow'd, 975
In th' other world to be restored.

Quoth Sidrophel, To let you know
You wrong the art, and artists too,

*. 956. *Is cuckolded.*] *Cookolded*, in the two first editions of 1704.

HUDIBRAS.

ents are lost on those
principles oppose,
'I've done 't before)
to your sense once more,
figure that shall tell you
perhaps, forget befall you
rary inspection,
account our worst erection.

circle drawn, and square,
straight characters,
but 't or to understand 'em,
own habnab, at random.

'This scheme of th' heavens set,
in sight you met,
with a May-pole idol,
were hang'd both back and side well,
to overcome the Bear,
at you at Brentford fair;
y butchers broke your noddle,
I you like a fop-doodle.

idibras, I now perceive
sonj'ser, by your leave :
story is untrue,
no about such gulls as you.

quoeth he; Howe'er you vapour,
affirm make appear ;
shall justify it t' your face,
e was upon the place :

Dij

He play'd the saltinbancho's part,
 Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art;
 He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
 Chow'd and caldes'd ye like a blockhead, 1010
 And what you lost I can produce,
 If you deny it, here i' th' house.

Quoth Hudibras, I do believe
 That argument's demonstrative;
 Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us 1015
 A constable to seize the wretches;
 For tho' they're both false knaves and cheats,
 Impostors, jugglers, counterfeits,
 I'll make them serve for perpendic'lars
 As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers. 1020
 They're guilty, by their own confessions,
 Of felony, and at the Sessions,
 Upon the bench, I will so handle 'em,
 That the vibration of this pendulum
 Shall make all tailors' yards of one 1025
 Unanimous opinion;
 A thing he long has vapour'd of,
 But now shall make it out by proof.
 Quoth Sidrophel, I do not doubt
 To find friends that will bear me out; 1030
 Nor have I hazarded my art,
 And neck, so long on the State's part,
 To be expos'd, i' th' end, to suffer
 For such a braggadocio buffer.

Huffer, quoth Hudibras, this sword
Shall down thy false throat cram that word;
Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,
To apprehend this Stygian fornicifer;
Mean-while I'll hold 'em at a bay,
Lest he and Whachum run away. 1035

But Sidrophel, who from th' aspect
Of Hudibras did now erect
A figure worse portending far
Than that of most malignant star,
Believ'd it now the fittest moment 1045
To shun the danger that might come on't,
While Hudibras was all alone,
And he and Whachum, two to one.
This being resolv'd, he spy'd, by chance,
Behind the door, an iron lance, 1050
That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,
And legs, and loins, and shoulders bor'd;
He snatch'd it up, and made a pass,
To make his way thro' Hudibras.
Whachum had got a fire-fork, 1055
With which he vow'd to do his work;
But Hudibras was well prepar'd,
And stoutly stood upon his guard:
He put by Sidrophello's thrust,
And in right manfully he rusht; 1060
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the earth along.

Whithum his seasonal prong threw by,
And basely turn'd his back to fly;
But Hodibras gave him a twitch, 104
As quick as lightning, in the breech,
Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,
As wise philosophers have judg'd,
Because a kick in that place more
Hurts honour than deep wounds before. 106

Quoth Hodibras, The stars determin
You are my prisoners, base vermin:
Could they not tell you so, as well
As what I came to know foretel?
By this what cheats you are we find, 108
That in your own concerns are blind.
Your lives are now at my dispose,
To be redeem'd by fine or blows:
But who his honour would defile,
To take, or sell, two lives so vile? 110
I'll give you quarter; but your pillage,
The conqu'ring warriour's crop and tillage,
Which with his sword he reaps and plows,
That's mine, the law of arms allows.

This said in haste, in haste he fell
To rummaging of Sidrophel.
First he expounded both his pockets,
And found a watch, with rings and lockets,
Which had been left with him t' erect
A figure for, and so detect;

A copperplate, with almanacks
 Engrav'd upon 't, with other knacks
 Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers,
 And blank schemes to discover nimmers;
 A moon dial, with Napier's bones, 1195
 And sev'ral constellation stones,
 Engrav'd in planetary hours,
 That over mortals had strange powers
 To make 'em thrive in law or trade,
 And stab or poison to evade; 1196
 In wit or wisdom to improve,
 And be victorious in love.
 Whachum had neither cros nor pile,
 His plunder was not worth the while;
 All which the conqu'ror did discompt, 1197
 To pay for curing of his rump.
 But Sidrophel, as full of tricks
 As Rota-men of politicks,
 Straight cast about to overreach
 Th' unwary conqu'ror with a fetch, 1198
 And make him glad, at least, to quit
 His victory, and fly the pit,
 Before the secular prince of darkness
 Arriv'd to seize upon his carcass:

[1093.] John Booker was born in Manchester and was a famous astrologer in the time of the Civil wars. He was a great acquaintance of Lilly's; and so was this Sarah Jimmers, whom Lilly calls *Sarah Shubborn*, a great spendthrift. *It is no wonder that the Knight found several of these knacks in Sidrophel's cabinet.*

And as a fox, with hot pursuit
Chas'd thro' a warren, casts about
To save his credit, and among
Dead vermine on a gallows hung,
And while the dogs run underneath,
Escap'd (by counterfeiting death)
Not out of cunning, but a train
Of atoms juggling in his brain,
As learn'd philosophers give out;
So Sidrophello cast about,
And fell to 's wonted trade again,
'To feign himself in earnest slain
First stretch'd out one leg, then another,
And seeming in his breast to smother
A broken sigh; quoth he, Where am I?
Alive, or dead? or which way came I
Thro' so immense a space so soon?
But now I thought myself i' th' moon,
And that a monster, with huge whiskers
More formidable than a Switzer's,
My body thro' and thro' had drill'd,
And Whachum by my side had kill'd,
Had cross-examin'd both our hose,
And plunder'd all we had to lose;
Look, there he is, I see him now,
And feel the place I am run thro':
*And there lies Whachum by my side
Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd.*

Oh! oh! with that he fetch'd a groan,
 And fell again into a swoon,
 Shut both his eyes, and stopt his breath, 1145
 And to the life out-acted death,
 That Hudibras, to all appearing,
 Believ'd him to be dead as herring.
 He held it now no longer safe
 To tarry the return of Ralph, 1150
 But rather leave him in the lurch:
 Thought he, he has abus'd our Church,
 Refus'd to give himself one firke
 To carry on the Publick Work;
 Despis'd our Synod-men like dirt, 1155
 And made their discipline his sport;
 Divulg'd the secrets of their Classes,
 And their Conventions prov'd high places;
 Disparag'd their tithe-pigs, as Pagan,
 And set at nought their cheese and bacon; 1160
 Rail'd at their Covenant, and jeer'd
 Their rev'rend Parsons, to my beard;
 For all which scandals to be quit
 At once, this juncture falls out fit.
 I'll make him henceforth to beware, 1165
 And tempt my fury if he dare:
 He must at least hold up his hand,
 By twelve freeholders to be scann'd,
 Who by their skill in palmistry,
 Will quickly read his destiny, 1170

And make him glad to read his lesson,
Or take a turn for 't at the Session,
Unless his light and gifts prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I'm sure;
For if he 'scape with whipping now, 1175
'Tis more than he can hope to do;
And that will disengage my Conscience
Of th' obligation, in his own sense:
I'll make him now by force abide
What he by gentle means deny'd, 1180
To give my honour satisfaction,
And right the Brethren in the action.
This being resolv'd, with equal speed
And conduct he approach'd his fied,
And, with activity unwont, 1185
Assay'd the lofty beast to mount;
Which once achiev'd, he spurr'd, his palfrey
To get from th' enemy and Ralph free;
Left danger, fears, and foes behind,
And beat, at least three lengths, the wind. 1190

OF HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Crispiana.

WELL, Sidrophel, tho' 'tis in vain
 To tamper with your crazy brain,
 Without trepanning of your skull,
 As often as the moon's at full,
 'Tis not amiss, ere ye're giv'n o'er, 5
 To try one desp'rate med'cine more;
 For where your case can be no worse,
 The desp'rat'ft is the wisest course.
 Is't possible that you, whose ears
 Are of the tribe of Issachar's, 10
 And might (with equal reason) either
 For merit, or extent of leather,

* This Epistle was published ten years after the Third Canto of this second part, to which it is now annexed, namely, in the year 1674; and is said, in a Key to a burlesque poem of Mr. Butler's, published 1706, p. 13, to have been occasioned by Sir Paul Neal, a conceited virtuoso, and member of the Royal Society, who constantly affirmed that Mr. Butler was not the Author of Hudibras, which occasioned this Epistle; and by some he has been taken for the real Sidrophel of the Poem. This was the gentleman who, I am told, made a great discovery of an elephant in the moon, which, upon examination, proved to be no other than a mouse which had mistaken its way, and got into his telescope. See Poem, entitled *The Elephant in the Moon*, vol. III.

With William Pryn's, before they were
 Retrench'd and crucify'd, compare,
 Shou'd yet be deaf against a noise
 So roaring as the publick voice?
 That speaks your virtues free and loud,
 And openly in ev'ry crowd,
 As loud as one that sings his part
 T' a wheelbarrow, or turnip-cart,
 Or your new nick'd-nam'd old invention
 To cry green-Hastings with an engine;
 (As if the vehemence had stunn'd,
 And torn your drumheads with the sound)
 And 'cause your folly's now no news,
 But overgrown, and out of use,
 Persuade yourself there's no such matter,
 But that 't is vanish'd out of Nature;
 When Folly, as it grows in years,
 The more extravagant appears;
 For who but you could be possest
 With so much ignorance and beast,
 That neither all men's scorn and hate,
 Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
 Nor bray'd so often in a mortar,
 Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture,
 But (like a reprobate) what course
 Soever us'd, grow worse and worse?
 Can no transfusion of the blood,
 That makes fools cattle, do you good?

Not putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,
 To turn 'em into mongrel curs,
 Put you into a way, at least,
 To make yourself a better beast?
 Can all your critical intrigues, 45
 Of trying sound from rotten eggs;
 Your sev'ral new-found remedies,
 Of curing wounds and scabs in trees;
 Your arts of fluxing them for claps,
 And purging their infected saps; 55
 Recovering shankers, crystallines,
 And nodes and blotches in their rinds,
 Have no effect to operate
 Upon that duller block, your pate?
 But still it must be lewdly bent 65
 To tempt your own due punishment;
 And, like your whimpy'd chariots, draw
 The boys to course you without law;
 As if the art you have so long
 Profess'd, of making old dogs young, 75
 In you had virtue to renew
 Not only youth, but childhood too.
 Can you, that understand all books,
 By judging only with your looks,
 Resolve all problems with your face, 85
 As others do with B's and A's;
 Unriddle all that mankind knows
 With solid bending of your brows;
Volume II, 90

All arts and sciences advance,
 With screwing of your countenance,
 And with a penetrating eye,
 Into th' abstrusest learning pry;
 Know more of any trade b' a hint,
 Than those that have been bred up in 't,
 And yet have no art, true or false,
 To help your own bad naturals?
 But still the more you strive t' appear,
 Are found to be the wretcheder:
 For fools are known by looking wise,
 As men find woodcocks by their eyes.
 Hence 'tis that 'cause ye 've gain'd o' th' c
 A quarter share (at most) of knowledge,
 And brought in none, but spent repute,
 Y' assume a pow'r as absolute
 To judge, and censure, and control,
 As if you were the sole Sir Poll,
 And saucily pretend to know
 More than your dividend comes to:
 You'll find the thing will not be done
 With ignorance and face alone:
 No, tho' ye 've purchas'd to your name,
 In history, so great a fame;

v. 91, 92.] These two lines, I think, plainly d
 Lilly, and not Sir Paul Neal, was here lashed und
 of *Sidrophel*; for Lilly's fame abroad was indis
 Strickland, who was many years Agent for the Pa
 Holland, thus publishes it: "I came purposely in
 " twelve this day, to see the man who is so fan

aving all belief outgrown,
 ev'ry strange prodigious tale
 asur'd by your German tale—
 hich the virtue of my
 magnitude of ev'ry tale
 up to what it does at home
 place the biggest of your wits
 all those stories that are not
 truly to you, and the few that
 now still show, I hope you have
 lesser a still, or new, or more
 ' that luxury, beauty,
 'e sooner it is left to you
 all your vain reason, w'ith
 uns o'ercharg'd the most sense
 he that has but an honest
 ll things has a false sense
 put among the most of things
 ll the world may say to him

ts where I have been, and where I have been, and where I have been,
 amous all over Europe, and where I have been, and where I have been,
 e careful to be, and where I have been, and where I have been,
 chain and steel, and where I have been, and where I have been,
 ment in the world, and where I have been, and where I have been,
 re, was, and where I have been, and where I have been,
 dition, and where I have been, and where I have been,
 he triumph of the world, and where I have been, and where I have been,
 nous practices, and where I have been, and where I have been,
 105 — 200

Tho' you have try'd that nothing's born
With greater ease than publick scorn,
That all affronts do still give place
To your impenetrable face;
That makes your way thro' all affairs,
As pigs thro' hedges creep with theirs:
Yet as 't is counterfeit, and brags,
You must not think 't will always pass;
For all impostors, when they're known,
Are past their labour, and undone:
And all the best that can befall
An artificial natural,
Is that which madmen find, as soon
As once they're broke loose from the mo
And, proof against her influence,
Relapse to e'er so little sense,
To turn stark fools, and subjects fit
For sport of boys and rabble-wit.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III. CANTO I.

The Argument.

The Knight and Squire resolve at once,
The one the other to renounce;
They both approach the Lady's tower,
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to woo her.
She treats them with a masquerade,
By Furies and Hobgoblins made;
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And steals him from himself by night.

'Tis true no lover has that pow'r
To enforce a desperate amour,
As he that has two strings t' his bow,
And burns for love and money too;
For then he's brave and resolute,
Disdains to render in his suit;

5

We are now come to the Third Part of Hudibras, which is considerably longer than either the First or the Second; and yet can the severest critick say that Mr. Butler grows insipid in his invention, or falters in his judgment? No; he still continues to shine in both these excellencies; and, to manifest the extensiveness of his abilities, he leaves no art untried to spin out these adventures to a length proportionable to his wit and satire. I dare say the reader is not weary of him; nor will he be so at the conclusion of the Poem: and the reason is evident, because this last part is as fruitful of wit and humour as the former; and a poetick fire is equally diffused through the whole Poem, that burns every where clearly, and every where irresistibly.

Has all his flames and raptures doubl
And hangs or drowns, with half the
While those who sillily pursue
The simple, downright way and true
Make as unlucky applications,
And steer against the stream their pa
Some forge their mistresses of stars,
And when the ladies prove averſe,
And more untoward to be won
Than by Caligula the moon,
Cry out upon the stars for doing
Ill offices, to croſs their wooing,
When only by themselves they 're h
For truſting thoſe they made her kin
And ſtill the harſher and hide-boun
The damſels prove, become the fond
For what mad lover ever dy'd
To gain a ſoft and gentle bride?
Or for a lady tender-hearted,
In parling ſtreams or hemp departed
Leap'd headlong int' Elyſium,
'Thro' the windows of a dazzling ro
But for ſome croſs illnatur'd dame,
The am'rous fly burnt in his flame.
This to the Knight would be no nev
With all mankind ſo much in uſe,
Who therefore took the wiſer courſe
To make the moſt of his amours,

Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways,
As follows in due time and place. 33

No sooner was the bloody fight
Between the Wizard and the Knight,
With all th' appurtenances, over,
But he relaps'd again t' a lover, 40
As he was always wont to do,
When he 'ad discomfited a foe,
And us'd the only antique philters
Deriv'd from old heroick tilters.
But now triumphant and victorious, 45
He held th' achievement was too glorious
For such a conqueror to meddle
With petty constable or beadle,
Or fly for refuge to the hostess
Of th' inns of Court and Chancery, Justice; 50
Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause
To th' ordeal trial of the laws,
Where none escape, but such as branded
With redhot irons have past bare-handed;
And if they cannot read one verse 55
I' th' Psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.
He, therefore, judging it below him
To tempt a shame the dev'l might owe him,
Resolv'd to leave the Squire for bail
And mainprize for him to the jail, 60

*. 43. *And us'd, &c.*] *And us'd as*, in edit. 1679

To answer, with his vessel, all
That might disastrously befall,
And thought it now the fittest juncture
To give the Lady a rencounter,
T' acquaint her with his expedition,
And conquest o'er the fierce magician;
Describe the manner of the fray,
And shew the spoils he brought away;
His bloody scourging aggravate,
The number of the blows, and weight;
All which might probably succeed,
And gain belief he 'ad done the deed:
Which he resolv'd t' enforce, and spare
No pawning of his soul to swear;
But rather than produce his back,
To set his conscience on the rack;
And in pursuance of his urging
Of articles perform'd and scourging,
And all things else, upon his part,
Demand deliv'ry of her heart,
Her goods, and chattels, and good graces,
And person, up to his embraces.
Thought, he the ancient errant knights
Won all their ladies' hearts in fights,
And cut whole giants into fritters,
To put them into am'rous twitters;
Whose stubborn bowels scorn'd to yield,
Until their gallants were half kill'd;

when their bones were drubb'd so fast,
 durst not woo one combat more, 90
 ladies' hearts began to melt,
 'd by blows their lovers felt.
 With heroes, with their lances,
 he wound bulis' and ladies' fannies,
 he acquires the noblest spouse 100
 widows greatest herds of cows;
 what may I expect to do,
 he quell'd so vast a buffalo?
 -while the Squire was on his way,
 knight's late orders to obey; 110
 sent him for a strong detachment:
 adles, constables, and watchmen,
 ask the cunning man, for plunder
 ritted falsely on his lumber;
 he, who had so lately sack'd 120
 nemy, had done the fact,
 fled all his pokes and pish
 cracks, whims, and juggantries,
 he by hook or crook had gather'd,
 or his own inventions father'd 130
 when they shou'd, at good delivery,
 die one another's thiev'ry,
 might have evidence enough
 der neither halter-proof:
 ought it desperate to tarry, 140
 nature to be accessory;

But rather wisely slip his fetters,
And leave them for the Knight, his betters.
He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play
He would have offer'd him that day, 120
To make him curry his own hide,
Which no beast ever did beside,
Without all possible evasion,
But of the riding dispensation :
And therefore much about the hour 125
The Knight (for reasons told before)
Resolv'd to leave him to the fury
Of Justice, and an unpack'd jury,
The Squire concurr'd t' abandon him,
And serve him in the self-same trim; 130
T' acquaint the Lady what he 'ad done,
And what he meant to carry on;
What project 't was he went about,
When Sidrophel and he fell out;
His firm and stedfast resolution, 135
To swear her to an execution;
To pawn his inward ears to marry her,
And bribe the devil himself to carry her;
In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their party-saints to represent, 140
Who never fail'd, upon their sharing
In any prosperous arms-bearing,
To lay themselves out to supplant
Each other cousin-german saint.

But ere the Knight could do his part,
The Squire had got so much the start,
He 'ad to the Lady done his errand,
And told her all his tricks aforehand.
Just as he finish'd his report,

143

The Knight alighted in the court, 150

And having ty'd his beast t' a pale,

And taking time for both to stale,

He put his hand and beard in order,

The sprucer to accost and board her :

And now began t' approach the door, 155

When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,

Convey'd th' informer out of sight,

And went to entertain the Knight ;

With whom encount'ring, after longees

Of humble and submissive congees, 160

And all due ceremonies paid,

He streak'd his beard, and thus he said :

Madam, I do, as is my duty,

Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie ;

And now am come, to bring your ear 165

A present you'll be glad to hear ;

At least I hope so : the thing's done,

Or may I never see the sun ;

For which I humbly now demand

Performance at your gentle hand ; 170

And that you'd please to do your part,

As I have done mine, to my smart.

With that he shrugg'd his sturdy back,
 As if he felt his shoulders ake :
 But she, who well enough knew what 175
 (Before he spoke) he would be at,
 Pretended not to apprehend
 The mystery of what he mean'd,
 And therefore wish'd him to expound
 His dark expressions less profound. 180

Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
 How much I've suffer'd for your love,
 Which (like your votary) to win,
 I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin;
 And, for those meritorious lashes, 185
 To claim your favour and good graces.

Quoth she, I do remember once
 I freed you from th' enchanted scone,
 And that you promis'd, for that favour,
 To bind your back to th' good behaviour, 190
 And for my sake and service, vow'd
 To lay upon't a heavy load,
 And what't would bear t' a scruple prove,
 As other knights do oft' make love;
 Which whether you have done or no 195
 Concerns yourself, not me, to know;
 But if you have, I shall confess
 Y' are honestest than I could guess.

Quoth he, If you suspect my troth,
 I cannot prove it but by oath; 200

And if you make a question on't,
I'll pawn my soul that I have don't :
And he that makes his soul his surety,
I think, does give the best secur'ty.

Quoth she, Some say the soul's secure 205
Against distress and forfeiture;
Is free from action, and exempt
From execution and contempt;
And to be summon'd to appear
In th' other world's illegal here, 210
And therefore few make any account
Int' what incumbrances they run't :
For most men carry things so even
Between this world, and hell, and heaven,
Without the least offence to either, 215
They freely deal in all together,
And equally abhor to quit
This world for both, or both for it;
And when they pawn and damn their souls,
They are but pris'ners on paroles. 220

For that, quoth he, 't is rational,
They may b' accomptable in all :
For when there is that intercourse
Between divine and human pow'rs,
That all that we determine here 225
Commands obedience every where;
When penalties may be commuted
For fines, or ears, and executed,

follows nothing binds so fast
 230

or oaths are th' only tells and seals;
 if right and wrong, and true and false;

and there's no other way to try
 The doubts of law and justice by.

Quoth she, What is it you would swear?
 235

There's no believing till I hear:
 For 'till they're understood, all tales

(Like nonsense) are not true nor false.

Quoth he, When I resolv'd t' obey
 240

What you commanded th' other day,
 And to perform my exercise,

(As schools are wont) for your fair eyes,
 I avoid all scruples in the case,

I went to do't upon the place;
 245

But as the castle is enchanted
 By Siderphel the witch, and haunted

With evil spirits, as you know,
 Who took my Squire and me for two,

before I'd hardly time to lay
 250

My weapons by, and disarray,
 I heard a formidable noise,

loud as the Stentrophonick voice,
 That roar'd far off, Dispatch, and strip,

I am ready with th' infernal whip,
 255

That shall divest thy ribs of skin,
 To expiate thy ling'ring sin;

HUDIBRAS.

'ast broke perfidiously thy oath,
 not perform'd thy plighted troth,
 spar'd thy renegado back,
 ere thou 'adst so great a prize at stake,
 which now the Fates have order'd me,
 penance and revenge, to flee,
 lest thou presently make haste;
 time is, time was: and there it ceas't,
 with which, tho' startled, I confess,
 let th' horror of the thing was less
 than the other dismal apprehension
 Of interruption or prevention;
 And therefore snatching up the rod,
 I laid upon my back a load,

Resolv'd to spare no flesh and blood,
 To make my word and honour good;
 Till tir'd, and taking truce at length,
 For new recruits of breath and strength,
 I felt the blows still ply'd as fast,
 As if they 'ad been by lovers plac'd,
 In captures of Platonick lashing,
 And chaste contemplative bardashing;
 When facing hastily about,
 To stand upon my guard and scout,
 I found th' infernal running man,
 And th' under-witch, his Caliban,
 With scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
 That on my outward quarters storm'd.

In haste I snatch'd my weapon up, 285
 And gave their hellish rage a stop;
 Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell
 Courageously on Sidrophel,
 Who now, transform'd himself t' a bear,
 Began to roar aloud and tear; 290
 When I as furiously press'd on,
 My weapon down his throat to run,
 Laid hold on him, but he broke loose,
 And turn'd himself into a goose,
 Div'd under water, in a pound, 295
 To hide himself from being found.
 In vain I sought him; but as soon
 As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
 Prepar'd, with equal haste and rage,
 His under-forc'er to engage; 300
 But bravely scorning to defile
 My sword with feeble blood, and vile,
 I judg'd it better from a quick
 Set hedge to cut a knotted stick,
 With which I furiously laid on, 305
 Till in a harsh and doleful tone
 It roar'd; O hold, for pity, Sir;
 I am too great a sufferer,
 Abus'd, as you have been, by a witch,
 But conjur'd int' a worse caprich, 310
 Who sends me out on many a night,
 Old houses in the night to haunt,



NUDIBRAS.

65

ities t' improve
ievery or love ;
onvey'd in drink or meat, 315
itches counterfeit,
geese with powder'd glaſs,
for enchantment paſs ;
h meazle like a leper,
with fumes of Guiney pepper ; 320
s, and their punks, with dewtry,
ntastical advowtry ;
metick men to run
mad with manicon ;
anick virtuosi 325
mountains in Potosi ;
an the antick fools,
e for a heap of coals ;
plants with signatures,
universal cures ; 330
ground on panes of glaſs,
on their heads to paſs ;
heaps of coin increaſe,
om a ſingle piece ;
fools, whoſe nat'ral itches 335
etually to witches,
e in continual fears,
of my neck and ears ;
elinquents have been ſcourg'd,
n wooden anvils forg'd, 340

Which others for cravats have worn
About their necks, and took a turn.

I pity'd the sad punishment
The wretched caitiff underwent,
And held my drubbing of his bones 343
Too great an honour for paltrones;
For knights are bound to feel no blows
From paltry and unequal foes,
Who when they flash, and cut to pieces,
Do all with civillest addresses: 350
Their horses never give a blow;
But when they make a leg and bow.
I therefore spar'd his flesh, and prest him
About the witch with many a quest'on.

Quoth he, For many years he drove 355
A kind of broking trade in love,
Employ'd in all th' intrigues, and trust,
Of feeble speculative lust;
Procurer to th' extravagancy
And crazy ribaldry of fancy, 360
By those the devil had forlook,
As things below him, to provoke;
But b'ing a virtuoso, able
To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
He held his talent most adroit, 365
For any mystical exploit,
As others of his tribe had done,
And rais'd their prices three to one;

For one predicting pump has th' odds
Of chaldrons of plain downright bawds.
But as an elf (the dev'l's valet)
Is not so slight a thing to get,
For those that do his bus'ness best,
In hell are us'd the ruggedest,
Before so meriting a person
Cou'd get a grant, but in reversion,

370

375

He serv'd two 'prenticeships, and being;
I' th' myst'ry of a lady monger.

For (as some write) a witch's ghost,
As soon as touch the body loost,
Becomes a painey lump it self,
And is another witch's elf,

380

He, after searching far and near,
At length found one in Lancashire;
With whom he bargain'd beforehand,
And, after hanging, entertain'd:

385

Place which he 'as play'd a thousand scots,
And practis'd all mechanick chests;
Transform'd himself to th' ugly shapes
Of wolves, and bears, baboons, and apes,
Which he has vary'd more than witches,
Or Pharaoh's wizards, cou'd their switches;
And all with whom he 'as had to do,
Turn'd to as monstrous figures to;
Witness myself, whom he 'as abus'd,
And to this beastly shape reduc'd,

390

395

AUDIBRAS.

feeding me
e crams in nature
and turns to
to make me
And one by
Lick up the
Beside—B
To tell what

ans and peace
revices,
ts by his arts,
for deserts,
and fear,

400

405

The Lady stopt

And told him now 't was time to hear.

If half those things (said she) be true,

(They 're all, (quoth he) I swear by you)

Why then, said she, that Sidrophel

Has damn'd himself to th' pit of hell,

Who, mounted on a broom, the nag

And hackney of a Lapland hag,

In quest of you came hither post,

Within an hour (I'm sure) at most,

Who told me all you swear and say,

Quite contrary another way;

Vow'd that you came to him, to know

If you shou'd carry me or no,

And would have hir'd him and his imps,

To be your matchmakers and pimps,

T' engage the devil on your side,

And steal (like Proserpine) your bride;

But he disdaining to embrace

So filthy a design and base,

410

415

420

NUDIBRAS.

69

425

ring and huffing,
him like a ruffin;
early, unprepar'd,
ne to mount his guard,
cad upon the ground,
ruins and desp'rate wound;
I broke and robb'd his house,
califmanique louse,
ew-found old inventions,
onious intentions,
uld bring out where he had,
e bought them for, and paid;
morpion, and punese,
en for his proper ease,
perfect minutes made,
est artist of the trade;
e could prove it) since he lost,
een eaten up almost,
gether might amount
y hundreds on account;
ich he 'ad got sufficient warrant
e the malefactors errant,
ut capacity of bail,
a cart's or horse's tail;
lid not doubt to bring the wretches
erve for pendulums to watches,
ch, modern virtuosi say,
ue to hanging every way.

430

435

440

445

450

Beside, he swore, and swore 't was true,
That ere he went in quest of you,
He set a figure to discover
If you were fled to Rye or Dover,
And found it clear that, to betray
Yourself and me, you fled this way,
And that he was upon pursuit,
To take you somewhere hereabout.
He vow'd he had intelligence
Of all that pass'd before or since,
And found that, ere you came to him,
Y' 'ad been engaging life and limb
About a case of tender conscience,
Where both abounded in your own sense
Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,
Had clear'd all scruples in the case,
And prov'd that you might swear and ow
Whatever 's by the Wicked done,
For which, most basely to requite
The service of his gifts and light,
You strove t' oblige him, by main force,
To scourge his ribs instead of your's,
But that he stood upon his guard,
And all your vapouring outdar'd;
For which, between you both, the feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.

While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knig!
Turn'd th' outside of his eyes to white;

(As men of inward light are wont
To turn their opticks in upon 't)
He wonder'd how she came to know
What he had done, and meant to do ;
Held up his affidavit hand, 485
As if he 'ad been to be arraign'd;
Cast towards the door a ghastly look,
In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke :

Madam, if but one word be true
Of all the wizard has told you, 490
Or but one single circumstance
In all th' apocryphal romance,
May dreadful earthquakes swallow down
This vessel, that is all your own;
Or may the heavens fall, and cover 495
These reliques of your constant lover.

You have provided well (quoth she)
(I thank you) for yourself and me,
And shewn your Presbyterian wits
Jump punctual with the Jesuits ; 500
A most compendious way, and civil,
At once to cheat the world, the devil,
And heaven and hell, yourselves, and those
On whom you vainly think t' impose.
Why then, (quoth he) may hell surprise, 505
That trick (said she) will not pass twice :
I 've learn'd how far I'm to believe
Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve;

But there's a better way of clearing
What you would prove, than downright swearing;
For if you have perform'd the feat,
The blows are visible as yet,
Enough to serve for satisfaction
Of nicest scruples in the action;
And if you can produce those knobs,
Altho' they're but the witch's drabs,
I'll pass them all upon account,
As if your nat'ral self had don't;
Provided that they pass th' opinion
Of able juries of old women,
Who us'd to judge all matter of facts
For bellies, may do so for backs.

Madam, (quoth he) your love's a million,
To do is less than to be willing,
As I am, were it in my power,
T' obey what you command, and more;
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care,
To keep my wounds from taking air;
For wounds in these that are all heart,
Are dangerous in any part.

I find (quoth she) my goods and chattels
Are like to prove but mere drawn battels;
For still the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the end;

now we should agree,
you expect from me?
ed faith (quoth he) and word
heaven on record,
contracts, to have and t' hold,
llingly enroll'd;
s counted treason here
ecords, 't is much more there.

file, There are no bargains driv'n,
rings clapp'd up, in heav'n,
it's not reason, as some guess,
s no heav'n in marriages;
sings that naturally press
arowly, to be at ease;
hus'ness there is only love,
a marriage is not like t' improve;
that 's too gen'rous t' abide
e against its natural ty'd;
where 't is of itself inclin'd,
eaks loose when it is confin'd,
d like the soul, its harbourer,
cherr'd the freedom of the air,
isdains against its will to stay,
ut struggles out, and flies away;
and therefore never can comply
F' endure the matrimonial tie,
That binds the female and the male,
Where th' one is but the other's bail;

Volume II.

Like Roman gaolers, when they slept, 565
Chain'd to the prisoners they kept,
Of which the true and faithfull'st lover
Gives best security to suffer.
Marriage is but a beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way, 570
And therefore 't is not to b' admir'd
It should so suddenly be tir'd;
A bargain, at a venture made,
Between two partners in a trade;
(For what 's inferr'd by t' have and t' hold, 575
But something past away, and fold!)
That, as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things else as low,
And at the best is but a mart
Between the one and th' other part, 580
That on the marriage day is paid,
Or hour of death, the bet is laid;
And all the rest of better or worse,
Both are but losers out of purse:
For when upon their ungot heirs 585
Th' entail themselves, and all that 's theirs,
What blinder bargain e'er was driv'n,
Or wager laid at six and sev'n?
To pass themselves away, and turn
Their children's tenants ere they're born? 590
Beg one another idiot
To guardians, ere they are begot;

Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one
 Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
 Tho' got b' implicit generation,
 And gen'ral club of all the nation;
 For which she's fortify'd no less
 Than all the island, with four seas;
 Exact's the tribute of her dower,
 In ready insolence and power,
 And makes him pass away, to have
 And hold, to her, himself, her slave,
 More wretched than an ancient villain,
 Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling;
 While all he does upon the by,

595

600

605

**She is not bound to justify,
 Nor at her proper cost and charge
 Maintain the facts he does at large.
 Such hideous facts were those obedient
 Old vassals to their ladies regent,
 To give the cheats the eldest hand
 In foul play by the laws o' th' land,
 For which so many a legal cuckold
 Has been run down in courts, and truckell'd:
 A law that most unjustly yokes
 All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Noakes,
 Without distinction of degree,
 Condition, age, or quality;
 Admits no pow'r of revocation,
 Nor valuable consideration,**

610

615

620

Nor writ of Error; nor reverse
 Of judgment past, can better or worse;
 Will not allow the privileges
 That beggars challenge under hedges,
 Who, when they're griev'd, can make good
 Their sp'ritual judges of divoties,
 While nothing else but ~~can~~ in ~~re~~
 Can set the proudest wretches free;
 A slavery beyond enduring,
 But that 't is of their own procuring.
 As spiders never seek the fly,
 But leave him of himself, t' apply;
 So men are by themselves employ'd,
 To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
 And run their necks into a noose,
 They 'd break 'em after to break loose.
 As some whom death would not depart,
 Have done the feat themselves by art.
 Like Indian widows, gone to bed,
 In flaming curtains, to the dead;
 And men as often dangled for 't,
 And yet will never leave the sport.
 Nor do the ladies want excuse
 For all the stratagems they use,
 To gain th' advantage of the set;
 And lurch the amorous rook and cheat.
 For as the Pythagorean soul
 Runs thro' all beasts, and fish; and fowl,

And has a smack of ev'ry one,
 So love does, and has ever done;
 And therefore tho't is ne'er so fond,
 Takes strangely to the vagabond.
 'Tis but an ague that's reverst,
 Whose hot fit takes the patient first,
 That after burns with cold as much
 As iron in Greenland does the touch;
 Melts in the furnace of desire,
 Like glass, that's but the ice of fire;
 And when his heat of fancy's over,
 Becomes as hard and frail a lover;
 For when he's with love-powder laden,
 And prim'd and peck'd by Misser Madam,
 The smallest sparkle of an eye
 Gives fire to his artillery;
 And off the land on the go, but, while
 They're in the very act, recoil:
 Hence 't is so few dare take their choice
 Without a sep'rate maintenance;
 And widows, who have try'd once lower,
 Trust none again till they've made o'er;
 Or if they do, before they marry,
 The foxes weigh the geese they carry;
 And ere they venture o'er a stream,
 Know how to size themselves and them.
 Whence wittiest ladies always chuse
 To undertake the heaviest goose:

writ of Errour; nor reverse
 idgment pass, for better or worse;
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 eir sp'ritual judges of divorces, 626
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HUDIBRAS.

Canto I.

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Whence wittiest ladies always
Undertake the heaviest go

For now the world is grown so wary,
That few of either sex dare marry;
But rather trust, on tick, t' amours,
The cross and pile for better or worse;
A mode that is held honourable
As well as French, and fashionable:
For when it falls out for the best,
Where both are incommoded least,
In soul and body two unite
To make up one hermaphrodite,
Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling;
They've more puntilios and captriche
Between the petticoat and bréeches,
More petulant extravagances,
Than poets make 'em in romances;
Tho' when their heroes 'spouse the day
We hear no more of charms and flame
For then their late attracts decline,
And turn as eager as prick'd wine,
And all their catterwauling tricks,
In earnest to us jealous piques,
Which th' Ancients wisely signify'd
By th' yellow mantos of the bride:
For jealousy is but a kind
Of clap and grincam of the mind,
The natural effects of love,
As other flames and aches prove:

But all the mischief is, the doubt 705
 On whose account they first broke out,
 For tho' Chineses go to bed,
 And lie-in in their ladies' stead,
 And, for the pains they took before,
 Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more, 710
 Our green-men do it worse, when th' hap
 To fall in labour of a clap;
 Both lay the child to one another,
 But who's the father, who the mother,
 'Tis hard to say in multitudes, 715
 Or who imported the French goods.
 But health and sickness b'ing all one,
 Which both engag'd before to own,
 And are not with their bodies bound
 To worship, only when they're found, 720
 Both give and take their equal shares
 Of all they suffer by false wares;
 A fate no lover can divert
 With all his caution, wit, and art:
 For 'tis in vain to think to guess 725
 At women by appearances,
 That paint and patch their imperfections
 Of intellectual complexions,
 And daub their tempers o'er with washes
 As artificial as their faces; 730
 Wear under vizard-masks their talents,
 And mother-wits before their gallants;

Until they 're hamper'd in the noose,
 Too fast to dream of breaking loose;
 When all the flaws they strove to hide 735
 Are made unready with the bride,
 That with her wedding-clothes undresses
 Her complaisance and gentilefies;
 Tries all her arts to take upon her
 The government, from th' easy owner; 740
 Until the wretch is glad to wave
 His lawful right, and turn her slave;
 Find all his having and his holding
 Reduc'd t' eternal noise and scolding;
 The conjugal petard, that tears 745
 Down all portcullices of ears,
 And makes the volly of one tongue
 For all their leathern shields too strong;
 When only arm'd with noise and nails,
 The female silkworms ride the males, 750
 Transform 'em into rams and goats
 Like Syrens, with their charming notes;
 Sweet as a screechowl's serenade,
 Or those enchanting murmurs made
 By th' husband mandrake, and the wife, 755
 Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.

Quoth he, These reasons are but strains
 Of wanton over-heated brains,
 Which ralliers in their wit or drink
 Do rather wheedle with than think. 760

was not man in Paradise,
 he was created twice,
 had his better half, his bride,
 and from th' original, his side,
 mend his natural defects,
 perfect his recruiting sex;
 ge his breed, at once, and lessen

765

ains and labour of increasing,
 saging them for other cares,
 his dry'd-up paps appears.

770

ody that stupendous frame,
 the world the anagram,

we equal parts compact,

pe and symmetry exact,

uch the left and female side

775

he manly right a bride,

join'd together with such art,

nothing else but death can part.

heav'nly attracts of your's, your eyes,

ace, that all the world surpris,

780

dazzle all that look upon ye,

corch all other ladies tawny;

ravishing and charming graces,

l made up of two half faces

in a mathematick line,

785

hose in other heav'ns, join;

uch, if either grew alone,

ld fright as much to look upon

And so would that sweet bud, your lip,
Without the other's fellowship. 790
Our noblest senses act by pairs,
Two eyes to see, to hear two ears;
Th' intelligencers of the mind,
To wait upon the soul design'd:
But those that serve the body alone 795
Are single and confin'd to one.
'The world is but two parts, that meet
And close at th' equinoctial fit;
And so are all the works of Nature,
Stamp'd with her signature on matter; 800
Which all her creatures, to a leaf,
Or smallest blade of grass, receive.
All which sufficiently declare
How entirely marriage is her care,
The only method that she uses 805
In all the wonders she produces;
And those that take their rules from her
Can never be deceiv'd nor err:
For what secures the civil life,
But pawns of children, and a wife? 810
That lie, like hostages, at stake,
To pay for all men undertake;
To whom it is as necessary,
As to be born and breathe, to marry;
So universal, all mankind 815
In nothing else is of one mind.

For in what stupid age or nation
Was marriage ever out of fashion ?
Unless among the Amazons,
Or cloister'd Friars and Vestal nuns, 820
Or Stoicks, who, to bar the freaks
And loose excesses of the sex,
Prepost'rously would have all women
Turn'd up to all the world in common ;
Tho' men would find such mortal feuds 825
In sharing of their publick goods,
"I would put them to more charge of lives,
Than they 're supply'd with now by wives,
Until they graze, and wear their clothes,
As beasts do, of their native growths ; 830
For simple wearing of their horns
Will not suffice to serve their turns.
For what can we pretend t' inherit,
Unless the marriage-deed will bear it ?
Could claim no right to lands or rents, 835
But for our parents' settlements ;
Had been but younger sons o' th' earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.
What honours, or estates of peers,
Could be preserv'd but by their heirs ? 840
And what security maintains
Their right and title, but the bans ?
What crowns could be hereditary,
If greatest monarchs did not marry,

And with their consorts consummate
Their weightiest interests of state ?
For all the amours of princes are
But guarantees of peace or war,
Or what but marriage has a charm,
The rage of empires to disarm ?
Make blood and desolation cease,
And fire and sword unite in peace,
When all their fierce contests for forage
Conclude in articles of marriage ?
Nor does the genial bed provide
Less for the int'rests of the bride,
Who else had not the least pretence
T' as much as due benevolence ;
Could no more title take upon her
To virtue, quality, and honour,
Than ladies errant unconfin'd,
And feme-coverts t' all mankind.
All women would be of one piece,
The virtuous matron, and the miss ;
The nymphs of chaste Diana's train,
The same with those in Lewkner's lane,
But for the difference marriage makes
"Twixt wives and ladies of the Lakes :
Besides the joys of place and birth,
The sex's paradise on earth,
A privilege so sacred held,
That none will to their mothers yield,

This is the first time that the FBI has ever
 been involved in a case of this kind.

Unleash among the Amazons,
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But for out elements;

Mad been as o' th' ear
Debarr'd it - birth.

What horror
Could be pre-
pared
for him?

And what for
their right? base?

That crown
great as

And, to relieve their weariness,
By turns give one another ease;
So all those false alarms of strife
Between the husband and the wife,
And little quarrels often prove 905
To be but new recruits of love,
When those who're always kind or coy,
In time must either tire or cloy.
Nor are the loudest clamours more
Than as they're relish'd sweet or sour; 910
Like musick that proves bad or good,
According as 't is understood.
In all amours a lover burns
With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns;
And hearts have been as oft' with sullen 915
As charming looks surpris'd and stolen :
'Then why should more betwitching clamour
Some lovers not as much enamour?
For discords make the sweetest airs,
And curses are a kind of pray'rs; 920
'Two slight alloys for all those grand
Felicities by marriage gain'd :
For nothing else has pow'r to settle
Th' interests of love perpetual :
An act and deed that makes one heart 925
Become another's counterpart,
And passes fines on faith and love,
Enroll'd and register'd above,

And what security's the strong
To guard that gentle heart from wrong,
That to its friend is glad to pass
Itself away, and all it has,

And, like an authorise, gives over
This world, for the heav'n of a lover?
I grant (quoth she) there are some few
Who take that course, and find it true,
But millions whom the same does sentence
To heav'n b' another way, repentance.

Love's arrows are but shot at revere,
Tho' all they hit they turn to lovers,
And all the weighty consequences
Depend upon more blind events
Than gamesters when they play a set
With greatest cunning at Piquet,
Put out with caution; but take in
They know not what, unsight, unseen.

For what do lovers, when they're fast
In one another's arms embrac'd,
But strive to plunder, and convey
Each other, like a prize, away?
To change the property of selves,
As sucking children are by elves?

And if they use their persons so,
What will they to their fortunes do?

Their fortunes! the perpetual aims
 Of all their ecstasies and flames.
 For when the money's on the book,
 And *All my worldly goods*—but spoke, 960
 (The formal livery and seisin
 That puts a lover in possession)
 To that alone the bridegroom's wedded,
 The bride a flame that's superseded: 965
 To that their faith is still made good,
 And all the oaths to us they vow'd;
 For when we once resign our pow'rs,
 We've nothing left we can call ours:
 Our money's now become the Miss 970
 Of all your lives and services,
 And we forsaken and postpon'd,
 But bawds to what before we own'd;
 Which as it made y' at first gallant us,
 So now hires others to supplant us, 975
 Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors
 (As we had been) for new amours.
 For what did ever heiress yet,
 By being born to lordships, get?
 When, the more lady she's of manors,
 She's but expos'd to more trepanners, 980
 Pays for their projects and designs,
 And for her own destruction fines;
 And does but tempt them with her riches,
 To use her as the dev'l does witches,

takes it for a special grace 98
 : their culty for a space;
 , when the time's expir'd, the dragoons
 ver may become his vassals;
 : bewitch'd by rocks and spirits,
 ys herself, and all his inheritor;
 ight and gold, like stolen goods,
 mps, and matchmakers, and bawds;
 they force her to convey;
 heal the thief himself away.
 : are the everlasting fruits 99
 your passionate lovesuits,
 ffects of all your am'rous fancies,
 rtions and inheritances;
 lovesick raptures, for fruition
 wry, jointures, and tuition; 100
 hich you make address and courtship,
 with your bodies fires to worship,
 th' infant's fortunes may partake
 re too, for the mother's sake.
 ese you play at peripeteia, 1005
 ove your loves with A's and B's;
 ese at Beasts and I: 'Ombre woo,
 lay for love and money too;
 who shall be the ablest man
 ht gallanting of a fan; 1010
 who the most geneally bred
 king of a vizard-head;

How best t' accost us in all quarters,
 T' our question and command new garters;
 And solidly discourse upon 1015
 All sorts of dresses *pro* and *con*;
 For there's no mystery nor trade,
 But in the art of love is made;
 And when you have more debts to pay
 Than Michaelmas and Lady-day, 1020
 And no way possible to do 't
 But love and oaths, and restless suit,
 To us y' apply, to pay the scores
 Of all your cully'd past amours;
 Act o'er your flames and darts again, 1025
 And charge us with your wounds and pain;
 Which others' influences long since
 Have charm'd your noses with, and shins;
 For which the surgeon is unpaid,
 And like to be, without our aid. 1030
 Lord! what an am'rous thing is want!
 How debts and mortgages enchant!
 What graces must that lady have,
 That can from execution save!
 What charms, that can reverse extent, 1035
 And null decree and exigent!
 What magical attracts, and graces,
 That can redeem from *Scire facias*!
 From bonds and statutes can discharge,
 And from contempts of courts enlarge! 1040

These are the highest excellences
Of all your true or false pretences;
And you would damn yourselves, and swear
As much t' an hostess dowager,
Grown fat and purfy by retail 1045
Of pots of beer and bottled ale,
And find her fitter for your turn,
For fat is wondrous apt to burn;
Who at your flames would soon take fire,
Relent, and melt to your desire, 1050
And, like a candle in the socket,
Dissolve her graces int' your pocket.

By this time 't was grown dark and late,
When they' heard a knocking at the gate,
Laid on in haste, with such a powder, 1055
The blows grew louder still and louder:

✧. 1053, 1054.] Two days were but yet passed since the beginning of these adventures; we are now entering into the night wherein happened the most remarkable action in the whole Poem. Mr. Butler, in this piece of management, imitated Homer and Virgil, who are equally celebrated for their night-adventures. But who are the persons that knock at the gate? probably two of the Lady's own servants: for as she and Ralpho (who all the time lay in ambuscade) had been descanting on the Knight's villainies, so they had undoubtedly laid this scheme to be revenged of him: the servants were disguised, and acted in a bold and heftoring manner, pursuant to the instructions given them by the Widow. The Knight was to be made believe they were Sidrophel and Whachum, which made his fright and confusion so great, that we find him falling into a swoon

Which Hudibras, as if they 'ad been,
Bestow'd as freely on his skin,
Expounding by his inward light,
Or rather more prophetick fright, 1060
'To be the Wizard come to search,
And take him napping in the lurch,
'Turn'd pale as ashes, or a clout,
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt:
For men will tremble, and turn paler, 1065
With too much or too little valour.
His heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a passage thro' his side,
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,
But in a fury to fly at 'em; 1070
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a cranny to creep out.
But she who saw in what a taking
The Knight was by his furious quaking,
Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight, 1075
Know I'm resolv'd to break no rite
Of hospital'ty to a stranger,
But, to secure you out of danger,
Will here myself stand sentinel,
To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel: 1080
Women, you know, do seldom fail
To make the stoutest man turn tail,
And bravely scorn to turn their backs,
Upon the desp'ratest attacks,

At this the knight grew resolute
 As Ironside, or Hardiknute;
 His fortitude began to rally,
 And out he cry'd aloud to rally;
 But she besought him to convey
 His courage rather out o' th' way,
 And lodge an ambush on the floor,
 Or fortify'd behind a door,
 That, if the enemy should enter,
 He might relieve her in th' adventure.

Mean-while they knock'd against the door, 1095

As fierce as at the gate before;
 Which made the renegado Knight
 Relapse again t' his former fright.
 He thought it desperate to stay
 Till th' enemy had forc'd his way,
 But rather post himself, to serve
 The Lady for a fresh reserve.
 His duty was not to dispute,
 But what she 'd order'd execute;
 Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey,
 And therefore stoutly march'd away,
 And all h' encounter'd fell upon,
 Tho' in the dark, and all alone;
 Till fear, that braver feats performs
 Than ever courage dar'd in arms,

♀. 1086.] Two famous and valiant princes of this country,
 the one a Saxon, the other a Dane.

Had drawn him up before a pass,
To stand upon his guard, and face :
This he courageously invaded,
And, having enter'd, barricado'd ;
Enfconr'd himself as formidable
As could be underneath a table,
Where he lay down in ambush close,
T^o expect th' arrival of his foes.
Few minutes he had lain *perdue*,
To guard his desp'rate avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful shout,
As loud as putting to the rout,
With which impatiently alarm'd,
He fancy'd the enemy had storm'd,
And after ent'ring, Sidrophel
Was fall'n upon the guards pellmell ;
He therefore sent out all his senses
To bring him in intelligences,
Which vulgars, out of ignorance,
Mistake for falling in a trance ;
But those that trade in geomancy,
Affirm to be the strength of fancy ;
In which the Lapland Magi deal,
And things incredible reveal.
Mean-while the foe beat up his quarters,
And storm'd the outworks of his fortress ;
And as another of the same
Degree and party, in arms and fame,

That in the same cause had engag'd,
And war with equal conduct wag'd, 1140
By vent'ring only but to thrust
His head a span beyond his post,
B' a general of the Cavaliers
Was dragg'd thro' a window by th' ears,
So he was serv'd in his redoubt, 1145
And by the other end pull'd out.

Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
As if they 'ad scorn'd to trade or barter,
By giving or by taking quarter : 1150
They stoutly on his quarters laid,
Until his scouts came in t' his aid :
For when a man is past his sense,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' ears or nose, 1155
Or laying on of heavy blows,
And if that will not do the deed,
To burning with hot irons proceed.
No sooner was he come t' himself,
But on his neck a sturdy elf 1160
Clapp'd, in a trice, his cloven hoof,
And thus attack'd him with reproof :

Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
B' our friend, thy evil genius,
Who for thy horrid perjuries, 1165
Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,

The Brethren's privilege (against
The wicked) on themselves, the Saints
Has here thy wretched carcass sent,
For just revenge and punishment, 1170
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
But by an open, free confession;
For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.

What made thee venture to betray, 1175
And filch the Lady's heart away?
To spirit her to matrimony?—
That which contracts all matches, money.
It was th' enchantment of her riches,
That made m' apply t' your crony witches; 1180
That in return would pay th' expense,
The wear and tear of conscience,
Which I could have patch'd up and turn'd,
For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.

Didst thou not love her then? speak true. 1185
No more (quoth he) than I love you.
How wouldst thou 've us'd her and her money?
First turn'd her up to alimony,
And laid her dowry out in law,
To null her jointure with a flaw, 1190
Which I beforehand had agreed
T' have put, on purpose, in the deed,
And bar her widow's making over
T' a friend in trust, or private lover.

What made thee pick and chuse her out 1195
T' employ their forceries about ?

That which makes gamesters play with those
Who have least wit, and most to lose.

But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thyself to us? 1200

I see you take me for an ass :
'Tis true, I thought the trick would pass,
Upon a woman, well enough,
As 't has been often found by proof,
Whose humours are not to be won 1205

But when they are impos'd upon ;
For Love approves of all they do
That stand for candidates, and woo.

Why didst thou forge those shameful lies
Of bears and witches in disguise ? 1210

That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe ;
A trick of following the leaders,
To entertain their gentle readers :
And we have now no other way 1215

Of passing all we do or say ;
Which, when 't is natural and true,
Will be believ'd b' a very few,
Beside the danger of offence,
The fatal enemy of sense. 1220

Why didst thou chuse that cursed sin,
Hypocrisy, to set up in ?

Heard it is the stirring 't calling,
The only summons' bell that rings all in;
In which all Churches are concern'd,
1225 And is the call'd on be learn'd:
For no degree, whicheth' employ 't,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy 't.
A gift that is not only able
To flourish among the noble,
1230 But by the low empow'rd to root,
And ere the ground that feed it;
Which few hold fast against, for fear
Their hands should slip, and come too near;
For as the olive, among the Sycams,
1235 Is taught to stand by again.

What make them break thy plighted vows?
That which makes others break a home,
And hang, and loose ye all, before
Endure the plague of being poor.
1240

Quoth he, I see you have more tricks
Than all our doting poltroons,
That are grown old and out of fashion,
Compar'd with your new Reformation;
That we must come to school to you,
1245 To learn your more refin'd and new.

Quoth he, If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You'll find yourself an errant chouse,
If y' were but at a Meeting-house.
1250

"Tis true; (quoth he) we ne'er come there,
Because w' have let 'em out by th' year.

Truly (quoth he) you can't imagine
What wondrous things they will engage in;
That as your fellow-fiends in hell 1255
Were angels all before they fall,
So are you like to be agen
Compar'd with th' angels of us men:

Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be
Thy scholar in this mystery; 1260
And therefore first desire to know
Some principles on which you go.

What makes a knave a child of God,
And one of us?—A livelihood.
What renders beating out of brains, 1265
And murder, godliness?—Great gains.

What's tender conscience?—"Tis a botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch;
But, breaking out, dispatches more
Than th' epidemicall'ft plague-fore. 1270

What makes y' encroach upon our trade,
And damn all others?—To be paid.
What's orthodox and true believing
Against a conscience?—A good living.

What makes rebelling against kings 1275
A good old Cause?—Administ'rings.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a-year.

And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again?—Two hundred more. 1280

What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty?—Food and clothes.

What laws and freedom, persecution?—
B'ing out of power, and contribution.

What makes a church a den of thieves?— 1285
A Dean and Chapter, and white sleeves.

And what would serve, if those were gone,
To make it orthodox?—Our own.

What makes morality a crime,
The most notorious of the time; 1290

Morality, which both the Saints
And Wicked, too, cry out against?

'Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin;

And therefore no true Saint allows 1295

'They shall be suffer'd to espouse:

For Saints can need no conscience,

That with morality dispense;

As virtue's impious, when 't is rooted

In nature only, and not imputed: 1300

But why the wicked should do so,

We neither know, nor care to do.

What's liberty of conscience,

I th' natural and genuine sense?

'Tis to restore, with more security, 1305

Rebellion to its ancient purity.

ristian liberty reduce
 lder practice of the Jews;
 ge conscience is all one,
 ifies the same with none. 1310
 ough (quoth he) for once,
 repriev'd thy forfeit bones:
 achiavel had ne'er a trick,
 : gave his name to our old Nick)
 below the least of these, 1315
 Is i' th' world for holiness.
 I, the Furies and the light
 stant vanish'd out of sight,
 him in the dark alone,
 nks of brimstone and his own. 1320
 Queen of Night, whose large command
 l the sea, and half the land,
 r moist and crazy brains,
 pringtimes, at midnight reigns,
 v declining to the west, 1325
 o bed and take her rest;
 ludibras, whose stubborn blows
 his bones that soft repose,

5, 1326.] Our Poet stands alone in this description
 orning's approach: none that I know of, besides
 as painted it by the moon's declension: he scorned
 the old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's
 lch he had done once before, Part II. Cant. II. v. 29.;
 re finds out a new way, and altogether just.

I am still expecting work and more;
 Stretch'd out at length upon the floor; . . . 1330
 And tho' he shut his eyes as fast
 As if he 'ad been to sleep his last,
 Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards,
 To make the devil wear for wizards,
 And pricking up his ears, to hear . . . 1335
 If he could hear, too, in the dark,
 Was first invaded with a groan,
 And after, in a feeble tone,
 These trembling words: Unhappy wretch,
 What hast thou gotten by this fetch, . . . 1340
 Or thy tricks, in this new trade,
 Thy holy Brotherhood o' th' blade?
 By faunt'ring still on some adventure,
 And growing to thy horse a Centaur?
 To buff thy skin with swelling knobs . . . 1345
 Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs?
 For still thou 'ast had the worst on't yet,
 As well in conquest as defeat:
 Night is the Sabbath of mankind,
 To rest the body and the mind, . . . 1350
 Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
 And cure thy labour'd corps with sleep.
 The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd
 As meant to him this reprimand,
 Cause the character did hit . . . 1355
 Blank upon his case so fit;

Believ'd it was some drolling spright
That staid upon the guard that night,
And one of those he 'ad seen, and felt
The drubs he had so freely dealt ; 1360
When, after a short pause and groan,
The doleful Spirit thus went on ;

This 'tis t' engage with Dogs and Bears
Pellmell together by the ears,
And, after painful bangs and knocks, 1365
To lie in limbo in the stocks,
And from the pinnacle of glory
Fall headlong into Purgatory :

(Thought he, this devil 's full of malice,
That on my late disasters rallies) 1370
Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more heroick-minded ;
And at a riding handled worse,
With treats more slovenly and coarse ;
Engag'd with fiends in stubborn wars, 1375
And hot disputes with conjurers ;
And, when thou 'adst bravely won the day,
Wast fain to steal thyself away.

(I see, thought he, this shameless elf
Would fain steal me, too, from myself, 1380
That impudently dares to own
What I have suffer'd for and done)
And now, but vent'ring to betray,
Hast met with vengeance the same way.

Thought he, how does the devil know.
 What 't was that I design'd to do?
 His office of intelligence,
 His cracks, are coast'd long since;
 And he knows nothing of the Saints;
 But what some treach'rous spy acquaints.
 This is some pith-fogging fiend;
 Some under doorkeeper's friend's friend,
 That undertakes to understand,
 And juggles at the second-hand,
 And now would pass for Spirit Po,
 And all men's dark concerns foreknow.
 I think I need not fear him for't;
 These rallying devils do no hurt.
 With that he reas'd his drooping heart,
 And hastily cry'd out, What art?
 A wretch, (quoth he) whom want of grace
 Has brought to this unhappy place.

I do believe thee, quoth the Knight;
 Thus far I'm sure thou 'rt in the right:
 And know what 't is that troubles thee,
 Better than thou hast guess'd of me.
 Thou art some paltry, blackguard spright,
 Condemn'd to drudg'ry in the night;
 Thou hast no work to do in th' house,
 Nor halfpenny to drop in shoes;
 Without the raising of which sum
 You dare not be so troublesome

This is your bus'ness, good Pag-Robin, 1415
And your diversion dall'ry bobbing,
T' entice fanatics in the dirt,
And wash 'em clean in ditches for 't;
Of which conceit you are so proud,
At ev'ry jest you laugh aloud, 1420
As now you would have done by me,
But that I barr'd your raillery.

Sir, (quoth the Voice) ye're no such sopher
As you would have the world judge of ye;
If you design to weigh our talents 1425
I' th' standard of your own false balances,
Or think it possible to know
Us ghosts, as well as we do you,
We who have been the everlasting
Companions of your drabs and baskings, 1430
And never left you in contest,
With male or female, man or beast,
But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire,
In all adventures as your squire.

Quoth he, That may be said as true 1435
By th' idlest pug of all your crew:
For none could have betray'd us worse
Than those allies of ours and yours.
But I have sent him for a token
To your low-country Hogan-Mogan, 1440

To whose infernal shores I hope
 He'll swing like skippers in a rope :
 And if ye 've been more just to me
 (As I am apt to think) than he,
 I am afraid it is as true
 What th' ill-affected say of you :
 Ye 've 'spous'd the Covenant and Cause,
 By holding up your cloven paws.

1445

Sir, (quoth the Voice) 't is true, I grant,
 We made, and took the Covenant :
 But that no more concerns the Cause,
 Than other perj'ries do the laws,
 Which when they 're prov'd in open court,
 Wear wooden peccadillos for't :
 And that 's the reason Cov'nanters
 Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars.

1450

1455

True (quoth Hudibras) from whence
 These scandals of the Saints commence,
 These are but natural effects
 Of Satan's malice, and his sects',
 These spider-saints, that hang by threads
 Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads.

1460

True, (quoth the Voice) that may as true
 And properly be said of you,
 Whose talents may compare with either,
 As both the other put together :
 As all the Independents do,
 So they what you forc'd 'em to;

1465

You, who are not content alone	
With tricks to put the devil down,	1470
But must have armies rais'd to back	
The Gospel-work you undertake;	
As if artillery and edgetools,	
Were th' only engines to save souls :	
While he, poor devil, has no pow'r	1475
By force to run down and devour;	
Has ne'er a Classis, cannot sentence	
To stools, or poundage of repentance ;	
Is ty'd up only to design	
T' entice, and tempt, and undermine :	1480
In which you all his arts outdo,	
And prove yourselves his betters too.	
Hence 't is possessions do less evil	
Than mere temptations of the devil,	
Which all the horrid'st actions done	1485
Are charg'd in courts of law upon ;	
Because, unless they help the elf,	
He can do little of himself;	
And therefore where he 's best possst	
Acts most against his interest ;	1490
Surprises none but those who 've priests	
To turn him out, and exorcists,	
Supply'd with spiritual provision,	
And magazines of ammunition ;	
With crosses, reliqs, crucifixes,	1495
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes ;	



The tools of working our salvation
 By mere mechanick operation :
 With holy water, like a sluice,
 To overflow all avenues : 1500
 But those who 're utterly unarm'd,
 T' oppose his entrance if he storm'd,
 He never offers to surprize,
 Altho' his falsest enemies ;
 But is content to be their drudge, 1505
 And on their errands glad to trudge :
 For where are all your forfeitures
 Entrusted in safe hands, but ours ?
 Who are but jailors of the holes
 And dungeons where you clap up souls ; 1510
 Like underkeepers, turn the keys,
 T' your *mittimus anathemas*,
 And never bogle to restore
 The members you deliver o'er
 Upon demand, with fairer justice, 1515
 Than all your covenanting Trustees ;
 Unless, to punish them the worse,
 You put them in the secular powers,
 And pass their souls, as some demise
 The same estate in mortgage twice : 1520
 When to a legal utlegation
 You turn your excommunication,
 And, for a groat unpaid that's due,
 Distrain on soul and body too.

Thought he, 't is no mean part of civil
State-prudence to cajole the devil,
And not to handle him too rough,
When he 'as us in his cloven hoof.

'Tis true, (quoth he) that intercourse
Has pass'd between your friends and ours, 1530
That, as you trust us, in our way,
To raise your members, and to lay,
We send you others of our own,
Denounc'd to hang themselves, or drown,
Or, frighted with our oratory, 1535
To leap down headlong many a story;
Have us'd all means to propagate
Your mighty interests of state,
I laid out our sp'ritual gifts to further
Your great designs of rage and murder : 1540
For if the Saints are nam'd from blood,
We only 've made that title good;
And, if it were but in our power,
We should not scruple to do more,
And not be half a soul behind 1545
Of all Dissenters of mankind.

Right, (quoth the Voice) and, as I scorn
To be ungrateful, in return
Of all those kind good offices,
I'll free you out of this distress, 1550
And set you down in safety, where
It is no time to tell you here.

Volume II.

K

The cock crows, and the morn draws on,
When 't is decreed I must be gone;
And if I leave you here till day, 1555
You'll find it hard to get away.
With that the Spirit grop'd about
To find th' enchanted hero out,
And try'd with haste to lift him up,
But found his forlorn hope, his crap, 1560
Unserviceable with kicks and blows,
Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted foes.
He thought to drag him by the heels,
Like Gresham-carts, with legs for wheels;
But fear, that soonest cures those sores, 1565
In danger of relapse to worse,
Came in t' assist him with its aid,
And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.
No sooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to dislodge; 1570
The Spirit hors'd him like a sack,
Upon the vehicle his back,
And bore him headlong into th' hall,
With some few rubs against the wall;
Where finding out the postern lock'd, 1575
And th' avenues as strongly block'd,
H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,
And in a moment gain'd the pass;

* 1575.] Altered to the outer postern, edit. 1710.

When he dragg'd the worsted soldier's
 rters out by th' head and shoulders, 1580
 iously began to scout
 heir fellow-cattle out;
 it half a minute's quest,
 triev'd the champion's beast,
 pale, instead of rack, 1585
 : a saddle on his back,
 ls at the saddle bow,
 l away, the Lord knows how.
 ht it was no time to stay,
 he night, too, steal away; 1590
 trice, advanc'd the Knight
 : bare ridge, bolt upright,
 ping out for Ralpho's jade,
 the saddle, too, was stray'd,
 ie place a lump of soap, 1595
 he speedily leap'd up;
 ing to the gate the rein,
 l and cudgell'd on amain;
 ndibras, with equal haste,
 ides laid about as fast, 1600
 r'd, as jockies use, to break,
 rs to secure, a neck :
 us leave 'em for a time,
 eir Churches turn our rhyme;
 orth their declining state,
 w come near an even rate. 1606

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III. CANTO II.

The Argument.

The Saints engage in fierce contests
About their carnal interests,
To share their sacrilegious prey
According to their rates of Grace:
Their various frenzies to reform,
When Cromwell left them in a storm;
Till, in th' effigy of Rump, the rabble
Burn all their Grandees of the Cabal.

The learned write, an insect breeze
Is but a mongrel prince of bees,
That falls before a storm on cows,
And stings the founders of his house,

This Canto is entirely independent of the adventures of Hudibras and Ralpho: neither of our heroes make their appearance; other characters are introduced, and a new vein of satire is exhibited. The Poet steps out of his road, and skips from the time wherein these adventures happened to Cromwell's death, and from thence to the dissolution of the Rump Parliament. This conduct is allowable in a satirist, whose privilege it is to ramble wherever he pleases, and to stigmatize vice, faction, and rebellion, where and whenever he meets with them. He is not tied down to the observance of unity of action, time, or place, though he has hitherto had a regard to such decorums: but now, and here only, he claims the privilege of a satirist, and deviates from order, time, and uniformity, and deserts his principal actors: he purposely sends them out of the way, that we may attend to a lively representation of the principles and politics of Presbyterians, Independents, and Republicans, upon the dawning of the Re-

From whose corrupted flesh that breed 5
Of vermine did at first proceed.
 So, ere the storm of war broke out,
 Religion spawn'd a various rout
 Of petulant capricious sects,
 The maggots of corrupted texts, 10
 That first run all religion down,
 And after ev'ry swarm its own :
 For as the Persian Magi once
 Upon their mothers got their sons,
 'That were incapable t' enjoy 15
 That empire any other way ;
 So Presbyter begot the other
 Upon the Good Old Cause, his mother,
 Then bore them like the devil's dam,
 Whose son and husband are the same ; 20
 And yet no nat'ral tie of blood,
 Nor int'rest for the common good,
 Could, when their profits interfer'd,
 Get quarter for each other's beard :
 For when they thriv'd they never sadg'd, 25
 But only by the ears engag'd ;

storation. He sets before us a full view of the treachery and underminings of each faction ; and sure it is with pleasure we see the fears and commotions they were in upon the happy declensions of their tyrannical power and government. All these occurrences are fully and faithfully related in this Canto, and the several facts are warranted by history.

Like dogs that snarl about a bone,
And play together when they 've none;
As by their trueſt characters,
'Their conſtant actions, plainly' appears, 30
Rebellion now began, for lack
Of zeal and plunder, to grow ſlack;
'The Cauſe and Covenant to leſſen,
And Prov'dence to be out of ſeaſon :
For now there was no more to purchaſe 35
O' th' King's revenue, and the Churches,
But all divided, ſhar'd, and gone,
'That us'd to urge the Brethren on ;
Which forc'd the ſtubborn'ſt for the Cauſe,
'To croſs the cudgels to the laws, 40
'That what by breaking them they'ad gain'd,
By their ſupport might be maintain'd ;
Like thieves, that in a hemp-plot lie,
Secur'd againſt the Hue-and-cry ;
For Preſbyter and Independent 45
Were now turn'd Plaintiff and Defendant :
I laid out their apoſtoliſh functions
On carnal orders and Injunctions ;
And all their precious Gifts and Graces
On Outlawries and *Scire facias* ; 50
At Michael's term had many trial,
Worſe than the Dragon and St. Michael,
Where thouſands fell, in ſhape of fees,
Into the bottomleſs abyſs.

For when, like brethren, and like friends,	55
They came to share their dividends,	
And ev'ry partner to possess	
His church and state joint-purchases,	
In which the ablest Saint, and best,	
Was nam'd in trust by all the rest	60
To pay their money, and, instead	
Of ev'ry Brother, pass the deed,	
He straight converted all his gifts	
To pious frauds and holy shifts,	
And settled all the other shares	65
Upon his outward man and 's heirs;	
Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands	
Deliver'd up into his hands,	
And pass'd upon his conscience	
By pre-entail of Providence;	70
Impeach'd the rest for Reprobates,	
'That had no titles to estates,	
But by their sp'ritual attaints	
Degraded from the right of Saints.	
This b'ing reveal'd, they now begun	75
With law and conscience to fall on,	
And laid about as hot and brainsick	
As th' Utter barrister of Swanwick;	
Engag'd with money-bags, as bold	
As men with sand-bags did of old,	80
'That brought the lawyers in more fees	
'Than all unsanctify'd Trustees;	

Till he who had no more to show
 I' th' case, receiv'd the overthrow ;
 Or, both sides having had the worst,
 They parted as they met at first.
 Poor Presbyter was now reduc'd,
 Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd !
 Turn'd out, and excommunicate
 From all affairs of Church and State,
 Reform'd t' a reformado Saint,
 And glad to turn itinerant,
 To stroll and teach from town to town,
 And those he had taught up teach down,
 And make those uses serve agen
 Against the New-enlighten'd men,
 As fit as when at first they were
 Reveal'd against the Cavalier ;
 Damn Anabaptist and Fanatick,
 As pat as Popish and Prelatick ;
 And with as little variation,
 To serve for any sect i' th' nation.
 The Good old Cause, which some believe
 To be the dev'l that tempted Eve
 With knowledge, and does still invite
 The world to mischief with New Light,
 Had store of money in her purse,
 When he took her for better or worse,
But now was grown deform'd and poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of door,

The Independents (whose first station
 Was in the rear of Reformation,
 A mongrel kind of Church-dragoons,
 That serv'd for horse and foot at once,
 And in the saddle of one steed
 The Saracen and Christian rid;
 Were free of ev'ry sp'ritual order,
 To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder)

115

¶. 118.] The officers and soldiers among the Independents got into pulpits, and preached and prayed as well as fought. Oliver Cromwell was famed for a preacher, and has a sermon in print, entitled *Cromwell's Learned, Devout, and Conscientious Exercise, held at Sir Peter Temple's in Lincoln's Inn-fields, upon Rom. xlii. 1.* in which are the following flowers of rhetoric: "Dearly beloved brethren and sisters, it is true, this text is a malignant one: the wicked and ungodly have abused it very much; but, thanks be to God, it was to their own ruin.

"But now that I spoke of Kings, the question is, Whether, by the *higher powers*, are meant kings or commoners? Truly, beloved, it is a very great question among those that are learned: for may not every one that can read observe, that Paul speaks in the plural number, *higher powers*? Now, had he meant subjection to a king, he would have said, "Let every soul be subject to the *higher power*," If he had meant one man; but by this you see he meant more than one: he bids us "be subject to the higher powers," that is, the Council of State, the House of Commons, and the army," *ib.* p. 3.

When in the *Humble Petition* there was inserted an article against publick preachers being members of Parliament, Oliver Cromwell excepted against it expressly; "Because he (he said) was one, and divers officers of the army, by whom much good had been done—and therefore desired they would explain their article." (*Heath's Chronicle* p. 408.)

Ib] Sir Roger L'Estrange observes, (*Reflection upon Toggiani's*

No sooner got the start, to lurch
 Both disciplines of War and Church, 120
 And Providence enough to run
 The chief commanders of them down,
 But carry'd on the war against
 The common enemy o' th' Saints,
 And in a while prevail'd so far, 125
 To win of them the game of war,
 And be at liberty once more
 T' attack themselves as they 'ad before.

For now there was no foe in arms
 T' unite their factions with alarms, 130
 But all reduc'd and overcome,
 Except their worst, themselves, at home,
 Who 'ad compass'd all th' pray'd, and swore,
 And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,

Fable of the Husband, Wife, and Ghostly Father, part I. fab. 357. upon the pretended saints of those times, "That they
 " did not set one step, in the whole tract of this iniquity,
 " without seeking the Lord first, and, going up to enquire of
 " the Lord, according to the cant of those days; which was
 " no other than to make God the author of sin, and to im-
 " pute the blackest practices of hell to the inspiration of the
 " Holy Ghost."

It was with this pretext, of seeking the Lord in prayer, that
 Cromwell, Ireton, Harrison, and others of the Regicides,
 cajoled General Fairfax, who was determined to rescue the
 King from execution, giving orders to have it speedily done :
 and, when they had notice that it was over, they persuaded
 the General that this was a full return of prayer ; and, God
 having so manifested his pleasure, they ought to acquiesce in
 it. (*Perenchief's Life of King Charles I.*)

Subdu'd the Nation, Church, and State,	135
And all things but their laws and hate ;	
But when they came to treat and tranfact,	
And share the spoil of all they 'ad ranfact,	
To botch up what they 'ad torn and rent,	
Religion and the Government,	140
'They met no sooner, but prepar'd	
To pull down all the war had spar'd ;	
Agreed in nothing, but t' abolish,	
Subvert, extirpate, and demolish :	
For knaves and fools b'ing near of kin,	145
As Dutch boors are t' a footerkin,	
Both parties join'd to do their best	
To damn the publick interest,	
And herded only in consults,	
To put by one another's bolts ;	150
'T' outcant the Babylonian lab'ers,	
At all their dialects of jabb'ers,	
And tug at both ends of the saw,	
To tear down government and law.	
For as two cheats, that play one game,	155
Are both defeated of their aim ;	
So those who play a game of state,	
And only cavil in debate,	
Altho' there 's nothing lost nor won,	
The publick bus'ness is undone,	160
Which still the longer 't is in doing,	
<i>Becomes the surer way to ruin.</i>	

10
 This when the Royalists perceiv'd,
 Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,
 And own'd the right they had paid down
 So dearly for, the Church and Crown)
 Th' united constanter, and sided
 The more, the more their foes divided:
 For tho' outnumber'd, overthrown,
 And by the fate of war run down,
 Their duty never was defeated,
 Nor from their oaths and faith retreated;
 For loyalty is still the same,
 Whether it win or lose the game;
 True as the dial to the sun,
 Altho' it be not shin'd upon.
 But when these Brethren in evil,
 Their adversaries, and the devil,
 Began once more to shew them play,
 And hopes, at least, to have a day,
 They rally'd in parades of woods,
 And unfrequented solitudes;
 Conven'd at midnight in outhouses,
 To appoint new rising rendezvous,

* 163.] What a lasting monument of fame has our Poet
 raised to the Royalists! What merited praises does he bestow
 on their unshaken faith and loyalty! How happily does he
 applaud their constancy and sufferings? If any thing can be a
 compensation to those of that party, who met with unworthy
 disregard and neglect after the restoration, it must be this
 never-dying eulogy. Butler, alas! was one of that unfortu-
 nate number.

For new recruits of danger watch'd.
 No sooner was one blow diverted,
 But up another party started,
 And as if Nature, too, in haste
 To furnish out supplies as fast, 290
 Before her time had turn'd destruction
 To a new and numerous production ;
 No sooner those were overcome,
 But up rose others in their room,
 That, like the Christian faith, increas'd 295
 The more, the more they were suppress'd ;
 Whom neither chains, nor transportation,
 Proscription, sale, or confiscation,
 Nor all the desperate events
 Of former try'd experiments, 300
 Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,
 No leave off loyalty and dangling,

* 201. 202.] The brave spirit of loyalty was not to be suppressed by the most barbarous and inhuman usage. There are several remarkable instances upon record ; as that of the gallant Marquis of Montrose, the loyal Mr. Gerrard, and Mr. Towel, in 1654; of Mr. Penruddock, Grove, and others, who suffered for their loyalty at Exeter, 1654—5.; of Capt. Reynolds, who had been of the King's party, and, when he was going to be turned off the ladder, cried, God bless King Charles; *Vive le Roy*; of Daigelly, one of Montrose's party, who being sentenced to be beheaded, and being brought to the scaffold, ran and kissed it; and, without any speech or ceremony, laid down his head upon the block, and was beheaded; of the brave Sir Robert Spotiswood, of Mr. Courtenay.

Volume II.

L

Not Death (with all his bones) affright
 Them vent'ring to maintain the right,
 From staking life and fortune down
 205 Claimt all together, for the Crown:
 But kept the title of their cause
 From forfeiture, like claims in laws;
 And prov'd no prosp'rous usurpation.
 Then ever settle on the nation;
 210 Still, in spite of force and treason,
 They put their loy'ly in possession;
 And by their constancy and faith,
 Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath.
 Fells'd in a furious hurricane,
 215 Did Oliver give up his reign,

and Mr. Portman, who were committed to the Tower the beginning of February 1657. for dispersing among the soldiers what were then called *sedition* books and pamphlets.

Not aught the loyalty of the six counties of North Wales to be pallied over in silence, who never address'd or petitioned against the usurpation, nor the common soldier mentioned in the *Oxford Diurnal*, first Week, p. 6. See more in the story of the *Impertinent Sheriff*, L'Estrange's *Fables*, part II. p. 265. Mr. Butler, or Mr. Pryn, speaking of the gallant behaviour of the Loyalists, says, "Other nations would have canonized for martyrs, and erected statues after their death to the memory of some of our compatriots, whom ye have barbarously defaced and mangled, yet alive, for no other motive but their undaunted zeal."

[p. 215, 216.] At Oliver's death was a most furious tempest, such as had not been known in the memory of man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this nation. It is observed; in a tract entitled, *No Fool to the old Fool*, L'Estrange's *Apology*, p. 93. "That Oliver, after a long course of treason, mur-

And was believ'd, as well by Saints
As mortal men and miscreants,
To founder in the Stygian ferry,
Until he was retriev'd by Sterry,

220

“ der, sacrilege, perjury, rapine, &c. finished his accursed
“ life in agony and fury, and without any mark of true re-
“ pentance.” Though most of our historians mention the hur-
ricane at his death, yet few take notice of the storm in the
northern counties, that day the House of Peers ordered the
digging up his carcass, with other regicides. The author of
the Parley between the Ghost of the late Protector and the King
of Sweden in Hell, 1660, p. 19. merrily observes, “ That he
“ was even so turbulent and seditious there, that he was
“ chained, by way of punishment, in the general pissing place,
“ next the court-door, with a strict charge that no body
“ that made water thereabouts should piss any where but
“ against his body.”

[v. 220.] The news of Oliver's death being brought to those
who were met to pray for him, Mr. Peter Sterry stood up, and
desired them not to be troubled; “ For (said he) this is good
“ news, because, if he was of use to the people of God when
“ he was amongst us, he will be much more so now, being
“ ascended into heaven, at the right hand of Jesus Christ,
“ there to intercede for us, and to be mindful of us upon all
“ occasions.” Dr. South makes mention of an Independent
divine, (*Sermons*, vol. I. serm. iii. p. 102.) who, when Oliver
was sick, of which sickness he died, declared, “ That God
“ revealed to him that he should recover, and live thirty
“ years longer; for that God had raised him up for a work
“ which could not be done in a less time: but Oliver's death
“ being published two days after, the said divine publicly,
“ in his prayers, expostulated with God the defeat of his
“ Prophecy in these words, “ Thou hast lied unto us; yea,
“ thou hast lied unto us.”

So familiar were those wretches with God Almighty, that
Mr. Echard observes of one of them, “ That he petitioned

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Who, in a false erroneous dream,
Mistook the New Jerusalem
Profanely for th' apocryphal
False Heaven at the end o' th' Hall;
Whither it was decreed by Fate
His peccious reliques to translate:
So Romulus was seen before
B' as orthodox a senator,
From whose divine illumination
He stole the Pagan revelation.

221

610

Next him his son and heir apparent
Succeeded, tho' a lame vicgerent,

" to have got such an interest in Christ, and such an exact
" knowledge of affairs those, that he could tell the people
" that he had just before received an express from Jesus up-
" on such a business, and that the ink was scarce dry upon
" the paper."

¶ 214.] After the Resurrection Oliver's body was dug up, and his head set up at the farther end of Westminster-hall, near which place there is an house of entertainment, which is commonly known by the name of *Harpen*.

¶ 217, 232.] Oliver's eldest son, Richard, was by him, before his death, declared his successor, and, by order of the Privy Council, proclaimed Lord Protector, and received the compliments of congratulation and condolence at the same time from the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen; and addresses were presented to him from all parts of the nation, promising to stand by him with their lives and fortunes. He summoned a parliament to meet at Westminster, which recognized him Lord Protector; yet, notwithstanding, Fleetwood, Desborough, and their partisans, managed affairs so, that he was obliged to resign.

What opinion the world had of him, we learn from Lord Clarendon's account of his will intg. to the Prince of Wales.

Who first laid by the Parl'ament,
The only crutch on which he leant,
And then sunk underneath the state, 235
That rode him above horseman's weight.

And now the Saints began their reign,
For which they 'd yearn'd so long in vain;
And felt such bowel-hankerings,
'To see an empire, all of kings, 240

at Pezenas, who received him civilly, as he did all strangers and particularly the English; and, after a few words, (not knowing who he was) the Prince began to discourse of the affairs of England, and asked many questions concerning the King, and whether all men were quiet, and submitted obediently to him? which the other answered according to the truth. "Well, said the Prince, Oliver, though he was a traitor and a villain, was a brave fellow, had great parts, great courage, and was worthy to command: but for that Richard, that coxcomb, coquin, poltroon, he was surely the basest fellow alive. What is become of that fool? How is it possible he could be such a sot?" He answered, "That he was betrayed by those he most trusted, and had been most obliged to his father." So being weary of his visit, he quickly took his leave, and next morning left the town, out of fear that the Prince might know that he was that very fool and coxcomb he had mentioned so kindly; and two days after the Prince did come to know who he was that he had treated so well. Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, vol. III. p. 519.

¶. 237. A sneer upon the Committee of Safety, amongst whom was Sir Henry Vane, who, (as Lord Clarendon observes) "was a perfect enthusiast, and without doubt did believe himself inspired; which so far corrupted his reason and understanding, that he did at the same time believe he was the person deputed to reign over the saints upon earth for a thousand years."

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Deliver'd from th' Egyptian awe
 Of office, government, and law,
 And free t' erect what sp'ritual cantons
 Should be reveal'd, or gospel Hans-towns,
 To edify upon the ruins 245
 The John of Leyden's old outgoings,
 Who for a weathercock hung up
 Upon their mother-church's top,
 Was made a type by Providence,
 To tell their revelations false, 250
 And now fulfill'd by his successors,
 Who equally mistook their measures;
 For when they came to shape the model,
 No one could fit another's noddel;
 They found their Light and Gifts more wide 255
 From fading, than th' un sanctify'd,
 While ev'ry individual Brother
 Strive hand to fist against another,
 And still the maddest, and most crackt,
 Found the busiest to transact; 260

[241, 242.] Dr. James Young observes, "That two Je-
 rusalemical prognosticators, Lilly and Culpeper, were so confi-
 dent, anno 1652, in the total subversion of the law and go-
 vernment, that in their scurrilous prognostications they
 predicted the downfall of both; and, in 1654, they foretold
 that the law should be pulled down to the ground,—the
 Great Charter, and all our liberties, destroyed, as not suit-
 able, with Englishmen in these blessed times; that the crab-
 tree of the law should be pulled up by the roots, and grow
 no more, there being no reason now we should be govern-
 ed by them."

5: most hands dispatch apace
 make light work (the proverb says)
 many diff'rent intellects
 and t' have contrary effects;
 many heads t' obstruct intrigues, 265
 vest insects have most legs.
 e were for setting up a king,
 the rest for no such thing,
 King Jesus: others tamper
 Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert; 270

7, 268.] Harry Martyn, in his speech, in the debate
a King, or no King, said, "That if they must have a
 they had rather have had the last than any gentleman
 gland. He found no fault in his person, but office."

9.] Alluding to the Fifth Monarchy-men, who had
 a plot to dethrone Cromwell, and set up King Jesus.

9, 270. *Others tamper*—For *Fleetwood, Desborough,*
mbert.] Fleetwood was a lieutenant-general, he mar-
 on's widow, Oliver Cromwell's eldest daughter; was
 3rd Lieutenant of Ireland by Cromwell, Major-gene-
 vers counties, one of Oliver's upper house: his salary
 1 to be 6600*l.* a-year.—Desborough, a yeoman of 60
per annum; some say a plowman. Bennet, speaking to
 ough, says, "When your Lordship was a plowman,
 ore high thoon—Ha! how the Lord raiseth some men,
 epresseth others."—Desborough married Cromwell's
 ft away his spade, and took up a sword, and was made
 1: was instrumental in raising Cromwell to the Pro-
 p; upon which he was made one of his council, a Ge-
 sea and Major-general of divers counties of the west;
 one of Oliver's upper house. His annual income was
 3*s.* 4*d.*

mbert] *Lambard*, in the first edit. 1678. Altered 1684.
 ne of the Rump generals, and a principal opposer of
 10rk in the restoration of King Charles II. Th—

Some for the Rump, and some, more crafty,
For Agitators, and the Safety ;

ter of the *Narrative of the late Parliament so called*, 1657, p. 9. observes, " That Major-general Lambert, as one of Oliver's
" council, had 1000*l.* per annum, which, with his other places,
" in all amounted to 6512*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*

§. 272. *Agitators.*] In 1647, the Army made choice of a set number of officers, which they called *the General Council of Officers*; and the common soldiers made choice of three or four of each regiment, mostly corporals and serjeants, who were called by the name of *Agitators*, and were to be a House of Commons to the council of officers: these drew up a Declaration, that they would not be disbanded till their arrears were paid, and a full provision made for liberty of conscience. — Some of the positions of the *Agitators* here follow: " That
" all Inns of Court and Chancery, all courts of justice now erected, as well civil as ecclesiastical, with the common, civil, canon, and statute laws, formerly in force, and all corporations, tenures, copyholds, rents, and services, with all titles and degrees of honour, nobility, and gentry, elevating
" one free subject above another, may be totally abolished, as clogs, snarls, and grievances, to a freeborn people, and
" inconsistent with that universal parity and equal condition which ought to be among freemen, and opposite to the communion of saints.

" That all the lands and estates of deans, chapters, prebends, universities, colleges, halls, free-schools, cities, corporations, ministers' glebe-lands, and so much of the lands of the nobility, gentry, and rich citizens and yeomen, as exceeds the sum of three hundred pounds per annum, and
" all the revenues of the Crown belonging to the King or his children, be equally divided between the officers and soldiers, and the army, to satisfy their arrears, and recompense their good services."

1*b.* *Safety.*] Committee of Safety, a set of men who took upon them the government, upon displacing the Rump a second time: their number amounted to twenty-three, which

Some for the Gospel, and massacres
 Of sp'ritual Affidavit-makers,
 That swore to any human regence 275
 Oaths of suprem'cy and allegiance;
 Yea, tho' the ablest swearing Saint,
 That vouch'd the bulls o' th' Covenant :
 Others for pulling down th' high places
 Of Synods and Provincial Classes, 280
 That us'd to make such hostile inroads
 Upon the Saints, like bloody Nimrods:
 Some for fulfilling Prophecies,
 And th' extirpation of th' Excise;
 And some against th' Egyptian bondage 285
 Of Holydays, and paying Poundage :
 Some for the cutting down of Groves,
 And rectifying bakers' Loaves;
 And some for finding out expedients
 Against the slav'ry of Obedience : 290
 Some were for Gospel-ministers,
 And some for Redcoat seculars,
 As men most fit t' hold forth the Word,
 And wield the one and th' other sword :
 Some were for carrying on the Work 295
 Against the Pope, and some the Turk :
 Some for engaging to suppress
 The camisado of Surplices,

though filled up with men of all parties, (Royalists excepted)
 yet was so craftily composed, that the balance was sufficiently
 secured to those of the army faction.

That Gifts and Dispensations hinder'd,
And turn'd to th' outward man the inward;
More proper for the cloudy night
Of Popery than Gospel-light:
Others were for abolishing
That tool of matrimony, a Ring,
With which th' unsanctify'd bridegroom
Is marry'd only to a thumb,
(As wife as ringing of a pig,
That us'd to break up ground, and dig)
The bride to nothing but her will,
That nulls the after-marriage will:
Some were for th' utter extirpation
Of Linscywoolsey in the nation;
And some against all idolising
The Cross in some shopbooks, or Bapting;
Others, to make all things recant
The Christian or surname of Saint,
And force all churches, streets, and towns,
The holy title to renounce;
Some 'gainst a third estate of Souls,
And bringing down the price of Coals:
Some for abolishing Black-pudding,
And eating nothing with the blood in;

v. 308. *That us'd to.*] *That is to,* edit. 1678. *That uses to,* 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1704. Altered *is to*, as it stands.

v. 317, 318.] The mayor of Colchester banished one of *town* for a malignant and a cavalier. In the year 1642, *town* was Parsons, and gave this learned reason for *town* a simple piece of justice, that it was an ominous name.

Of warriours, and, now and then,
The Flesh of kings and mighty men;

325

§. 323.] This was the spirit of the times. There was a proposal to carry twenty Royalists in front of Sir Thomas Fairfax's army, to expose them to the fire of the enemy; and one Gourdon moved, "That the Lady Capel, and her children, and the Lady Norwich, might be sent to the General with the same directions, saying, their husbands would be careful of their safety; and when divers opposed so barbarous a motion, and alleged that Lady Capel was great with child, near her time, Gourdon pressed it the more eagerly, as if he had taken the General for a man midwife." Nay, it was debated at a council of war, to massacre and put to the sword all the King's party: the question put was carried in the negative but by two votes." Their endeavour was how to diminish the number of their opposites, the Royalists and Presbyterians, by a massacre; for which purpose many dark lanterns were provided last winter, 1640, which coming to the common rumour of the Town, put them in danger of the infamy and hatred that would overwhelm them; so this was laid aside." A bill was brought in, 1636, for decimating the Royalists, but thrown out. And this spirit was but too much encouraged by their clergy. Mr. Caryl, in a *Thanksgiving Sermon* before the Commons, April 23, 1644, p. 46, says, "If Christ will set up his kingdom upon the carcasses of the slain, it well becomes all elders to rejoice and give thanks. Cut them down with the sword of justice, root them out, and consume them as with fire, that no root may spring up again."

Of this spirit was Mr. George Swathe, minister of Denham in Suffolk, who, in a prayer, July 13, 1641, or 1642, has the following remarkable words; "Lord, if no composition will and the controversy between the King and the Parliament, but the King and his party will have blood, let them drink of their own cup; let their blood be spilled like water; let

breaking of their Bones
 on, by secret ones;
 mountains, and with spells
 carriers' packs and bells; 33
 the legend never heard of,
 Wicked fore afraid of,
 of government (who fate
 ded helm of state,
 d this wild confusion 33
 fs and delusion,
 nan a prodigy,
 tion to be nigh)
 ely how t' withdraw,
 wind-pipes from the law; 34
 nter at the bar
 n all they 'ad 'scap'd in war;
 met in consultation
 ack upon the nation;
 kly patient's sake, 34
 ve, but what to take;
 fes of their fees,
 n fumbling arteries;
 uff of life in pain,
 grave recover—gain. 35
 there was a politician
 ds than a beast in vision,
 ucrificed to thee, O God, for the sins of ou
 was Sir Anthony-Ashley Cooper, who con
 change in those times.

... of Babylon;
 So politick, as if one eye
 Upon the other were a spy,
 That, to trepan the one to think
 The other blind, both strove to blink;
 And in his dark pragmatick way
 As busy as a child at play.
 He 'ad seen three governments run down,
 And had a hand in ev'ry one;
 Was for 'em, and against 'em all,
 But barb'rous when they came to fall:
 For, by trepanning th' old to ruin,
 He made his int'rest with the new one;
 Play'd true and faithful, tho' against
 His conscience, and was still advanc'd:
 For by the witchcraft of rebellion,
 Transform'd t' a feeble State-camelion,
 By giving aim from side to side,
 He never fail'd to save his tide,
 ut got the start of ev'ry state,
 nd, at a change, ne'er came too late;
 u'd turn his word, and oath, and faith,
 many ways as in a lath;
 turning wriggle, like a screw,
 highest trust, and out, for new:
 when he 'ad happily incurr'd,
 ad of hemp, to be preferr'd,
lume II.

M

380

And put't upon a government,
 He play'd his wile, and out he went;
 But being out, and out of hopes
 To meet his ladder (more) of ropes,
 Would strive to walk himself upon
 The publick ruin, and his own;
 So little did he understand
 The deep'ness from he took in hand,
 For when he 'ad got himself a name,
 In frauds and tricks he spoil'd his game;
 Had forc'd his neck into a noose,
 To throw his play at last and loose;
 And, when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook,
 In art and robbery, his luck.
 In right his judgment was cut fit,
 And made a rally to his wit,
 And took together most profound
 A troth of darkness under ground;
 As th' earth is cas'd undermin'd,
 By venereal imposture and blind.
 By all these arts and many more
 He 'ad practis'd long and much before,
 Our stage-artistes forswore
 Which way the world began to draw:
 For as odd sinners have all points
 O' th' compass in their bones and joints,
 Can by their pangs and aches find
 All turns and changes of the wind,

guilty sinners, in a state,
 and by their crimes prognosticate,
 and in their consciences feel pain
 some days before a show'r of rain :

is, therefore, wisely cast about

415

All ways he could, t' ensure his throat,
 and hither came, t' observe and smoke
 That courses other riskers took,
 and to the utmost do his best

to save himself, and hang the rest.

420

To match this Saint there was another,
 a busy and perverse a Brother,

¶. 420.] Sir A. Ashley Cooper was of the miller's mind
 he was concerned in the Cornish rebellion in the year 1558 ;
 apprehending that Sir William Kingston, Provost-marshal,
 and a rigorous man upon that occasion, would order him to
 be hanged upon the next tree, before he went off, told his
 servant that he expected some gentlemen would come a-fish-
 ing to the mill, and, if they inquired for the miller, he order-
 ed him to say that he was the miller. Sir William came ac-
 cording to expectation, and inquiring for the miller, the poor
 harmless servant said he was the miller. Upon which the Pro-
 vost ordered his servants to seize him, and hang him upon the
 next tree ; which terrified the poor-fellow, and made him cry
 out, I am not the miller, but the miller's man. The Provost
 told him, " That he would take him at his word : if (says
 he) thou art the miller, thou art a busy knave and rebel ;
 and if thou art the miller's man, thou art a false lying
 knave, and canst not do thy master more service than to
 hang for him : " and, without more ceremony, he was exe-
 cuted.

¶. 421.] This character exactly suits John Lilburn, and so

As haberdasher of small wares
 In politicks and state-affairs;
 More Jew than Rabbi Achithophel, 425
 And better gifted to rebel;
 For when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse
 The Cause, aloft upon one house,
 He scorn'd to set his own in order,
 But try'd another, and went further; 430
 Till suddenly addicted still
 To any principle, his will,
 Whatsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
 The force of argument could move,
 Law, nor cavalcade of Ho'burn, 435
 Could render half a grain less stubborn;
 At any time would hang,
 At any opportunity t' harangue;
 Or rather on a gibbet dangle,
 Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle; 440
 Which his parts were so accomplisht,
 That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonplust;

others, especially the 427, 435, 439, and 440th lines: for it was
 said of him, when living, by Judge Jenkins, "That if the
 world was emptied of all but himself, Lilburn would quar-
 rel with John, and John with Lilburn:" which part of his
 character gave occasion for the following lines at his death:

Is John departed, and is Lilburn gone?
 Farewell to both, to Lilburn and to John.
 Yet, being dead, take this advice from me,
 Let them not both in one grave bury'd be:
 Lay John here, and Lilburn thereabout,
 For if they both should meet they would fall out.

But still his tongue ran on, the less . . .
 Of weight it bore, with greater ease;
 And, with its everlasting clack, . . . 445
 Set all men's ears upon the rack.
 No sooner could a hint appear,
 But up he started to picquer,
 And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
 When he engag'd in controversy; . . . 450
 Not by the force of carnal reason,
 But indefatigable teasing;
 With volleys of eternal babble,
 And clamour, more unanswerable.
 For tho' his topicks, frail and weak, . . . 455
 Cou'd ne'er amount above a freak,
 He still maintain'd 'em, like his faults,
 Against the desp'ratest assaults,
 And back'd their feeble want of sense,
 With greater heat and confidence; . . . 460
 As bones of Hector's, when they differ,
 The more they 're cudgell'd grow the stiffer.
 Yet when his profit moderated,
 The fury of his heat abated;
 For nothing but his interest . . . 465
 Could lay his devil of contest:
 It was his choice, or chance, or curse,
 T' espouse the Cause for better or worse,
 And with his worldly goods and wit,
 And soul and body, worshipp'd it: . . . 470

when he found the fallen trapes,
 sold with th' devil, worms, and tins,
 the Trojan mare, in deal with Greeks,
 half so full of jadish tricks,
 squeamish in her outward women, 475
 safe and rampant as Del-Cannon,
 all resolv'd to mend the master,
 there and cleave the obstinator;
 all the skittisher and looser
 eaks appear'd, to fit the closer: 480
 eels are stubborn in their way,
 ens are harden'd by th' alloy:
 obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
 when 't is in a wrong belief.
 two, with others, being met, 485
 safe in consultation set,
 a discontented pause,
 not without sufficient cause,
 for we nam'd of late,
 troubled with the pangs of state 490
 with his own impatience
 gave himself first audience,

This cabal was held at Whitehall, at the
 that General Monk was dining with the city of Lon-
 don. The Poet had introduced the worthy Sir
 into this grand assembly: his presence would have
 added a uniformity in this Poem, and been very pleasing
 to the spectators. His natural propensity to loquacity would
 have carried it off on so important an occasion; and
 his wit and jargon would not have been less politeness
 than that of the two orators here characterized.

At last broke silence, but the idea was too new
 Quoth he, 'There's nothing under me I doubt

Our last Outgoings brought about, none of you
 More than to see the characters of real jealousy and fears
 Not feign'd, as once, but sadly, hardly
 Scor'd upon ev'ry Member's forehead

Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,
 And threaten sudden change of weather,
 Feel pangs and aches of state-turns,
 And revolutions in their country

And, since our Workings-out are such,
 Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost,
 Was it to run away we meant

When, taking of the Covenant,
 The lamest cripples of the Brothers
 Took oaths to run before all others

But, in their own sense, only swore
 To strive to run away before,
 And now would prove, that words and oath
 Engage us to renounce them both?

'Tis true the Cause is in the lurch,
 Between a right and mongrel-church;

The Presbyter and Independent,
 That stickle which shall make an end on't,
 As 't was made out to us the last
 Expedient,—(I mean Marg'ret's fall)

When Providence had been suborn'd
What answer was to be return'd :
Else why should tumults fright us now
We have so many times gone thro',
And understand as well to tame
As, when they serve our turns, t' inflame
Have prov'd how inconsiderable
Are all engagements of the rabble,
Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd
With drums; and rattles, like a child
But never prov'd so prosperous,
As when they were led on by us;
For all our scouring of religion
Began with tumults and sedition ;
When hurricanes of fierce commotion
Became strong motives to devotion ;
(As carnal seamen, in a storm,
Turn pious converts, and reform)
When rusty weapons, with chalk'd ends
Maintain'd our feeble privileges,
And brown-bills, levy'd in the City,
Made bills to pass the Grand Committee
When Zeal, with aged clubs and gles
Gave chase to rochets and white sleeves

¶. 521.] Alluding to the impudence of
saints, who frequently directed God Almighty
he should return to their prayers. Mr. Sim-
on called the *God-challenger*.

And made the Church, and State, and Law,	545
Submit t' old iron, and the Cause.	
And as we thriv'd by tumults then,	
So might we better now agen,	
If we knew how, as then we did,	
To use them rightly in our need:	550
Tumults, by which the mutinous	
Betray themselves instead of us;	
The hollow-hearted, disaffected,	
And close malignant are detected;	
Who lay their lives and fortunes down,	555
For pledges to secure our own;	
And freely sacrifice their ears	
T' appease our jealousies and fears:	
And yet for all these providences	
W' are offer'd, if we have our senses,	560
We idly sit, like stupid blockheads;	
Our hands committed to our pockets,	
And nothing but our tongues at large,	
To get the wretches a discharge:	
Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts,	565
Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts;	
Or fools besotted with their crimes,	
That know not how to shift betimes,	
That neither have the hearts to stay,	
Nor wit enough to run away;	570
Who, if we could resolve on either,	
<i>Might stand or fall at least together;</i>	

No mean nor trivial solaces
 To partners in extreme distress,
 Who use to lessen their despairs,
 By parting them int' equal shares;
 As if the more they were to bear,
 They felt the weight the easier;
 And ev'ry one the gentler hung,
 The more he took his turn among.
 But 't is not come to that, as yet,
 If we had courage left, or wit,
 Who, when our fate can be no worse,

**Are fitted for the bravest course,
 Have time to rally, and prepare
 Our last and best defence, despair :
 Despair, by which the gallant'st feats
 Have been achiev'd in greatest straits,
 And horrid'st dangers safely wav'd,
 By being courageously outbrav'd ;
 As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
 And poisons by themselves expell'd :
 And so they might be now agen,
 If we were, what we should be, men ;
 And not so dully desperate,
 To side against ourselves with Fate :
 As criminals, condemn'd to suffer,
 Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.
 'This comes of breaking Covenants,
 And setting up exauns of Saints,**

¶. 600. And setting up exauns of Saints. } Tt

e, like aldermen, for grace,
 cus'd the efficacy:
 cial men are too transcendent,
 unt their banks for independent,
 ; like Mah'met, in the air, 605
 gnatus, at his prayer,
 geometry, and hate
 :nce upon church or state:
 the pedantry o' th' latter,
 e obedience is better 610
 ripture says) than sacrifice,
 : the less on 't will suffice;
 rn to have the moderat'st stints
 'd their peremptory hints,
 opinion, true or false, 615
 as such, in Doctrinals;
 at large to make their best on,
 : b'ing call'd t' account or quest'on:
 t all the spleen reveals,
 tington explain'd the bells; 620
 themselves turn back agen
 ay'rs of New Jerusalem;
 : so big and overgrown,
 rn their edifiers to own,
 ight them all their sprinkling lessons, 625
 nes, and sanctify'd expressions;

uld be written *exemts*, or *exempt*; which is a French
 nounced *exauns*.

No mean nor trivial solaces
 To partners in extreme distress,
 Who use to lessen their despairs,
 By parting them int' equal shares;
 As if the more they were to bear,
 They felt the weight the easier;
 And ev'ry one the gentler hung,
 The more he took his turn among.
 But 't is not come to that, as yet,
 If we had courage left, or wit,
 Who, when our fate can be no worse,
 Are fitted for the bravest course,
 Have time to rally, and prepare
 Our last and best defence, despair:
 Despair, by which the gallant' st feats
 Have been achiev'd in greatest straits,
 And horrid' st dangers safely wav'd,
 By being courageously outbrav'd;
 As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
 And poisons by themselves expell'd:
 And so they might be now agen,
 If we were, what we should be, men;
 And not so dully desperate,
 To side against ourselves with Fate:
 As criminals, condemn'd to suffer,
 Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.
This comes of breaking Covenants,
And setting up exams of Saints,
 * 600. *And setting up exams of Saints.* } Th

excus'd the efficacy :

p'ritual men are too transcendent,
 t mount their banks for independent,
 hang, like Mah'met, in the air, 605
 r St. Ignatius, at his prayer,
 By pure geometry, and hate
 Dependence upon church or state :
 Disdain the pedantry o' th' latter,
 And since obedience is better 610
 (The Scripture says) than sacrifice,
 Presume the less on 't will suffice ;
 And scorn to have the moderat'ft hints
 Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,
 Or any opinion, true or false, 615
 Declar'd as such, in Doctrinals ;
 But left at large to make their best on,
 Without b'ing call'd t' account or quest'on :
 Interpret all the spleen reveals,
 As Whittington explain'd the bells ; 620
 And bid themselves turn back agen
 Lord May'rs of New Jerusalem ;
 But look so big and overgrown,
 They scorn their edifiers to own,
 Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons, 625
 Their tones, and sanctify'd expressions ;

ed ; it should be written *exemts*, or *exempt*s, which is a French word, pronounced *exams*.

Bestow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,
 Like charity, on those that want;
 And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots
 'T' inspire themselves with shorthand notes, 630
 For which they scorn and hate them worse
 Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders:
 For who first bred them up to pray,
 And teach the House of Commons' way?
 Where had they all their gifted phrases, 635
 But from our Calamies and Cafes?
 Without whose sprinkling and sowing,
 Whoc'er had heard of Nye or Owen?
 Their Dispensations had been stifled,
 But for our Adoniram Byfield; 640
 And, had they not begun the war,
 They 'ad ne'er been faint'd as they are:
 For Saints in peace degenerate,
 And dwindle down to reprobate;
 Their zeal corrupts, like standing water, 645
 In th' intervals of war and slaughter;
 Abates the sharpness of its edge,
 Without the pow'r of sacrilege:

[636.] Calamy and Cafe were chief men among the Presbyterians, as Owen and Nye were among the Independents.

[640. *Adoniram Byfield.*] He was a broken apothecary, a zealous Covenanter, one of the scribes to the assembly of Divines: and, no doubt, for his great zeal and pains-taking in his office, he had the profit of printing the *Directory*, the copy whereof was sold for 400*l.* though, when printed, the price was but three-pence.

[648.] It is an observation made by many writers upon

...their skins, 75 650

while grow out again,
they turn more carnal men,

in the most refin'd of Saints,
ly grow miscreants

les turn foland geese

ds of the Orcades.

655

ensation's but a ticket

informing to the wicked,

the greatest difference

words and shew than sense:

660

ope, that keeps the gate

ears three crowns of state;

eps the gate of hell,

is, wears three heads as well;

ld has any troth,

665

n canoniz'd in both.

does them greatest harm,

rizzards are too warm,

overheated fots

other goats;

670

re bends hereticks

e, like crooked sticks,

so vastly differ,

: they grow the stiffer;

rs, that in their annotations upon the
avoid speaking upon the subject of sa-

N

Still setting off their sp'ritual goods
With fierce and pertinacious feuds:
For Zeal's a dreadful termagant,
That teaches Saints to tear and rant,
And Independents to profess
The doctrine of Dependences;
Turns meek, and secret, sneaking ones,
To Rawheads fierce, and Bloodybones;
And, not content with endless quarrels
Against the Wicked and their morals,
The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs,
Divert their rage upon themselves.
For, now the war is not between
The Brethren and the Men of Sin,
But Saint and Saint to spill the blood
Of one another's Brotherhood,
Where neither side can lay pretence
To liberty of conscience,
Or zealous suff'ring for the Cause,
To gain one groat's worth of applause;
For, tho' endur'd with resolution,
'Twill ne'er amount to persecution;
Shall precious Saints, and Secret ones,
Break one another's outward bones,
And eat the flesh of Brethren,
Instead of kings and mighty men?
When fiends agree among themselves,
Shall they be found the greater elves?

hen Bell's at union with the Dragon,
 and Baal-Peor friends with Dagon;
 hen savage bears agree with bears, 705
 all secret ones lug Saints by th' ears,
 and not atone their fatal wrath,
 hen common danger threatens both?
 all mastiffs, by the collars pull'd,
 gag'd with bulls, let go their hold, 710
 and Saints, whose necks are pawn'd at stake,
 o notice of the danger take?
 at tho' no pow'r of heav'n or hell
 can pacify fanatick zeal,
 'tho would not guess there might be hopes 715
 the fear of gallowses and ropes,
 ere their eyes might reconcile
 their animosities awhile,
 at least until they 'ad a clear stage,
 and equal freedom to engage, 720
 without the danger of surprize
 by both our common enemies?
 This none but we alone could doubt,
 Who understood their workings-out,
 and know 'em both in soul and conscience, 725
 liv'n up t' as reprobate a nonsense
 as sp'ritual outlaws, whom the pow'r
 of miracle can ne'er restore.
 We whom at first they set up under
 a *revelation only* of plunder, 730

Who since have had so many trials
Of their encroaching self-denials,
That rook'd upon us with design
To out-reform, and undermine;
'Took all our int'rests and commands 713
Perfid'ously, but of our hands;
Involv'd us in the guilt of blood,
Without the motive gains allow'd,
And made us serve as ministerial,
Like younger sons of Father Belial: 740
And yet for all th' inhuman wrong,
'They 'ad done us, and the Cause so long,
'We never fail'd to carry on
The work still, as we had begun;
But true and faithfully obey'd, 745
And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd;
Nor troubled them to crop our ears,
Nor hang us like the Cavaliers;
Nor put them to the charge of jails,
To find us pill'ries and carts' tails, 750
Or hangman's wages, which the state
Was forc'd (before them) to be at;
That cut, like tallies to the stumps,
Our ears for keeping true accounts,
And burnt our vessels like a new 755
Seal'd peck, or bushel, forb'ing true;
But hand in hand like faithful Brothers,
Held for the Cause against all others,

as syllable of what we held. 760
 and tho' we differ'd now and then
 'Bout outward things, and outward men,
 Our inward men, and constant frame
 Of spirit, still were near the same;
 And till they first began to cant, 765
 And sprinkle down the Covenant,
 We ne'er had call in any place,
 Nor dream'd of teaching down Free Grace;
 But join'd our Gifts perpetually
 Against the common enemy, 770
 Altho' 't was ours, and their opinion,
 Each other's church was but a Rimmon;
 And yet for all this Gospel-union,
 And outward shew of Church-communion,
 They'll ne'er admit us to our shares 775
 Of ruling church or state affairs,
 Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence
 T' our own conditions of repentance,
 but shar'd our dividend o' the Crown
 We had so painfully preach'd down, 780
 and forc'd us, tho' against the grain,
 to have calls to teach it up again;
 't was but justice to restore
 the wrongs we had receiv'd before;
 and, when 't was held forth in our way, 785
 'ad been ungrateful not to pay;

Who, for the right we've done the nation,
 Have earn'd our temporal salvation,
 And put our vessels in a way,
 Once more, to come again in play,
 For if the turning of us out
 Has brought this providence about,
 And that our only suffering
 Is able to bring in the King,
 What would our actions not have done,
 Had we been suffer'd to go on?
 And therefore may pretend t' a share,
 At least, in carrying on th' affair:
 But whether that be so or not,
 We've done enough to have it thought,
 And that's as good as if we 'ad done it,
 And easier pass'd upon account:
 For if it be but half deny'd,
 'Tis half as good as justify'd.
 The world is nat'rally averse
 To all the truth it sees or hears,
 But swallows nonsense, and a lie,
 With greediness and gluttony;
 And tho' it have the pique, and long,
 'Tis still for something in the wrong;
 As women long, when they're with child,
 For things extravagant and wild;
 For meats ridiculous and fulsome,
 But seldom any thing that's wholesome;

turn round upon their ears, the poles;
 all what they're confidently told,
 no sense else can be controll'd.

And this, perhaps, may prove the means
 to more to hedge in Providence. 820

As relapses make diseases
 more desprate than their first accesles,
 we but get again in power,
 our work is easier than before,
 and we more ready and expert 825

to sh' mystery, to do our part :
 we, who did rather undertake
 the first war to create than make;
 and, when of nothing 't was begun,
 rais'd funds, as strange, to carry 't on; 830

spann'd the state, and fac'd it down,
 with plots and projects of our own;
 and if we did such feats at first,
 what can we, now we're better vers'd?
 who have a freer latitude, 835

and sinners give themselves, allow'd;
 and therefore likeliest to bring in,
 on fairest terms, our Discipline;
 which it was reveal'd long since
 we were ordain'd by Providence, 840

when three Saints' ears, our predecessors,
 the Cause's primitive confessors,

[841.] Burton, Pryn, and Bastwick, three notorious

B'ing crucify'd, the nation stood
In just so many years of blood,
That, multiply'd by Six, express
The perfect number of the Beast,
And prov'd that we must be the men
To bring this Work about agen:
And those who laid the first foundation,
Complete the thorough Reformation:
For who have gifts to carry on
So great a work but we alone?
What Churches have such able pastors,
And precious, powerful, preaching Masters?
Possess'd with absolute dominions
O'er Brethren's purses and opinions?
And trussed with the double keys
Of heav'n, and their warehouses;
Who, when the Cause is in distress,
Can furnish out what sums they please,
That brooding lie in bankers' hands,
To be dispos'd at their commands;
And daily' increase and multiply,
With Doctrine, Use, and Usury:
Can fetch in parties (as in war,
All other heads of cattle are)
From th' enemy of all religions,
As well as high and low conditions,

*ringleaders of the factions, just at the beginning of
horrid Rebellion.*

Share them, from blue ribands, down
 All blue aprons in the Town ; : 870
 In ladies hurry'd in calleches,
 In cornets at their footmen's breeches,
 Bawds as fat as Mother Nab,
 In guts and belly, like a crab.
 In party's great, and better ty'd 875
 With oaths, and trade, than any side ;
 As one considerable improvement
 To double fortify the Cov'nant ;
 To mean our Covenant to purchase
 Delinquents' titles, and the Church's, 880
 That pass in sale, from hand to hand,
 Among ourselves, for current land,
 And rise or fall, like Indian actions,
 According to the rate of factions ;
 Our best reserve for Reformation, 885
 When new Outgoings give occasion ;
 That keeps the joints of Brethren girt,
 The Covenant (their creed) t' assert ;
 And, when they 've pack'd a Parliament,
 Will once more try th' expedient : 890
 Who can already muster friends
 To serve for members to our ends,
 That represent no part o' th' nation,
 But Fisher's-folly congregation ;
 Are only tools to our intrigues, 895
 And sit like geese to hatch our eggs ;

Who, by their precedents of wit,
 To outfast, outloiter, and outfit,
 And order matters underhand,
 To put all bus'ness to a stand;
 Lay publick bills aside, for private,
 And make 'em one another drive out;
 Divert the great and necessary,
 With trifles to contest and vary;
 And make the nation represent,
 And serve for us in Parl'ament;
 Cut out more work than can be done
 In Plato's year, but finish none,
 Unless it be the bulls of Lenthal,
 That always pass'd for fundamental;
 Can set up grandee against grandee,
 To squander time away, and bandy;
 Make Lords and Commoners lay sieges
 To one another's privileges;
 And, rather than compound the quarrel,
 Engage, to th' inevitable peril
 Of both their ruins, th' only scope
 And consolation of our hope;

[v. 909.] Mr. Lenthal was Speaker to that House
 which began the Rebellion, murdered the
 king then but the Rump, or rag-end of a House
 turned out by Oliver Cromwell; restored after
 ousted, and at last dissolved themselves at General N
 mand: and as his name was set to the ordinary
 House, these ordinances are here called the Bulls
 in allusion to the Pope's bulls, which are humi-
 led by the author of *A Tale of a Tub*.

' we do not play the game,
 such by giving aim ; 930
 duce our ancient arts,
 of factions, t' set their parts ;
 at a leading voice is worth,
 ng, a third, or fourth ;
 h a casting voice comes to, 935
 s up trump of *Aye* or *No* ;
 djusting all at th' end,
 ry one his dividend.
 it so much study cost,
 's in danger to be lost 930
 r ancient virtuosis,
 d it out, get in to th' Houses.
 the courses that we took
 things by hook or crook,
 is'd down from forty-four, 935
 r turn'd us out of door.
 e herds of Boutefeus
 work without the House,
 ry knight and citizen
 lative journeymen, 940
 hem in intelligence,
 oints of the rabble's sense,

Judge Crook and Hutton were the two judges who
 in their ten brethren in the case of ship-money,
 argued in the Exchequer ; which occasioned the
 that the King carried it by *Acot*, but not by *Crook*.

And fill the lobbies of both Houses
With politick important buzaas;
Set up committees of cabals,
To pack designs without the walls;
Examine and draw up all news,
And fit it to our present use;
Agree upon the plot o' the farce,
And ev'ry one his part rehearse;
Make Q's of answers, to waylay
What th' other party's like to say;
What repartees, and smart reflections,
Shall be return'd to all objections;
And who shall break the master-jest,
And what, and how, upon the rest;
Help pamphlets out, with safe editions,
Of proper slanders and seditions,
And treason for a token send,
By letter, to a country friend;
Disperse lampoons, the only wit
That men, like burglary, commit,
With falser than a padder's face,
That all its owner does betrays,
Who therefore dares not trust it, when
He's in his calling to be seen;
Disperse the dung on barren earth,
To bring new weeds of discord forth;
Be sure to keep up congregations,
In spite of laws and proclamations:

ans can do no good,
 re mounted in a crowd;
 they 're punish'd all the host
 e the better for't;
 confessors are late
 ay for all th' endare,
 hey earn in persecution,
 a groat in contribution:
 ne tub holders forth have made
 ig tubs their richest trade:
 they keep their shops in prison,
 their prices strangely risen
 own the least regret
 Christian blood we're to let,
 our credit, and maintain
 do so again;
 not cost one dram of sin,
 cious impudence.
 ury t' our principles,
 I wear out all things else;
 e statues, rubb'd in pieces
 ntry of pilgrims' kisses;
 : who turn and wind their oaths,
 'd and sunk, like other froths;
 while, but 't was not long
 a world to world they swung;

775

776

777

778

779

96.] Dr. South remarks upon the Pelegites,
 re did they make of heaven, and so fully reckon
 7.

and turn'd from side to side,
 the changlings liv'd they dy'd.
 And, th' impatient Statesmonger
 now contain himself no longer, 900
 is not spar'd to shew his piques
 th' haranguer's politicks.
 Starting remarks of leering faces,
 citations of grimaces,
 and administer'd a dose 905
 of mandungus to his nose,
 pierc'd th' inside of his skull,
 with outward jobbernot,
 and with a scornful look
 perfunctory, and thus he spoke : 910
 " Long a cart's head, altho'
 ye and brains together go,
 ye go great a distance here,
 ye go over they come near ;
 ye ever play his gambols 915
 ye miserable rumbles,
 ye hanging in the King
 ye of that cut one thing ?
 ye could do, but those that swore
 ye blink nonsense heretofore ; 920
 ye was in the right and thither, that they never is
 ye thought that their caution ye should take Tyburn
 ye"
 [The King, 1674. 1674. 1674. 1674.
 " The 1674. 1674. In the first edition of 1673. &
 1674, near some other Mr. 3. 1674. 1674.

~~And was to invade,~~
~~Assinate to aid :~~

because you drove him out,
(that was never made a doubt)
your power is able to restore
XC 25
and bring him in, but on your score :
A spiritual doctrine, that conduces
Most properly to all your uses.
'Tis true, a scorpion's oil is said
To cure the wounds the vermine made ;
XC 30
And weapons dress'd with salves restore,
And heal the hurts they gave before :
But whether Presbyterians have
So much good nature as the salve,
Or virtue in them as the vermin,
XC 35
Those who have try'd them can determine.
Indeed 't is pity you should miss
Th' arrears of all your services,
And, for th' eternal obligation
Y' laid upon th' ungrateful nation,
XC 40
Be us'd so unconscionably hard,
As not to find a just reward
For letting rapine loose, and murder,
To rage just so far, but no further,
And setting all the land on fire,
XC 45
To burn t' a scantling, but no higher ;
For vent'ring to assassinate,
And cut the throats of Church and State,

O.

As they had turn'd from side to side,
And as the changlings liv'd they dy'd.

This said, th' impatient Statesmonger
Could now contain himself no longer, 1000
Who had not spar'd to shew his piques
Against th' haranguer's politicks.
With smarting remarks of leering faces,
And annotations of grimaces,
After he had administer'd a dose 1005
Of snuff mundungus to his nose,
And powder'd th' inside of his skull,
Instead of th' outward jobbernot,
He shook it with a scornful look
On th' adversary, and thus he spoke: 1010

In dressing a calf's head, altho'
The tongue and brains together go,
Both keep so great a distance here,
'Tis strange if ever they come near;
For who did ever play his gambols 1015
With such insufferable rambles,
To make the bringing in the King
And keeping of him out one thing?
Which none could do, but those that swore
T' as point-blank nonsense heretofore; 1020

" ed themselves in the high road thither, that they never so
" much as thought that their Saintships should take Tyburn
" in the way."

*. 1004. *Grimaces.*] Edit. 1674. Altered 1684.

*. 1007. *Inside of his soul.*] In the first edition of 1678. Al-
tered to *skull*, 1684, four years after Mr. Butler's death.

To assassinate to aid :
 Iless, because you drove him out,
 And that was never made a doubt)
 To pow'r is able to restore 1025
 and bring him in, but on your score :
 A sp'ritual doctrine, that conduces
 Most properly to all your uses.
 'Tis true, a scorpion's oil is said
 To cure the wounds the vermine made ; 1030
 And weapons dress'd with salves restore,
 And heal the hurts they gave before :
 But whether Presbyterians have
 So much good nature as the salve,
 Or virtue in them as the vermin, 1035
 Those who have try'd them can determin.
 Indeed 't is pity you should miss
 Th' arrears of all your services,
 And, for th' eternal obligation
 Y' laid upon th' ungrateful nation, 1040
 Be us'd so unconscionably hard,
 As not to find a just reward
 For letting rapine loose, and murder,
 To rage just so far, but no further,
 And setting all the land on fire, 1045
 To burn t' a scantling, but no higher ;
 For vent'ring to assassinate,
 And cut the throats of Church and State,
O.

not be allow'd the fittest men
take the charge of both agen:
pecially that have the grace

1050

self-denying gifted face;
Who when your projects have miscarry'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,

1055

On those you painfully trepann'd,
And sprinkled in at second-hand;
As we have been, to share the guilt

Of Christian blood, devoutly spilt;
For so our ignorance was flamm'd,

To damn ourselves, t' avoid being damn'd;
Till finding your old foe, the hangman,

1060

Was like to lurch you at Backgammon,
And win your necks upon the set,

As well as ours, who did but bet,
(For he had drawn your ears before,

And nick'd them on the self-same score)
We threw the box and dice away,

Before y' had lost us at fowl play,
And brought you down to rook and lie,

And fancy only on the bye;
Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles,

From perching upon lofty poles,
And rescu'd all your outward traitors

From hanging up, like aligators;

*. 1065.] Alluding to the case of Mr. Pryn, who
cropped twice for his seditious writings.

ich ingeniously ye've shew'd 1075
 rebyterian gratitude ;
 freely have paid us home in kind,
 t have been one rope behind.
 vere your motives to divide,
 uple, on the other side, 1080
 your zealous frauds, and force,
 of conscience and remorse ;
 nvinc'd they were in vain,
 e about for new again ;
 h no more unveil'd your eyes, 1085
 aggots are convinc'd to flies ;
 refore all your Lights and Calls
 apocryphal and false,
 ge us with the consequences
 our native insolences, 1090
 your own imperious wills
 w and Gospel neck and heels ;
 ed the Old Testament,
 : the New for precedent ;
 id its errors and defects, 1095
 nder and rebellion texts ;

5. *Than maggots are convinc'd to flies.*] Thus it stands
 ions to 1710, exclusive, and then altered, *Than mag-*
 1 they turn *to flies*.

3.] This was done by a fanatical printer, in the so-
 mmandment ; who printed it, *Thou shalt commit a-*
 nd was fined for it in the Star-chamber, or High-
 in Court.

Of which there is not any one
 In all the book to sow upon;
 And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews
 Held Christian doctrine forth, and use; 1100
 As Mahomet (your chief) began
 'To mix them in the Alcoran;
 Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,
 And bended elbows on the cushion;
 Stole from the beggars all your tones, 1105
 And gifted mortifying groans;
 Had lights where better eyes were blind,
 As pigs are said to see the wind;
 Fill'd Bedlam with predestination,
 And Knightsbridge with illumination; 1110
 Made children, with your tones, to run for't,
 As bad as Bloodybones or Lunsford.

[v. 1112. *Or Lunsford.*] It was one of the artifices of the Malecontents in the Civil war to raise false alarms, and to fill the people full of frightful apprehensions. In particular, they raised a terrible outcry of the imaginary danger they conceived from the Lord Digby and Colonel Lunsford. Lillburn glories, upon his trial, for being an incendiary on such occasions, and mentions the tumult he raised against the innocent Colonel as a meritorious action: "I was once arraigned (says he) before the House of Peers, for sticking close to the liberties and privileges of this nation, and those that stood for them, being one of those two or three men that first drew their swords in Westminster-hall against Colonel Lunsford, and some scores of his associates: at that time it was supposed they intended to cut the throats of the chiefest men then sitting in the House of Peers." And, to render him the more odious, they reported that he was of so brut

women, great with child, miscarry'd;
 ng to Malignants marry'd :
 rm'd all wives to Dalilahs, 1115
 husbands were not for the Cause;
 rn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,
 : they came not out to battle ;
 ailors' 'prentices turn heroes,
 r of being transform'd to Meroz, 1120
 ther forfeit their indentures,
 ot espouse the Saints' adventures :
 ranstantiate, metamorphose,
 arm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus;
 it the King's and Church's lands, 1125
 / and follow your commands,
 ttle on a new freehold,
 rcly-hill had done of old ;
 urn the Cov'nant, and translate
 pspel into spoons and plate; 1130
 id upon all merchants' cashes,
 en th' intricatest places;
 catechise a money-box,
 ove all pouches orthodox;
 he Cause became a Damon, 1135
 ythias the wicked Mammon :

site that he would eat children. And, to make this
 an the more detestable, they made horrid pictures of
 lonel Lunsford, after all, was a person of extraordina-
 ty, industry, and courage, and was killed at the ta-
 lliol by the King, in 1643.

And yet, in spite of all your charms -
 To conjure Legion up in arms,
 And raise more devils in the rout,
 Than e'er y' were able to call out,
 Y' have been redut'd, and by those fools,
 Bred up (you say) in your own schools,
 Who, tho' but gifted at your feet,
 Have made it plain they have more wit,
 By whom you 've been so oft' trepann'd,
 And held forth out of all command;
 Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,
 And out-reveal'd at Carryings-on;
 Of all your Dispensations worm'd,
 Out-providenc'd and out-reform'd;
 Ejected out of Church and State,
 And all things but the people's hate;
 And spirited out of th' enjoyments
 Of precious, edifying employments,
 By those who lodg'd their gifts and graces
 Like better bowlers, in your places:
 All which you bore with resolution,
 Charg'd on th' account of persecution;
 And tho' most righteously oppress'd,
 Against your wills, still acquiesc'd;
 And never humm'd and hah'd Sedition,
 Nor snuff'd Treason, nor Misprision:
 That is, because you never durst;
 For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worst.

Alas! you were no longer able 1165

To raise your posse of the rabble :

One single redcoat sentinel

Outcharm'd the magick of the spell,

And, with his squirt fire, could disperse

Whole troops with chapter rais'd and verse. 1170

We knew too well those tricks of yours,

To leave it ever in your powers,

Or trust our safeties, or undoings,

To your disposing of Outgoings,

Or to your ord'ring Providence, 1175

One farthing's worth of consequence.

For had you power to undermine,

Or wit to carry a design,

Or correspondence to trepan,

Inveigle, or betray one man, 1180

There's nothing else that intervenes;

And bars your zeal to use the means;

And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,

To bring in kings, or keep them out :

Brave undertakers to restore, 1185

That could not keep yourselves in pow'r;

To advance the int'rests of the Crown,

That wanted wit to keep your own.

'Tis true you have (for I'd be loath

To wrong ye) done your parts in both, 1190

To keep him out, and bring him in,

As Grace is introduc'd by Sin;

For 't was your zealous want of sense
And sanctify'd impertinence,
Your carrying bus'ness in a huddle, 1195
That forc'd our rulers to new-model,
Oblig'd the State to tack about,
And turn you, root and branch, all out;
To reformato, one and all,
T' your great Croyfado General: 1200
Your greedy flav'ring to devour,
Before 't was in your clutches, pow'r;
That sprung the game you were to set,
Before ye 'ad time to draw the net:
Your spite to see the Church's lands 1205
Divided into other hands,
And all your sacrilegious ventures
Laid out in tickets and debentures:
Your envy to be sprinkled down,
By under churches in the Town; 1210
And no course us'd to stop their mouths,
Nor th' Independents' spreading growths;
All which consider'd, 't is most true
None bring him in so much as you,
Who have prevail'd beyond their plots, 1215
Their midnight juntas, and seal'd knots;
That thrive more by your zealous piques,
Than all their own rash politicicks.
And this way you may claim a share
In carrying (as you brag) th' affair, 1220

Else frogs and toads, that croak'd the Jews :
 From Pharaoh and his brick-kilns loose,
 And flies and maggots, that set them free
 From taskmasters and slavery,
 Were likelier to do the feat, 1215

In any indiff'rent man's conceit :
 For who'er heard of Restoration,
 Until your thorough Reformation ?
 That is, the King's and Church's lands
 Were sequester'd int' other hands : 1230

For only then, and not before,
 Your eyes were open'd to restore ;
 And when the work was carrying on,
 Who cross'd it but yourselves alone ?
 As by a world of hints appears, 1235
 All plain, and extant, as your ears.

But first, o' th' first : The Isle of Wight
 Will rise up, if you shou'd deny't,
 Where Henderson, and th' other Masses,
 Were sent to cap texts, and put cases : 1240

[v. 1239. Where Henderson.] When the King, in the year 1646, was in the Scotch army, the English Parliament sent him some propositions, one of which was the abolition of Episcopacy, and the setting up Presbytery in its stead. Mr. Henderson, one of the chief of the Scotch Presbyterian ministers, was employed to induce the King to agree to this proposition, it being what his Majesty chiefly stuck at. Accordingly he came provided with books and papers for his purpose : the controversy was debated in writing, as well as by personal conference, and several papers passed between them, which have been several times published ; from which it appears that the King, without books or papers, or any one to assist him, was

But ere this pass'd, the wise debate 1255
 Spent so much time it grew too late;
 For Oliver had gotten ground,
 T' enclose him with his warriors round;
 Had brought his Providence about,
 And turn'd th' untimely sophists out. 1260
 Nor had the Uxbridge bus'ness less
 Of nonsense in't, or sottishness;
 When from a scoundrel holderforth,
 The scum, as well as son o' th' earth,
 Your mighty senators took law, 1265
 At his command were forc'd t' withdraw,
 And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation
 To Doctrine, Use, and Application.
 So when the Scots, your constant cronies,
 Th' espousers of your cause and monies, 1270

v. 1263.] This was Mr. Christopher Love, a furious Presbyterian, who, when the King's commissioners met those of the Parliament at Uxbridge, in the year 1644, to treat of peace, preached a sermon there on the 30th of January against the treaty, and said, among other things, that "no good was to be expected from it, for that they (meaning the King's commissioners) came from Oxford with hearts full of blood."

v. 1269, 1270.] The expense the English rebels engaged the nation in, by bringing in their brother rebels from Scotland, amounted to an extravagant sum, their receipts in money and free quarters, 1,462,769*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.* William Lilly, the *Astrophel* of this Poem, observes of the Scots, "That they came into England purposely to steal our goods, ravish our wives, enslave our persons, inherit our possessions and birth-rights, remain here in England, and everlastingly to inhabit among us."

Who had so often, in your aid,
 So many ways been soundly paid,
 Came in at last for better ends,
 To prove themselves your trusty friends,
 You safely left them, and the Church 1275
 They train'd you up to, in the lurch,
 And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians
 To fall before, as true Philistines.
 This shews what utensils y^e have been,
 To bring the King's concerns in; 1280
 Which is so far from being true,
 That none but he can bring in you;
 And if he take you into trust,
 Will find you most exactly just,
 Such as will punctually repay 1285
 With double int'rest, and betray.
 Not that I think those pantomimes,
 Who vary action with the times,

Mr. Bowlstrode, son of Colonel Bowlstrode, a factious rebel
 in Buckinghamshire, in his prayer before his sermon, at Hor-
 ton, near Colebrook, used the following words: "Thou hast
 " O Lord of late written bitter things against thy children,
 " and forsaken thine own inheritance; and now, O Lord, in
 " our misery and distress we expected aid from our brethren of
 " our neighbouring nation, (the Scots, I mean) but, good
 " Lord, thou knowest that they are a false, perfidious nation,
 " and do all they do for their own ends."

By the author of a tract, entitled *Les Talions*, 't is propo-
 sed, as a preventing remedy, "to let the Scots, in the name
 " of God, or of the devil that sent them, go home."

Are less ingenious in their art,
Than those who dully act one part;
Or those who turn from side to side,
More guilty than the wind and tide,
All countries are a wife man's home,
And so are governments to some,
Who change them for the same intrigues,
That statesmen use in breaking leagues;
While others in old faiths and troths
Look odd, as out-of-fashion'd clothes,
And nastier in an old opinion,
Than those who never shift their linen.

For True and Faithful's sure to lose,
Which way soever the game goes;
And, whether parties lose or win,
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in;
While pow'r usurp'd, like stol'n delight,
Is more bewitching than the right,
And, when the times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the halter.

And so we may, if we've but sense
To use the necessary means,
And not your usual stratagems,
On one another, lights, and dreams;
To stand on terms as positive,
As if we did not take, but give;
Set up the Covenant on crutches,
'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,

1 of pulling churches down,
 're sure to prep our own ;
 ant method of proceeding,
 2c carnal means of heeding, 1320
 xt your inward sense and outward,
 , than if y' had none, accoutred.
 all curses are in vain,
 can get it in again ;
 way that 's left us now, 1325
 difficulty 's how.
 ve 've money, th' only pow'r
 ankind falls down before ;
 at, like the swords of kings,
 reason of all things ; 1330
 fore need not doubt our play
 vantages that way,
 men have faith to sell,
 with those that can pay well ;
 f-starv'd pride, and avarice, 1335
 h and state will not suffice,
 to sale, besides the wages,
 plagues to afterages.
 money less our own
 is before we laid it down ; 1340
 return, and turn t' account,
 brought in play upon 't
 casting knaves, get in,
 'r can hinder us to win?

We know the arts we us'd before, 1345
In peace and war, and something more,
And by th' unfortunate events
Can mend our next experiments;
For when we're taken into trust,
How easy are the wisest choust, 1350
Who see but th' outides of our feats,
And not their secret springs and weights,
And, while they're busy at their ease,
Can carry what designs we please
How easy is't to serve for agents, 1355
To prosecute our old engagements,
To keep the good old Cause on foot,
And present pow'r from taking root;
Inflame them both with false alarms
Of plots and parties taking arms; 1360
To keep the nation's wounds too wide
From healing up of side to side;
Profess the passionat'it concerns,
For both their interests by turns,
The only way t' improve our own, 1365
By dealing faithfully with none;
(As bowls run true, by being made
On purpose false, and to be sway'd)
For if we should be true to either,
'T would turn us out of both together; 1370

x. 1361. *For healing up.*] In all editions to 1704, exclusive.

x. 1368. *Of purpose false.*] In all editions to 1704, exclusive.

therefore have no other end, y^end never more
 nd upon our own defence, I should not think of
 reaping up our ancient partying and
 our; confident and history: I should not think of
 concile our late Dissenters, I should not think of
 rethren, tho' by other names; I should not think of
 them, and their different suggestions; I should not
 g and short sticks are in faggots, I should not
 make them join again as cleave, I should not think of
 ten they first began t' espouse; I should not think of
 them into separate I should not think of
 Jewish tribes in Church and State; I should not think of
 in in marriages and commerce, I should not think of
 only' among themselves converse, I should not think of
 all that are not of their mind, I should not think of
 enemies to all mankind: I should not think of
 all religions in, and stickle I should not think of
 Conclave down to Coventide; I should not think of
 sing still of disagreeing, I should not think of
 ding to the Light in being. I should not think of
 times for liberty of conscience, I should not think of
 spiritual misrule in one sense; I should not think of
 another quite contrary, I should not think of
 dispensations chance to vary; I should not think of
 stand for, as the times will bear it, I should not think of
 contradictions of the Spirit: I should not think of
 et their emissaries, empower'd I should not think of
 each Sedition and the Word; I should not think of

875

8380

8385

8390

8395

And, when they're hamper'd by the laws,
Release the lab'ers for the Cause,
And turn the persecution back
On those that made the first attack,
To keep them equally in awe
From breaking, or maintaining law :
And when they have their fits too soon,
Before the full-tides of the moon,
Put off their zeal t' a fitter season,
For sowing faction in and treason ;
And keep them hooded, and their Churches,
Like hawks, from baiting on their perches ;
That when the blessed time shall come
Of quitting Babylon and Rome,
They may be ready to restore
Their own Fifth monarchy once more.

Mean-while be better arm'd to fence
Against revolts of Providence,
By watching narrowly, and snapping
All blind sides of it, as they happen :
For if success could make us Saints,
Our ruin turn'd us miscreants ;

*. 1419, 1420.] The author of the *Fourth Part of a story of Independency*, p. 56. compares the governors of times with the Turks, who ascribe the goodness of their to the keenness of their sword, denying that any thing properly be called *nefar*, if it can but win the epithet *esperum*. Dr. Owen seems to have been in this way of thinking. " Where (says he, *Eben Ezer*, p. 12. 1784) is the God of the *sefer's* Sayings, part ii. p. 12.) is the God of the

A scandal that would fall too hard
Upon a few, and unprepar'd.

These are the courses we must run,
Spite of our hearts, or be undone,
And not to stand on terms and freaks, 1425
Before we have secur'd our necks.

But do our work as out of fight,
As stars by day, and suns by night;
All license of the people own,
In opposition to the Crown; 1430
And for the Crown as fiercely side,
The head and body to divide.

The end of all we first design'd,
And all that yet remains behind,
Be sure to spare no publick rapin, 1435
On all emergencies that happen;

For 'tis as easy to supplant
Authority, as men in want;
As some of us, in trusts, have made
The one hand with the other trade; 1440

Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour,
The right a thief, the left receiver;
And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,
The other, by as fly, retail'd.

"and the God of Nazeby? is an acceptable expostulation in
"a glorious day. O! what a catalogue of mercies has this
"nation to plead by in a time of trouble? The God came
"from Nazeby, and the holy One from the West. Selah."

DISSEAS.

...ale as death,
...t of breath,
...up his wits,
...le by fits:
...le—that came down
...rets—in the Town,
...ad stalls, and shopboards—in vast swarms,
...ith new-chalk'd bills, and rusty arms,
...o cry the Cause—up, heretofore,
...And bawl the Bishops—out of door.
...Are new drawn up—in greater shoals,
...To roast—and broil us on the coals,
...And all the Grandees—of our members
...Are carbonading—on the embers;
...Knights, citizens, and bargessies—
...Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,
...That serve for characters—and badges,
...To represent their personages;

¶ 1504.] We learn from Lilly, that the poet brought this terrifying intelligence to this cabal v
tyu Noell. Sir Martyn tells his story naturally,
like a man in a fright and out of breath, and
make breaks and stops till he naturally recovers
proceeds floridly, and without impediment. T
in the Poem not to be disregarded; and let th
an experiment, and shorten his breath; or
put himself into Sir Martyn's condition, and
lation, and he will soon be convinced that th
tural and judicious.
1505.] This is an accurate description o
ing rumps upon the admission of the R
contempt of the Rump Parliament.

, ——— incarnate ;
 For while we wrangle here, and jar,
 We're grill'd all at Temple-bar ;
 Some, on the signpost of an alehouse,
 Hang in effigy, on the gallows,
 Made up of rags to personate
 Respective officers of state ;
 That, henceforth, they may stand reputed,
 Proscrib'd in law, and executed,
 And, while the Work is carrying on,
 Be ready list'd under Dun,
 That worthy patriot, once the bellows,
 And tinder-box, of all his fellows ;
 'The activ'st member of the five,
 As well as the most primitive ;
 Who, for his faithful service then,
 's chosen for a fifth agen :

v. 1534.] Dun ———

(For since the state has made a quint
 Of Generals, he's lifted in 't)
 This worthy, as the world will say,
 Is paid in specie, his own way :
 For, moulded to the life, in clouts 1545
 Th' have pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,
 He's mounted on a hazel bavin
 A cropp'd malignant baker gave 'em;
 And to the largest bonfire riding,
 'They've roasted Cook already', and Pride in ; 1550
 On whom, in equipage and state,
 His scarecrow fellow-members wait,
 And march in order, two and two,
 As at Thanksgivings th' us'd to do,
 Each in a tatter'd talisman, 1555
 Like vermine in effigy slain.

But (what's more dreadful than the rest)
 Those rumps are but the tail o' th' Beast,

r. 1541, 1542.] The Rump, growing jealous of General Monk, ordered that the generalship should be vested in five commissioners, Monk, Hazlerig, Walton, Morley, and Alured, making three a quorum, but denying a motion that Monk should be of that quorum; but, their authority not being then much regarded, this order was not obeyed, and Monk continued sole general notwithstanding.

v. 1550.] The wicked wretch who acted as solicitor in the King's trial, and drew up a charge of High treason against him, and had drawn up a formal plea against him, in case he had submitted to the jurisdiction of the Court. At his own trial he pleaded, that what he did was as a law-yeet for his fee. He deservedly suffered at Tyburn as a Regicide.

Set up by Popish engineers,
 As by the crackers plainly' appears;
 For none, but Jesuits, have a mission
 To preach the faith with ammunition,
 And propagate the Church with powder;
 Their founder was a blown-up soldier.
 These sp'ritual pioneers o' th' Whore's, 1560
 That have the charge of all her stores,
 Since first they fail'd in their designs,
 To take in heav'n by springing mines,
 And with unanswerable barrels
 Of gunpowder dispute their quarrels, 1570
 Now take a course more practicable,
 By laying trains to fire the rabble,
 And blow us up, in th' open streets,
 Disguis'd in rumps, like sambenites,
 More like to ruin and confound, 1575
 Than all their doctrines underground.
 Nor have they chosen rumps amiss,
 For symbols of State-mysteries,
 Tho' some suppose 't was but to shew
 How much they scorn'd the Saints, the few, 1580
 Who, 'cause they 're wait'd to the stumps,
 Are represented best by rumps.
 But Jesuits have deeper reaches
 In all their politick far-fetches,

And from the Coptick priest Kircherus, 1585
 Found out this mystick way to jeer us:
 For as the Egyptians us'd by bees
 T' express their antique Ptolomies,
 And by their stings, the swords they wore,
 Held forth authority and pow'r; 1590
 Because these subtle animals
 Bear all their int'rests in their tails,
 But when they're once impair'd in that,
 Are banish'd their well order'd state,
 They thought all governments were best 1595
 By hieroglyphick rumps express.

For as, in bodies natural,
 The rump's the fundament of all,
 So in a commonwealth, or realm,
 The government is call'd the Helm, 1600
 With which, like vessels under sail,
 They're turn'd and winded by the tail;
 The tail, which birds and fishes steer
 Their courses with thro' sea and air,
 To whom the rudder of the rump is 1605
 The same thing with the stern and compass.
 This shews how perfectly the rump
 And commonwealth in Nature jump:
 For as a fly, that goes to bed,
 Rests with his tail above his head, 1610

[r. 1585. Kircherus.] Athanasius Kircher, a Jesuit, hath wrote largely on the Egyptian mystical learning. Kircherus, in the two first editions.

So, in this mongrel state of ours,
The rabble are the supreme powers,
That hors'd us on their backs, to show us
A jadisish trick at last, and throw us.

The learned Rabbins of the Jews 1615
Write, there's a bone, which they call Luez,
I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue,
No force in nature can do hurt to;
And therefore, at the last great day,
All th' other members shall, they say, 1620
Spring out of this, as from a seed
All sorts of vegetals proceed;
From whence the learned sons of Art,
Os sacrum justly style that part:
Then what can better represent, 1625
Than this rump bone, the Parliament,
That after sev'ral rude ejections,
And as prodigious resurrections,
With new reversions of nine lives,
Starts up, and like a cat, revives? 1630

But now, alas! they're all expir'd,
And th' House, as well as members, fir'd;
Consum'd in kennels by the rout,
With which they other fires put out;
Condemn'd t' ungoverning distress; 1635
And paltry, private wretchedness;
Worse than the devil to privation,
Beyond all hopes of restoration;

And parted, like the body and soul,
From all dominion and control. 1640

We who could lately, with a look,
Enact, establish, or revoke,
Whose arbitrary nods gave law,
And frowns kept multitudes in awe;
Before the bluster of whose huff, 1645

All hats, as in a storm, flew off;
Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,
Down to the footman and valet;
Had more bent knees than chapel mats,
And prayers, than the crowns of hats, 1650

Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,
For ruin's just as low as high;
Which might be suffer'd, were it all
The horror that attends our fall:

For some of us have scores more large 1655
Than heads and quarters can discharge;
And others, who, by restless scraping,

With publick frauds, and private rapine,
Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd,
Would gladly lay down all at last; 1660

And, to be but undone, entail
Their vessels on perpetual jail,

1661, 1662.] This the Regicides, in general, would have done gladly, but the ringleaders of them were executed in *succession*. Those that came in upon proclamation were brought to the bar of the House of Lords, 25th Nov. 1661, to answer what they could say for themselves why judgment

And bless the dev'l to let them farms.
Of forfeit soul, on no worse terms.

This said, a near and louder shout 1665
Put all th' assembly to the rout,
Who now begun t' outrun their fear,
As horses do, from those they bear;
But crowded on with so much haste,
Until they 'ad block'd the passage fast, 1670
And barricado'd it with haunches
Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,
That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,
And rather save a crippled piece

should not be executed against them? They severally alleged,
"That, upon his Majesty's gracious Declaration from Breda,
"and the votes of the Parliament, &c. they did render
"themselves, being advised that they should thereby secure
"their lives; and humbly craved the benefit of the procla-
"mation, &c." And Harry Martyn briskly added; "That
"he had never obeyed any proclamation before this, and ho-
"ped he should not be hanged for taking the King's word
"now." A bill was brought in for their execution, which was
read twice, but afterwards dropt, and so they were all sent to
their several prisons, and little more heard of. Ludlow, and
some others, escaped by flying among the Swiss Cantons.

★. 1665, 1666.] When Sir Martyn came to this cabal, he
left the rabble at Temple-bar; but, by the time he had con-
cluded his discourse, they were advanced near Whitehall and
Westminster. This alarmed our caballers, and perhaps terri-
fied them with the apprehension of being hanged or burned
in reality, as some of them that very instant were in effigy.
No wonder therefore they broke up so precipitately, and that
each endeavoured to secure himself. The manner of it is de-
scribed with a poetical license, only to embellish this Canto
with a diverting catastrophe.

Of all their crush'd and broken members, 1675
Than have them grilly'd on the embers;
Still pressing on with heavy packs
Of one another on their backs,
The vanguard could no longer bear
The charges of the forlorn rear, 1680
But, borne down headlong by the rout,
Were trampled forely under foot;
Yet nothing prov'd so formidable
As th' horrid cook'ry of the rabble;
And fear, that keeps all feeling out, 1685
As lesser pains are by the gout,
Reliev'd 'em with a fresh supply
Of rally'd force, enough to fly,
And beat a Tuscan running horse,
Whose jockey-rider is all spurs. 1690

HUDIBRAS.
IN THREE PARTS.

PART III. CANTO III.

The Argument.

The Knight and Squire's prodigious fight
To quit th' embattled party by night.
He plots to turn his amorous suit,
T' a pleasurable and profitable quest;
Repairs to counsel, to advice,
'Ere venturing the enterprise;
But first resolves to try by letters,
And one more fair address, to get her.

Who would believe what strange bugbears
Mankind creates itself, of fears,
That spring, like fern, that infect weed,
Equivocally, without seed,
And have no possible foundation,
But merely in th' imagination?
And yet can do more dreadful feats
Than hags, with all their imps and teats;
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
Than all their nurseries of elves.

Our poet now resumes his principal subject; and the reason why he is so full in the recapitulation of the last adventure of our Knight and Squire is, because we had lost sight of our heroes for the space of the longest Canto in the whole Poem: this respite might probably occasion forgetfulness in some readers, whose attention had been so long suspended: it was therefore necessary that a repetition should be made of the dark adventure, and that it should be made clear and intelligible to the reader.

For fear, tho' fleetier than the wind,
Believes 't is always left behind.
But when the morn began t' appear,
And shift t' another scene his fear,
He found his new officious shade,
That came so timely to his aid,
And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,
Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape,
So like in person, garb, and pitch,
'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.

For Ralpho had no sooner told
The Lady all he had t' unfold,
But she convey'd him out of sight,
To entertain th' approaching Knight;
And while he gave himself diversion,
T' accommodate his beast and person,
And put his beard into a posture
At best advantage to accost her,
She order'd th' antimasquerade
(For his reception) aforesaid:
For when the ceremony was done,
The lights put out, the Furies gone,

ψ. 67.] I have before observed, that we may trace
spies morning and night. This particular is always
poetry, to avoid confusion and disputes among the
How would they have calculated the number of day
up in the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, and *Paradise lost*, if the poets
been careful to lead them into the momentous discove
Butler is as clear in this point as any of them: for from
of these Adventures, every morning and night being
tically described; and now we are arriv'd at the 11

And Hadraba, among the rest,
Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd,
The wretched caitiff, all alone,
(As he believ'd) began to moan,
And tell his story to himself,
The Knight mistook him for an elf;
And did so still, till he began
To scruple at Ralpho's outward man,
And thought, because they oft' agreed
T' appear in one another's stead,
And act the saint's and devil's part,
With undistinguishable art,
They might have done so now, perhaps,
And put on one another's shapes;
And therefore to resolve the doubt,
He star'd upon him, and cry'd out,

☆. 99. *But she convey'd him, &c.*] First edit. 1678. 1684, to convey'd.

☆. 102, 103, 104.] Here is an amazing discovery. The Knight's dreadful apprehensions vanish with the no sooner does the day break, but with joy he perceives mistake; he finds Ralpho in his company instead of an ghost: upon this he is agreeably surpris'd, as he was before affrighted. But let us examine whether this meeting the reconciliation that follows it, are naturally brought since, the day before, they had mutually resolv'd to don each other. I think he hath judiciously formed the dent: for it is plain the Knight and the Squire were co they had wronged one another, the one by his base intent and the other by his treachery and gross imposition; but fortunately they were ignorant of each other's designs consequently, each thought himself the offender: it is

All which they take in black and white,
And cudgell'd me to underwrite.

What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none but thou and I alone, 150
To act the devil, and forbear
To rid me of my hellish fear?

Quoth he, I knew your constant rate,
And frame of sp'rit too obstinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon, 155
With any motives of my own;
And therefore strove to counterfeit
The dev'l awhile, to nick your wit;
The devil, that is your constant crony,
That only can prevail upon ye; 160
Else we might still have been disputing,
And they with weighty drubs confuting.

The Knight, who now began to find
They 'ad left the enemy behind,

times, that this character would have suited, yet it is probable that Mr. George Graham, Bishop of Orkney, is inserted in this place by Mr. Butler. He was so base as to renounce and abjure Episcopacy, signing the abjuration with his own hand at Breckness in Stroness, Feb. 11, 1639. To this remarkable incident Bishop Hall alludes. (Epistle Dedicatory prefixed to his *Episcopacy by Divine Right*, &c. 1640. p. L.) where he observes, "That he craved pardon for having accepted his Episcopal function, as if he had thereby committed some heinous offence." Upon which he uses the following exclamation. "Good God! what is this I have lived to hear? That a bishop, in a Christian assembly, should renounce his Episcopal function, and cry Mercy for his now abandoned calling."

And saw no farther harm remain'd
 But feeble weariness and pain;
 Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,
 They 'ad gain'd th' advantage of the day,
 And, by declining of the road,
 They had, by chance, their rear made good;
 He ventur'd to dismount his star,
 That partings wont to rent and tear,
 And give the desperat' st attack
 To danger still behind its back:
 For having paus'd to recollect,
 And on his past success reflect,
 T' examine and consider why,
 And whence, and how, he came to fly,
 And when no devil had appear'd,
 What else it could be said he fear'd,
 It put him in so fierce a rage,
 He once resolv'd to re-engage;
 Toss'd, like a football, back again
 With shame, and vengeance, and disdain.
 Quoth he, it was thy cowardice
 That made me from this leaguer rise,
 And when I 'ad half reduc'd the place,
 To quit it infamously base,
 Was better cover'd by the new
 Arriv'd detachment, than I knew;
 To slight my new acquets, and run,
 Victoriously, from battles won;

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And, reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,
To sell them cheaper than they cost;
To make me put myself to flight, 195
And, conqu'ring, run away by night;
To drag me out, which th' haughty few
Durst never have presum'd to do:
To mount me in the dark, by force,
Upon the bare ridge of my horse, 201
Expos'd in querto to their rage,
Without my arms and equipage;
Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,
I might th' unequal fight renew;
And, to preserve thy outward man, 205
Assum'd my place, and led the van.

All this (quoth Ralph) I did, 't is true,
Not to preserve myself, but you:
You, who were damn'd to baser drabs
Than wretches feel in powd'ring tubs, 210
To mount two-wheel'd caroches, worse
Than managing a wooden horse;
Dragg'd out thro' straiter holes by th' ears,
Eras'd, or coup'd for perjurers;
Who, tho' th' attempt had prov'd in vain, 215
Had had no reason to complain;
But, since it prosper'd, 't is unhandsome
To blame the hand that paid your ransom,
And rescu'd your obnoxious bones
From unavoidable battoons. 220

: enemy was reinforc'd,
 I we disabled and unhors'd,
 I arm'd, unqualify'd for fight,
 I no way left but hasty flight,
 I ch, tho' desper'ate in th' attempt;
 I giv'n you freedom to condemn 't.
 I ut were our bodies in fit condition
 I reinforce the expedition,
 I now unseasonable and vain,
 I think of falling on again :
 I martial project to surpise
 I ever be attempted twice;
 I cast design serve afterwards,
 I gamesters tear their losing cards.
 I de, our bangs of man and beast
 I fit for nothing how but rest,
 I for awhile will not be able
 I rally, and prove serviceable :
 I therefore I, with reason, chose
 I s stratagem t' amuse our foes
 I make an hon' rable retreat,
 I I wave a total sure defeat :
 I those that fly may fight again,
 I ch he can never do that 's slain.
 I ce timely running's no mean part
 I ondu&t, in the martial art,
 I which some glorious feats achieve,
 I itizens by breaking thrive,

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[The following text is extremely faint and largely illegible. It appears to be a list or series of entries, possibly related to a historical document or a set of records. The text is organized into several lines, with some words appearing to be in all caps and others in title case. The overall structure suggests a formal document, such as a report or a set of minutes.]

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MUDIBRAS.

y was reinforc'd,
fabled and unhors'd,
unqualify'd for fight,
ay left but hasty flight,
o' as desp'rate in th' attempt,
you freedom to condemn 't.
e our bones in fit condition
ce the expedition,
inseasonable and vain,
of falling on again :
l project to surprize
e attempted twice;
esign serve afterwards,
ers tear their losing cards.
: bangs of man and beast
nothing now but rest,
while will not be able
nd prove serviceable :
fore I, with reason, chose
gem t' amuse our foes
n hon'able retreat,
a total sure defeat :
hat fly may fight again,
:an never do that 's slain.
ely running's no mean part
, in the martial art,
ome glorious feats achieve,
by breaking thrive,

And cannons conquer armies, when
They seem to draw off and recoil;
Is held the gallant'st course, and he
To great exploits, as well as safest
That spares th' expense of time and
And dang'rous beating out of brain
And, in the end, prevails as certain
As those that never trust to fortune
But make their fear *du execution*
Beyond the stoutest resolution;
As earthquakes kill without a blow
And, only trembling, overthrow.
If th' Ancients crown'd their bravest
That only sav'd a citizen,
What victory cou'd e'er be won,
If ev'ry one wou'd save but one?
Or fight endanger'd to be lost,
Where all resolve to save the most
By this means, when a battle's won
The war's as far from being done
For those that save themselves, and
Go halves, at least, i' th' victory;
And sometime, when the loss is great
And danger great, they challenge
Print new additions to their feats,
And emendations in Gazettes;
And when, for furious haste to run
They durst not stay to fire a gun

Have done 't with bonfires, and at home
 Made squibs and crackers overcome;
 To set the rabble on a flame,
 And keep their governors from blame, 280
 Disperse the news the pulpit tells;
 Confirm'd with fireworks and with bells:
 And, tho' reduc'd to that extreme,
 They have been forc'd to sing *To Down*;
 Yet, with religious blasphemy, 285
 By flattering Heav'n with a lie,
 And, for their beating, giving thanks;
 They 've rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks;
 For those who run from th' enemy,
 Engage them equally to fly; 290
 And when the fight becomes a chase,
 Those win the day that win the race;
 And that which would not pass in fights,
 Has done the feat with easy flights;
 Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign 295
 With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign;
 Restor'd the fainting high and mighty
 With brandy-wine, and aquavita;
 And made 'em stoutly overcome
 With Bacrack, Hoccamore, and Mum; 300
 With th' uncontroll'd decrees of Fate
 To victory necessitate;

✱. 300. *With Bacrack.*] Or *Baccharack*. *Bacrab*, edit, 1684, and following editions.

With which, altho' they run or burn,
 They unavoidably return;
 Or else their sultan populaces 305
 Still strangle all their routed Bassas,

Quoth Hudibras, I understand
 What fights thou meanst at sea and land,
 And who those were that run away,
 And yet gave out th' had won the day; 310
 Altho' the rabble souc'd them for it,
 O'er head and ears, in mud and dirt.

'Tis true our modern way of war
 Is grown more politick by far,
 But not so resolute and bold, 315
 Nor ty'd to honour, as the old.

For now they laugh at giving battle,
 Unless it be to herds of cattle;
 Or fighting, conveys of provision,
 The whole design'd o' the expedition, 320
 And not with downright blows to rout

The enemy, but eat them out:
 As fighting, in all beasts of prey,
 And eating, are perform'd one way,
 To give defiance to their teeth, 325
 And fight their stubborn guts to death;
 And those achieve the high'st renown,
 That bring the other stomachs down.

* 328. The other stomachs.] Ed. 1709, and following
 omit.

There's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,
 All dangers are reduc'd to famine, 330
 And seats of arms to plot, design,
 Surprise, and stratagem, and mine;
 But have no need nor use of courage,
 Unless it be for glory' or forage:
 For if they fight 'tis but by chance, 335
 When one side vent'ring to advance,
 And come uncivilly too near,
 Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' rear,
 And forc'd, with terrible resistance,
 To keep hereafter at a distance, 340
 To pick out ground t' encamp upon,
 Where store of largest rivers run,
 That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,
 To part th' engagements of their warriours;
 Where both from side to side may skip, 345
 And only' encounter at bo-peep:
 From men are found the stouter-hearted,
 The certainer they 're to be parted,
 And therefore post themselves in bogs,
 As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs, 350
 And made their mortal enemy,
 The waterrat, their strict ally.
 For 't is not now who's stout and bold?
 But who bears hunger best, and cold?
 And he's approv'd the most deserving, 355
 Who longest can hold out at starving;

And he that routs most pigs and cows,
The formidablest man of prowess.
So th' Emperour Caligula,
That triumph'd o'er the British sea, 360
Took crabs and oysters prisoners,
And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers;
Engag'd his legions in fierce bustles,
With periwinkles, prawns, and mussels,
And led his troops with furious gallops, 365
To charge whole regiments of scallops;
Not like their ancient way of war,
To wait on his triumphal car;
But when he went to dine or sup,
More bravely ate his captives up, 370
And left all war, by his example,
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.

Quoth Ralph, By all that you have said,
And twice as much that I could add,
Tis plain you cannot now do worse 375
Than take this out-of-fashion'd course;
To hope, by stratagem, to woo her,
Or waging battle to subdue her;
Tho' some have done it in romances,
And bang'd them into am'rous fancies; 380
As those who won the Amazons,
By wanton drubbing of their bones;
And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride
By courting of her back and side.

Canto III.**NUBIBRAS.****305**

But since those times and feats are over, **385**

They are not for a modern lover,

When mistresses are too cross-grain'd,

By such addressees to be gain'd;

And if they were, would have it out

With many another kind of bout.

390

Therefore I hold no course so infeasible,

As this of force, to win the Jezebel,

To storm her heart by th' antick charms

Of ladies errant, force of arms;

But rather strive by law to win her,

395

And try the title you have in her.

Your case is clear you have her word,

And me to witness the accord;

Besides two more of her retinue

To testify what pass'd between you;

400

More probable, and like to hold,

Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold,

For which so many, that renounc'd

Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd,

And bills upon record been found,

405

That forc'd the ladies to compound;

And that, unless I miss the matter,

Is all the bus'ness you look after.

Besides, encounters at the bar

Are braver now than those in war,

410

In which the law does execution,

With less disorder and confusion;

Volume II,

S.

Has more of honour in 't, some hold,
Not like the new way, but the old,
When those the pen had drawn together,
Decided quarrels with the feather,
And winged arrows kill'd as dead,
And more than bullets now of lead :
So all their combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the pen ;
That does the feat, with braver vigours,
In words at length, as well as figures ;
Is judge of all the world performs
In voluntary feats of arms,
And whatfoe'er's achiev'd in fight,
Determines which is wrong or right ;
For whether you prevail, or lose,
All must be try'd there in the close ;
And therefore 't is not wise to shun
What you must trust to ere ye 've done.

The law, that settles all you do,
And marries where you did but woo ;
That makes the most perfidious lover,
A lady, that's as false, recover ;
And if it judge upon your side,
Will soon extend her for your bride,
And put her person, goods, or lands,
Or which you like best, int' your hands.

For law's the wisdom of all ages,
And manag'd by the ablest sages.

Who, tho' their bus'ness at the bar
Be but a kind of civil war,
In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons
Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans,
They never manage the contest 445
T' impair their publick interest,
Or by their controversies lessen
The dignity of their profession :
Not like us Brethren, who divide
Our commonwealth, the Cause, and side ; 450
And tho' we're all as near of kindred
As th' outward man is to the inward,
We agree in nothing, but to wrangle
About the slightest fingle-fangle,
While lawyers have more sober sense, 455
Than t' argue at their own expense,
To make the best advantages
Of others' quarrels, like the Swifs ;
And out of foreign controversies,
By aiding both sides, fill their purses ; 460
But have no int'rest in the cause
For which th' engage, and wage the laws,
Nor further prospect than their pay,
Whether they lose or win the day.
And tho' th' abounded in all ages, 465
With sundry learned clerks and sages ;
Tho' all their bus'ness be dispute,
Which way they canvass ev'ry suit,

The Olden
Condemn the way of
Anatomists dissect and mangle,
To cut themselves out work to wrangle
Astrologers dispute their dreams,
That in their sleeps they talk of riches
And heralds fiddle who got who,
So many hundred years ago.

But lawyers are too wise a nation
T' expose their trade to disputation,
Or make the busy rabble judges
Of all their secret piques and grudges
In which, whoever wins the day,
The whole profession's sure to pay.

495
The answer to a Declaration

For those that meddle with their tools,
Will cut their fingers, if they 're fools:
And if you follow their advice,
In bills, and answers, and replies, 500
They 'll write a loveletter in Chancery,
Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,
And soon reduce her to b' your wife;
Or make her weary of her life.

The Knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts 505
To edify by Ralpho's Gifts,
But in appearance cry'd him down,
To make them better seem his own,
(All plagiaries' constant course
Of sinking, when they take a purse) 510
Resolv'd to follow his advice,
But kept it from him by disguise;
And, after stubborn contradiction,
To counterfeit his own conviction,
And, by transition, fall upon 515
The resolution as his own.

Quoth he, This gambol thou advisest
Is, of all others, the unwisest;
For, if I think by law to gain her,
There's nothing fillier nor vainer. 520

*. 507. *Cry'd him down.*] Edit. 1678, 1684. *Cry'd them down*, 1700, and following editions.

'Tis but to hazard my pretence;
Where nothing's certain but th' expense;
To act against myself and traverse
My suit and title to her favours;
And if she should, which Heav'n forbid,
O'erthrow me, as the Fiddler did,
What after-course have I to take,
'Gainst losing all I have at stake?
He that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to law to be reliev'd,
Is sillier than a foolish chouse,
Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,
Applies himself to conning men,
To help him to his goods agen;
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to squander more in vain:
And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult, to play:
For to reduce her, by main force,
Is now in vain; by fair means, worse;
But worst of all to give her over,
Till she's as desp'rate to recover:
For bad games are thrown up too soon,
Until they're never to be won;
But since I have no other course,
But is as bad t' attempt, or worse,
He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still,

or reasons to himself best known ; 550
 ut 't is not to b' avoided now,
 Dr Sidrophel resolves to sue ;
 /hom I must answer, or begin,
 inevitably first with him ;
 or I've receiv'd advertisement, 555
 y times enough, of his intent ;
 .nd knowing he that first complains
 'h' advantage of the bus'ness gains ;
 or courts of justice understand
 'he plaintiff to be eldest hand ; 560
 /ho what he pleases may aver,
 he other nothing till he swear ;
 'freely' admitted to all grace,
 .nd lawful favour, by his place ;
 nd, for his bringing custom in ; 565
 [as all advantages to win :
 who resolve to oversee
 o lucky opportunity,

Quoth he, There is one Sidroph
 Whom I have cudgell'd—Very w
 And now he brags to 've beaten m
 Better, and better still, quoth he;
 And vows to flick me to a wall,
 Where'er he meets me—Best of a
 'Tis true the knave has taken 's oar
 That I robb'd him—Well done, i
 When he 'as confess'd he stole my
 And pick'd my fob, and what he to
 Which was the cause that made me
 And take my goods again—Marry
 Now, Whether I should beforehand
 Swear he robb'd me?—I understan
 Or bring my action of conversion
 And trover for my goods?—**Atho**
 Or, if 't is better to endite,
 And bring him to his trial?—**Rig**
 Prevent what he designs to do,
 And swear for th' state against him
 Or whether he that is defendant,
 In this case, has the better end on
 Who, putting in a new cross-bill,
 May traverse the action?—**Better**
 Then there's a lady, too.—**Aye,**
 That's easily prov'd accessory;
 A widow, who, by solemn vows
 Contracted to me, for my spouse,

Combin'd with him to break her word,

And has abetted all—Good Lord!

Suborn'd th' aforefaid Sidrophel

To tamper with the dev'l of hell,

Who put m' into a horrid fear,

665

Fear of my life—Make that appear.

Made an assault with fiends and men

Upon my body—Good agen.

And kept me in a deadly fright,

And false imprisonment, all night.

670

Mean-while they robb'd me, and my horse,

And stole my saddle—Worse and worse.

And made me mount upon the bare ridge,

T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage.

Sir, (quoth the lawyer) not to flatter ye,

675

You have as good and fair a battery

As heart can wish, and need not shame

The proudest man alive to claim:

For if they 've us'd you as you say,

Marry, quoth I, God give you joy;

680

I wou'd it were my case, I'd give

Her headless answers had paper
And if she miss the mouse-trap
They 'll serve for other by-design
And make an artist understand
To copy out her seal, or hand;
Or find void places in the paper
To steal in something to entrap her
Till with her worldly goods, and
Spite of her heart, she has endow'd
Retain all sorts of witnesses,
That ply i' th' temples, under trees
Or walk the round, with Knights of
About the cross

Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail, 765

And Affidavit-men ne'er fail

T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,

According to their ears and clothes,

Their only necessary tools,

Besides the Gospel, and their souls; 770

And when ye 're furnish'd with all purveys,

I shall be ready at your service.

I would not give (quoth Hudibras)

A straw to understand a case,

Without the admirable skill 775

To wind and manage it at will;

To veer, and tack, and steer a cause,

Against the weath'rigage of laws,

And ring the changes upon cases,

As plain as noses upon faces, 780

As you have well instructed me,

For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee.

I long to practise your advice,

And try the subtle artifice;

*. 782.] The beggar's prayer for the lawyer would have suited this gentleman very well. See the works of J. Taylor, the Water-poet, p. 101, "May the terms be everlasting to thee, " thou man of tongue; and may contentions grow and multiply, may actions beget actions, and cases engender cases as " thick as hops; may every day of the year be a Shrove- " Tuesday; let proclamations forbid fighting, to increase actions of battery; that thy cassock may be three piled, and " the welts of thy gown may not grow threadbare!"

T. v.

I who was once as great as Caesar,
 Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar;
 And from as fam'd a conqueror
 As ever took degree in war,
 Or did his exercise in battle,
 By you turn'd out to graze with cattle;
 For since I am deny'd access
 To all my earthly happiness,
 Am fall'n from the paradise
 Of your good graces, and fair eyes;
 Lost to the world, and you, I'm sent
 To everlasting banishment,
 Where all the hopes I had to 've won
 Your heart, being dash'd, will break in

* This Epistle was to be the result of all the Knight was to use in gaining the Widow. He used all his wit and dexterity to draw from her an unwary answer. If the plot succeeded, he was immediately, by law, to a compliance. But the Lady was too cunning to give him so much ground for't on the contrary, her answer was

RUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

221

Yet if you were not so severe 15
 To pass your doom before you hear,
 You 'ld find, upon my just defence,
 How much ye 've wrong'd my innocence.
 That once I made a vow to you,
 Which yet is unperform'd, 't is true; 20
 But not, because it is unpaid,
 'Tis violated; tho' delay'd:
 Or, if it were, it is no fault,
 So heinous as you 'ld have it thought;
 To undergo the loss of ears, 25
 Like vulgar hackney perjurers:
 For there's a difference in the case,
 Between the noble and the base;
 Who always are observ'd to 've done 't
 Upon as diff'rent an account; 30
 The one for great and weighty cause,
 To salve, in honour, ugly flaws;
 For none are like to do it sooner,
 Than those who 're nicest of their honour:
 The other, for base gain and pay, 35
 Forswear and perjure by the day,
 And make th' exposing and retailing
 Their souls, and consciences, a calling.

It is no scandal nor aspersion,
 Upon a great and noble person, 40
 To say he nat'rally abhorr'd
 Th' old-fashion'd trick to keep his word,

Love, that 's the world's preservative,
That keeps all souls of things alive;
Controls the mighty pow'r of Fate,
And gives mankind a longer date;
The life of nature that restores
As fast as Time and Death devours;
To whose free gift the world does owe
Not only earth, but heaven too:
For love's the only trade that 's driv'n,
The interest of state in heav'n,

**Which nothing but the soul of man
Is capable to entertain.**

**For what can earth produce, but love,
To represent the joys above?**

**Or who, but lovers can converse,
Like angels, by the eye-discourse?
Address, and compliment by vision,
Make love, and court by intuition?
And burn in am'rous flames as fierce
As those celestial ministers?**

**Then how can any thing offend,
In order to so great an end?**

**Or Heav'n itself a sin resent,
That for its own supply was meant?**

**That merits, in a kind mistake,
A pardon for th' offence's fake?**

Or if it did not, but the cause

Were left to th' injury of laws,

INFERIAS TO HIS LADY

**What tyranny can disapprove
There should be equity in love?
For laws that are inanimate,
And feel no sense of love or hate,
That have no passion of their own,
Nor pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge, on criminals as strict:
But to have power to forgive,
Is empire and prerogative;
And 't is in crowns a nobler gem
To grant a pardon than condemn,
Then, since so few do what they ought,
'Tis great t' indulge a well meant fault;
For why should he who made address
All humble ways, without success,
And met with nothing in return
But insolence, affronts, and scorn,
Not strive by wit to countermine;
And bravely carry his design?
He who was us'd so unlike a soldier,
Blown up with philtres of love-powder?
And after letting blood, and purging,
Condemn'd to voluntary scourging;
Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,
And claw'd by goblins in the night;
Insulted on, revil'd, and jecr'd,
*With rude invasion of his beard;***

And when your sex was foully scared
As foully by the rabble handled ;
Attack'd by despicable foes,
And drubb'd with mean and vulgar
And, after all, to be debarr'd
So much as standing on his guard ;
When horses being spurr'd and pric'd
Have leave to kick for being kick'd :

Or why should you, whose mothe
Are furnish'd with all perquisites ;
That with your breeding teeth begin
And nursing babies that lie in,
B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
Our cully sex, and we use none ?
We, who have nothing but frail vow
Against your stratagems t' oppose,
Or oaths more feeble than your own,
By which we are no less put down ?
You wound, like Parthians, while ye
And kill with a retreating eye ;
Retire the more, the more we press,
To draw us into ambushes :
As pirates all false colours wear,
T' entrap th' unwary mariner ;
So women, to surprise us, spread
The borrow'd flags of white and red
Display 'em thicker on their cheeks,
Than their old grandmothers, the

raise more devils with their looks,
 a conjurers' less subtle books:
 trains of amorous intrigues, 185
 ow'rs, and curls, and periwigs,
 th greater art and cunning rear'd,
 an Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard;
 epost'rously t' entice and gain
 nose to adore 'em they disdain; 190
 and only draw 'em in to clog,
 With idle names, a catalogue.

A lover is, the more he's brave,
 F' his mistress but the more a slave,
 And whatsoever she commands, 195
 Becomes a favour from her hands,
 Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must,
 Whether it be unjust or just.

Then when he is compeli'd by her
 T' adventures he wou'd else forbear, 200
 Who, with his honour, can withstand,
 Since force is greater than command?
 And when necessity's obey'd,
 Nothing can be unjust or bad:

And therefore when the mighty pow'rs 205
 Of Love, our great ally, and your's,
 Join'd forces not to be withstood
 By frail enamour'd flesh and blood,
 All I have done, unjust or ill,
 Was in obedience to your will, 210

And all the blame that can be due
 Falls to your cruelty and you;
 Nor are those scandals I confess,
 Against my will and interest,
 More than is daily done, of course,
 By all men, when they're under force:
 Whence some, upon the rack, confess
 What th' hangman and their prompters please;
 But are no sooner out of pain,
 Than they deny it all again.
 But when the devil turns confessor,
 Truth is a crime, he takes no pleasure
 To hear or pardon, like the founder
 Of liars, whom they all claim under:
 And therefore when I told him none,
 I think it was the wiser done.
 Nor am I without precedent,
 The first that on th' adventure went;
 All mankind ever did of course,
 And daily does the same, or worse.
 For what romance can shew a lover,
 That had a lady to recover,
 And did not steer a nearer course,
 To fall aboard in his amours?
 And what at first was held a crime,
 Has turn'd to hon'rabl in time.

v. 230. *And daily does,* in all editions to 1716, inclusive.
Daily do, 1726, &c.

: To what a height did Infant Rome,
 By ravishing of women, come ?
 When men upon their spouses seiz'd,
 And freely marry'd where they pleas'd, 240
 They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd,
 Nor, in the mind they were in, dy'd;
 Nor took the pains t' address and sue,
 Nor play'd the masquerade to woo :
 Disdain'd to stay for friends' consents, 245
 Nor juggled about settlements;
 Did need no license, nor no priest,
 Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist,
 Nor lawyers, to join land and money
 In the holy state of matrimony, 250
 Before they settled hands and hearts,
 Till alimony or death departs;
 Nor wou'd endure to stay until
 Th' had got the very bride's good will,
 But took a wife and shorter course 255
 To win the ladies, downright force ;
 And justly made 'em prisoners then,
 As they have, often since, us men,
 With acting plays, and dancing jigs,
 The luckiest of all Love's intrigues; 260
 And when they had them at their pleasure,
 They talk'd of love and flames at leisure;
 For after matrimony's over,
 He that holds out but half a lover,

Deserves, for ev'ry minute, more 265
 Than half a year of love before ;
 For which the dancs, in contemplation
 Of that best way of application,
 Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known,
 By suit, or treaty, to be won ; 270
 And such as all posterity
 Cou'd never equal, nor come nigh.

For women first were made for men,
 Not men for them.—It follows, then,
 That men have right to every one, 275
 And they no freedom of their own ;
 And therefore men have pow'r to chuse,
 But they no charter to refuse.
 Hence 't is apparent that, what course
 Soe'er we take to your amours, 280
 Tho' by the indirectest way,
 'Tis no injustice nor foul play ;
 And that you ought to take that course,
 As we take you, for better or worse,
 And gratefully submit to those 285
 Who you, before another, chose.
 For why shou'd ev'ry savage beast
 Exceed his great Lord's interest ?
 Have freer pow'r than he, in Grace
 And Nature, o'er the creature has ? 290
 Because the laws he since has made
 Have cut off all the pow'r he had ;

Retrench'd the absolute destination
That Nature gave him over women;
When all his power will not extend 295
One law of Nature to suspend;
And but to offer to repeal
The smallest clause, is to rebel.
This, if men rightly understood
Their privilege, they wou'd make good, 300
And not, like fots, permit their wives
T' encroach on their prerogatives,
For which sin they deserve to be
Kept, as they are, in slavery:
And this some precious Gifted Teachers, 305
Unrev'rently reputed Leechers,
And disobey'd in making love,
Have vow'd to all the world to prove,
And make ye suffer as you ought,
For that uncharitable fault: 310

* 305. 306.] *Sir Roger L'Estrange* (*Key to Hudibras*) mentions Mr. Case as one; and Mr. Butler, in his *Posthumous Works* *, mentions Dr. Burgess and Hugh Peters: and the writer of a letter to the Earl of Pembroke, 1647, p. 9. observes of Peters, "That it was offered to be publicly proved that he got both mother and daughter with child." "I am glad" (says an anonymous person, *Thurloe's State Papers*, vol. IV. p. 734.) to hear that Mr. Peters shews his head again; it was reported here, (*Amsterdam*, May 9, 1659,) that he was found with a whore a-bed, and he grew mad, and said nothing but O blood, O blood, that troubles me."

* It may be proper to observe here, once for all, that Butler left no genuine poems besides those in the possession of Mr. Longueville, and published by Mr. Tayer in 1759, which make the third volume of this Work.

But I forget myself, and rove
Beyond th' instructions of my love.

Forgive me, Fair, and only blame
Th' extravagancy of my flame,
Since 't is too much at once to show
Excess of love and temper too ;
All I have said that 's bad and true,
Was never meant to aim at you,
Who have so sov'reign a control
O'er that poor slave of year's, my soul,
That, rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd loss of heav'n too ;
Both with an equal pow'r posselt,
To render all that serve you blest ;
But none like him, who 's destin'd either
To have or lose you both together ;
And if you 'll but this fault release,
(For so it must be, since you please)
I'll pay down all that vow, and more,
Which you commanded, and I swore,
And expiate, upon my skin,
Th' arrears in full of all my sin :
For 't is but just that I should pay
Th' accruing penance for delay,
Which shall be done, until it move
Your equal pity and your love.

The Knight, perusing this Epistle,
Believ'd he 'ad brought her to his whistle.

NUBERRAS TO HIS LADY,

333

And read it, like a second letter,
With great applause, t' himself, twice over; 340

Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit
And humble distance, to his wit,
And dated it with words of art,
Giv'n from the bottom of his heart;
Then seal'd it with his own of love, 345

A smoking faggot—and shov'd,
Upon a scowl—and burn, and smokey
And near it—For her Ladyship,
Of all her few most precious things,
These to her gentle hands present; 350

Then gave it to his faithful Squire,
With lessons how t' observe and eye her.

She first consider'd what it was betwixt,
To send it back, or burn the letter;

But guessing that it might import, 355
Tho' nothing else, at least her sport,

She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a smile and loving look;

Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what she design'd. 360

THE LADY'S ANSWER

TO THE KNIGHT.

THAT you 're a beast, and turn'd to grass,
No strange news; nor ever was,
Least to me, who once, you know,
Died from the pound replevin you.
Then both your sword and spurs were won
In combat by an Amazon;
That sword that did, like Fate, determine
Th' inevitable death of vermin,
And never dealt its furious blows,
But cut the throats of pigs and cows,
By Trulla was, in single fight,
Disarm'd and wrested from its Knight,
Your heels degraded of your spurs,
And in the stocks close prisoners,
Where still they 'ad lain, in base restraint,
If I, in pity' of your complaint,
Had not, on hon'able conditions,
Releas'd them from the worst of prisons;
And what return that favour met
You cannot (tho' you wou'd) forget;
When, being free, you strove t' evade
The oaths you had in prison made;
Forswore yourself, and first deny'd it,
But after own'd, and justify'd it,

falsify'd yourself by breaking two :
 or while you sneakingly submit,
 and beg for pardon at our feet,
 if courag'd by your guilty fears,
 o hope for quarter for your ears, 30
 and doubting 't was in vain to sue,
 you claim us boldly as your due,
 declare that treachery and force,
 to deal with us, is th' only course ;
 'e have no title nor pretence 35
 o body, soul, or conscience,
 it ought to fall to that man's share
 that claims us for his proper ware :
 these are the motives which, t' induce,
 to fright us into love, you use ; 40
 a pretty new way of gallanting,
 between soliciting and ranting ;
 like sturdy beggars, that entreat
 for charity at once, and threat.
 it since you undertake to prove 45
 your own propriety in love,
 as if we were but lawful prize
 in war between two enemies,
 forfeitures which ev'ry lover,
 that would but sue for, might recover, 50
 is not hard to understand
 the myst'ry of this bold demand,

That cannot at our persons aim,
But something capable of claim.

'Tis not those paltry counterfeit
French stones, which in our eyes you set,
But our right diamonds, that inspire
And set your am'rous hearts on fire;
Nor can those false St. Martin's beads
Which on our lips you lay for reds,
And make us wear like Indian Dames,
Add fuel to your scorching flames,
But those true rubies of the rock,
Which in our cabinets we lock,

'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth,
That you are so transported with,
But those we wear about our necks,
Produce those amorous effects.

Nor is 't those threads of gold, our hair,
The periwigs you make us wear,
But those bright guineas in our chests,
That light the wildfire in your breasts.
These lovetricks I've been vers'd in so,
That all their sly intrigues I know,
And can unriddle, by their tones,
Their mystick cabals, and jargones;
Can tell what passions, by their sounds,
Pine for the beauties of my grounds;
What raptures fond and amorous,
O' th' charms and graces of my house;

What ecstacy and scorching flame,
 Burns for my money in my name;
 What, from th' unnatural desire
 To beasts and cattle, takes its fire;
 What tender sigh, and trickling tear,
 Longs for a thousand pounds a-year;
 And languishing transports are fond
 Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond.
 These are th' attracts which most men fall
 Enamour'd, at first sight, withal,
 To these they' address with serenades,
 And court with balls and masquerades;
 And yet, for all the yearning pain
 Ye 've suffer'd for their loves in vain,
 I fear they'll prove so nice and coy,
 To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy;
 That, all your waths and labour lost,
 They'll ne'er turn Ladies of the Post.
 This is not meant to disapprove
 Your judgment, in your choice of love,
 Which is so wise, the greatest part
 Of mankind study't as an art;
 For love shou'd, like a deodand,
 Still fall to th' owner of the land;
 And, where there 's substance for its ground,
 Cannot but be more firm and sound,
 Than that which has the slighter basis
 Of airy virtue, wit, and graces,

Which is of such thin subtlety,
It steals and creeps in at the eye,
And, as it can't endure to stay,
Steals out again as nice a way.

But love, that its extraction owns
From solid gold and precious stones,
Must, like its shining parents, prove
As solid, and as glorious love.
Hence 'tis you have no way t' express
Our charms and graces but by these;
For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
Which beauty' invades and conquers with,
But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
With which a philtre love commands?

This is the way all parents prove
In managing their children's love,
That force 'em t' intermarry and wed,
As if th' were burying of the dead;
Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,
To join in wedlock all they have,
And, when the settlement's in force,
Take all the rest for better or worse;
For money has a pow'r above
The stars, and fate, to manage love,
Whose arrows, learned poets hold,
That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.
And tho' some say the parents' claims
To make love in their children's names,

THE LADY'S ANSWER.

239

Who, many times, at once provide
 The nurse, the husband, and the bride,
 Feel darts, and charms, attracts, and flames,
 And woo and contract in their names, 140
 And, as they christen, use to marry 'em,
 And, like their gossips, answer for 'em,
 Is not to give in matrimony,
 But sell and prostitute for money,
 'Tis better than their own betrothing, 145
 Who often do 't for worse than nothing;
 And when they 're at their own dispose,
 With greater disadvantage chuse.
 All this is right; but, for the course
 You take to do 't, by fraud or force, 150
 'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
 As told, 't is never to be done,
 No more than setters can betray,
 'That tell what tricks they are to play.
 Marriage, at best, is but a vow, 155
 Which all men either break, or bow;
 Then what will those forbear to do,
 Who perjure when they do but woo?
 Such as beforehand swear and lie,
 For earnest to their treachery, 160
 And, rather than a crime confess,
 With greater strive to make it less:
 Like thieves, who, after sentence past,
 Maintain their inn'cence to the last;

And when their crimes were made appear,
 As plain as witnesses can swear,
 Yet when the wretches come to die,
 Will take upon their death a lie.
 Nor are the virtues you confess'd
 T' your ghostly father, as you guess'd,
 So slight as to be justify'd,
 By being as shamefully deny'd;
 As if you thought your word would pass,
 Point-blank, on both sides of a case;

Or credit were not to be lost

B' a brave Knight-errant of the Post,
 That eats perfidiously his word,
 And swears his ears thro' a two-inch board;
 Can own the same thing, and disown,
 And perjure booty *pro and con*;
 Can make the Gospel serve his turn,
 And help him out, to be forsworn;
 When 't is laid hands upon, and kist,
 To be betray'd and sold, like Christ.

✧. 183.] The way of taking an oath is by laying hand upon the four Evangelists, which denominate *poral* oath. This method was not always complied with in iniquitous times. In the trial of Mr. Christop in the year 1651, one *Jaquel*, an evidence, laid his hand on his buttons, and not upon the book, when he tendered him; and, when he was questioned for *swered*, "I am as good as under an oath." In the *brave* Colonel Morrice, (who kept Pontefract Castle) at York, by Thorp and Puleston, when he

THE LADY'S ANSWER.

242

these are the virtues in whose name 185

right to all the world you claim,

and boldly challenges a dominion,

Grace and Nature, o'er all women;

of whom no less will satisfy,

than all the sex, your tyranny: 190

altho' you'll find it a hard province,

with all your crafty friends and covins;

to govern such a num'rous crew,

who, one by one, now govern you;

or if you all were Solomons, 195

and wise and great as he was once,

you'll find they're able to subdue

as they did him) and baffle you.

And if you are impos'd upon,

'tis by your own temptation done, 200

that with your ignorance invite,

and teach us how to use the sleight;

or when we find ye're still more taken

with false attracts of our own making,

wear that's a rose, and that's a stone, 205

like fots, to us that laid it on,

As *Brook*, his professed enemy, the Court answered, He spoke
late; *Brook* was sworn already. *Brook* being asked the
question, whether he were sworn or no? Replied, "He had not
yet kissed the book." The Court answered, That was no
matter; it was but a ceremony; he was recorded sworn, and
there was no speaking against a record.

And what we did but slightly prime,
Most ignorantly daub in rhyme,
You force us, in our own defences,
To copy beams and influences;
To lay perfections on the graces,
And draw attracts upon our faces,
And, in compliance to your wit,
Your own false jewels counterfeit :
For by the practice of those arts
We gain a greater share of hearts ;

**And those deserve in reason most,
That greatest pains and study cost :
For great perfections are, like heav'n,
Too rich a present to be giv'n.
Nor are those master-strokes of beauty
To be perform'd without hard duty,
Which, when they're nobly done, and well,
The simple natural excel.**

**How fair and sweet the planted rose
Beyond the wild in hedges grows!
For, without art, the noblest seeds
Of flow'rs degen'rate into weeds:
How dull and rugged, ere 't is ground,
And polish'd, looks a diamond?
Tho' Paradise were e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without care.
The whole world, without art and dress,
Wou'd be but one great wilderness;**

THE LADY'S ANSWER.

243

And mankind but a savage herd, 245

For all that Nature has conferr'd :

This does but rough-hew and design,

Leaves Art to polish and refine.

Tho' women first were made for men,

Yet men were made for them again : 249

For when (outwitted by his wife).

Man first turn'd tenant but for life,

If women had not interven'd,

How soon had mankind had an end!

And that it is in being yet, 248

To us alone you are in debt.

And where's your liberty of choice,

And our unnatural No-voice?

Since all the privilege you boast,

And falsely' usurp'd, or vainly lost, 250

Is now our right, to whose creation

You owe your happy restoration.

And if we had not weighty cause

To not appear, in making laws,

We cou'd, in spite of all your tricks, 255

And shallow formal politicks,

Force you our managements t' obey,

As we to yours (in shew) give way.

Hence 't is that, while you vainly strive

T' advance your high prerogative, 260

You basely, after all your braves,

Submit and own yourselves our slaves;

And 'cause we do not make it known,
 Nor publicly our int'rests own,
 Like sots, suppose we have no shares 265
 In ord'ring you, and your affairs,
 When all your empire and command
 You have from us, at second-hand;
 As if a pilot that appears
 To sit still only, while he steers, 270
 And does not make a noise and stir,
 Like ev'ry common mariner,
 Knew nothing of the card, nor star,
 And did not guide the man of war:
 Nor we, because we don't appear 275
 In Councils, do not govern there;
 While, like the mighty Prefter John,
 Whose person none dares look upon,
 But is preserv'd in close disguise,
 From b'ing made cheap to vulgar eyes, 280
 We enjoy as large a pow'r, unseen,
 To govern him, as he does men;
 And, in the right of our Pope Joan,
 Make emp'rours at our feet fall down;
 Or Joan de Pucelle's braver name, 285
 Our right to arms and conduct claim;

v. 277.] Prefter John, an absolute Prince, Emperour of Abyssinia, or Ethiopia. One of them is reported to have had seventy kings for his vassals, and so superb and arrogant, that none durst look upon him without his permission.

v. 285.] Joan of Arc, called also The Pucelle, or Maid of

o, tho' a spinster, yet was able
 serve France for a Grand Constable.
 We make and execute all laws,
 judge the judges, and the Cause;
 scribe all rules of right or wrong,
 th' long robe; and the longer tongue,

290

ms. She was born at the town of Damremi, on the
 le, daughter of James de Arc and Isabella Romee; was
 up a shepherdess in the country. At the age of eighteen
 renty she pretended to an express commission from God
 to the relief of Orleans, then besieged by the English,
 defended by John Comte de Dennis, and almost reduced
 e last extremity. She went to the coronation of Charles
 when he was almost ruined. She knew that prince in
 midst of his nobles, though meanly habited. The doctors
 vinity, and members of parliament, openly declared that
 was something supernatural in her conduct. She sent
 sword, which lay in the tomb of a knight, which was be-
 the great altar of the church of St. Catharine de Forbois,
 the blade of which the *cross* and *fleur de lis* were engra-
 which put the King in a very great surprize, in regard
 besides himself knew of it: upon this he sent her with
 command of some troops, with which she relieved Or-
 , and drove the English from it, defeated Talbot at the
 s of Pattai, and recovered Champagne. At last she was
 runately taken prisoner in a sally at Champagne in 1430,
 tried for a witch or sorceress, condemned and burnt in
 a market-place in May 1430.

288.] All this is a satire on King Charles II. who was
 rned so much by his mistresses: particularly this line
 s to allude to his French mistress, the Duchess of Portf-
 th, given by that Court, whom she served in the impor-
 post of governing King Charles as they directed.

'Gainst which the world has no defence,
But our more pow'rful eloquence.
We manage things of greatest weight
In all the world's affairs of state;
Are ministers of war and peace,
That sway all nations how we please.
We rule all churches, and their flocks,
Heretical and orthodox,
And are the heav'nly vehicles
O' th' spirits in all Conventicles:
By us is all commerce and trade
Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd;
**For nothing can go off so well,
Nor bears that price, as what we sell.**
We rule in ev'ry publick meeting,
And make men do what we judge fitting;
**Are magistrates in all great towns,
Where men do nothing but wear gowns.**
We make the man of war strike sail,
And to our braver conduct veil,
And, when he's chas'd his enemies,
Submit to us upon his knees.
Is there an officer of state,
Untimely rais'd, or magistrate,
That's haughty and imperious?
He's but a journeyman to us,
That, as he gives us cause to do't,
Can keep him in, or turn him out.

We are your guardians, that increase,
Or waste your fortunes how we please;
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your matters, ill or well.

'Tis we that can dispose, alone, 325
Whether your heirs shall be your own,
To whose integrity you must,

In spite of all your caution, trust;
And, 'less you fly beyond the seas,
Can fit you with what heirs we please; 330

And force you t' own them, tho' begotten
By French valets, or Irish footmen.

Nor can the rigoroucest course
Prevail, unless to make us worse;
Who still the harsher we are us'd, 335

Are further off from b'ing reduc'd,
And scorn t' abate, for any illa,
The least punctilios of our wills.

Force does but whet our wits t' apply
Arts, born with us, for remedy, 340
Which all your politicks, as yet,

Have ne'er been able to defeat:
For, when ye 've try'd all sorts of ways,
What fools do we make of you in plays?

While all the favours we afford, 345
Are but to girt you with the sword,
To fight our battles in our steads,

And have your brains beat out o' your heads;

